CORONET

35c NOVEMBER

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CRETS OF SLEEP

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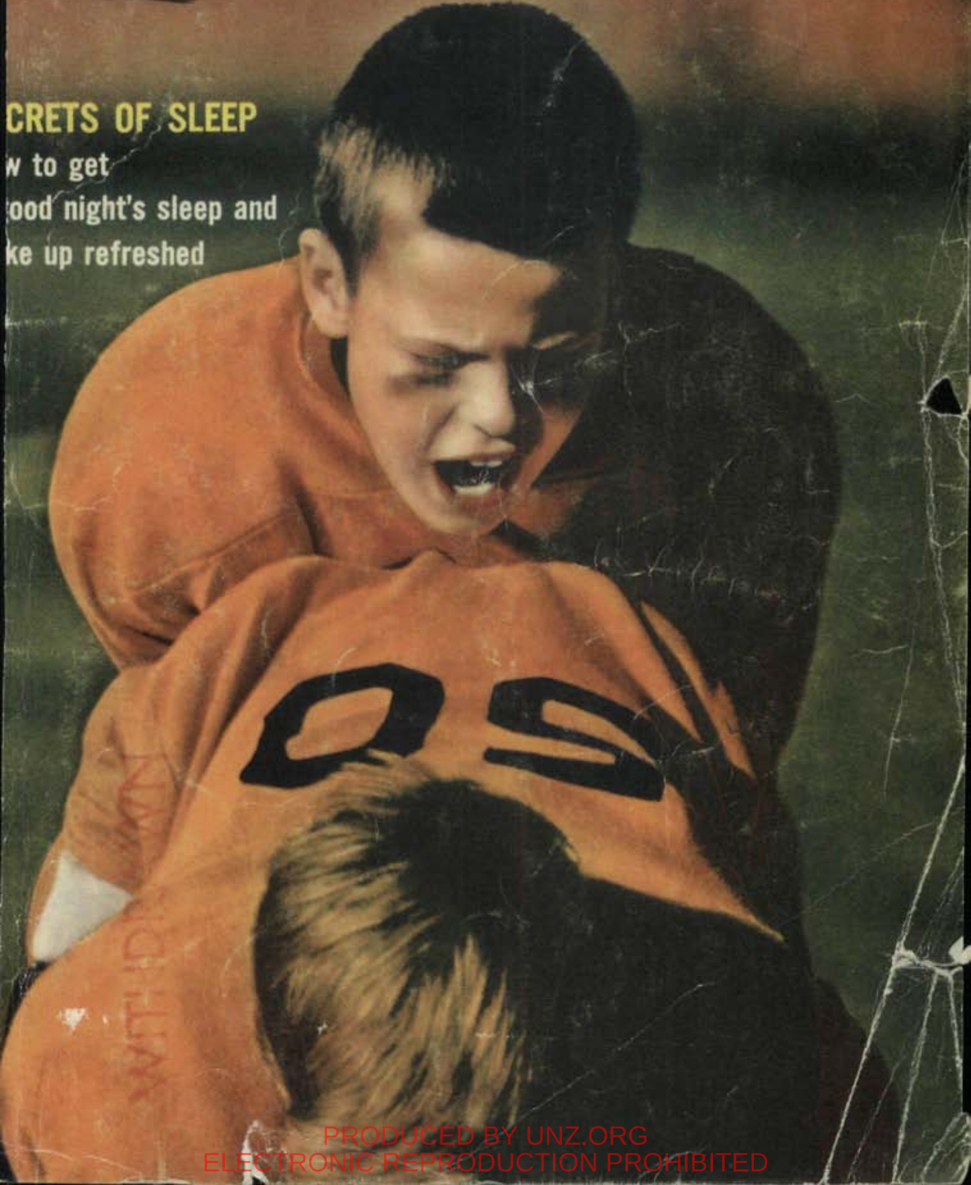

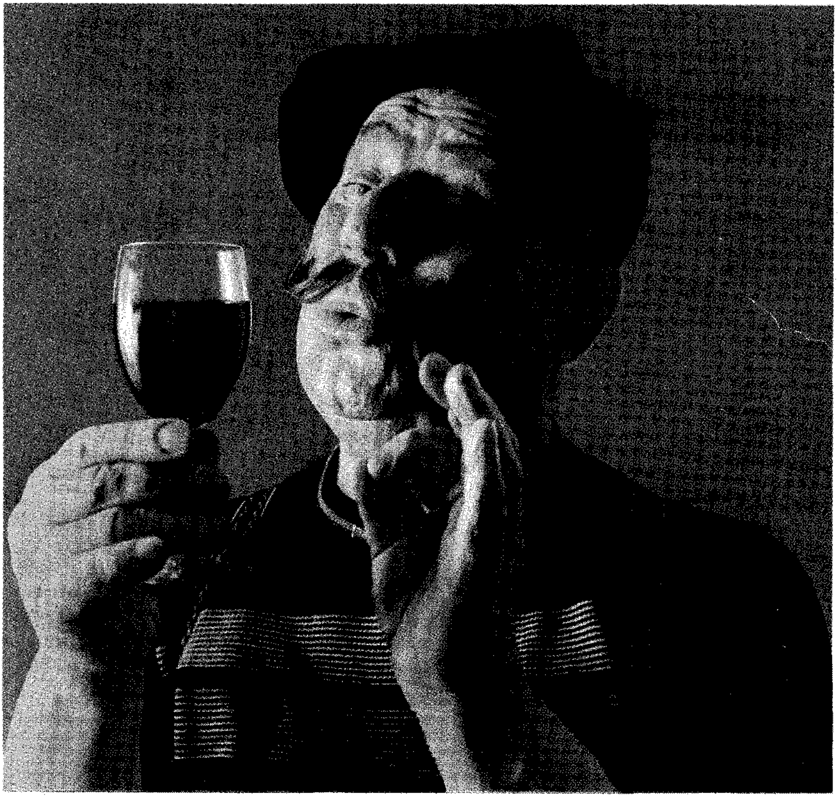

Magnifico — **MOGEN DAVID WINE**

Seems like everybody loves Mogen David Wine's delicious, old-fashioned Concord grape taste. Mogen David Wine tastes good with anything—any time, any day. No wonder it's the largest selling wine of its kind in the world. Won't you try a decanter soon?

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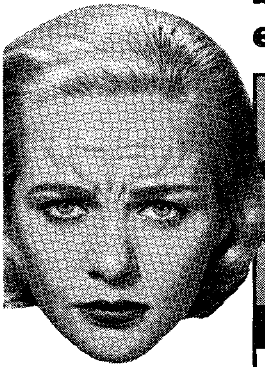
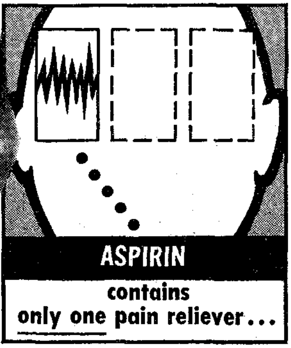
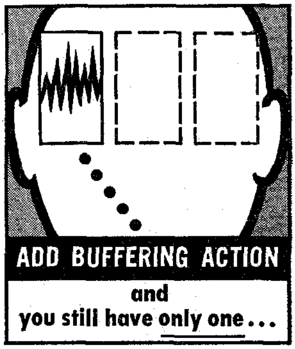
WHY ANACIN gives better TOTAL results in PAIN RELIEF

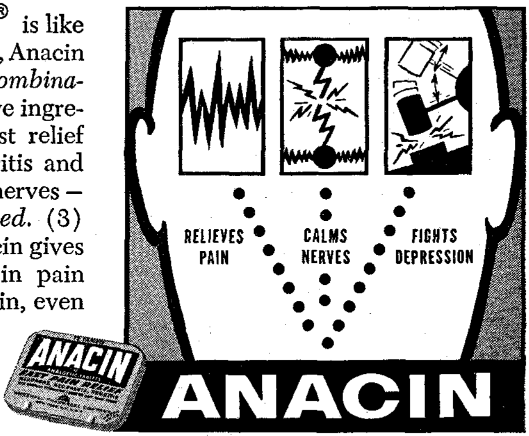
better than aspirin – even with buffering action




ASPIRIN
contains
only one pain reliever...


ADD BUFFERING ACTION
and
you still have only one...

BUT ANACIN® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven active ingredients. Anacin (1) gives fast relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves – leaves you *comfortably relaxed.* (3) Fights depression. Thus, Anacin gives you better TOTAL results in pain relief than you get from aspirin, even plus buffering action. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin Tablets today.


RELIEVES PAIN
CALMS NERVES
FIGHTS DEPRESSION
ANACIN
ANACIN

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests *...at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest muscles beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; Cleveland PR 1-2292; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Honolulu 9-5276; Mexico City 14-68-16; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

FREE MAIL TODAY

RELAX-A-CIZOR, Dept. CT-21
980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, Calif. OR
711 Fifth Ave., New York City, OR
Suite 800, 17 No. State St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen.

No cost. No salesmen will call.

(PLEASE PRINT)

☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐ Mr.

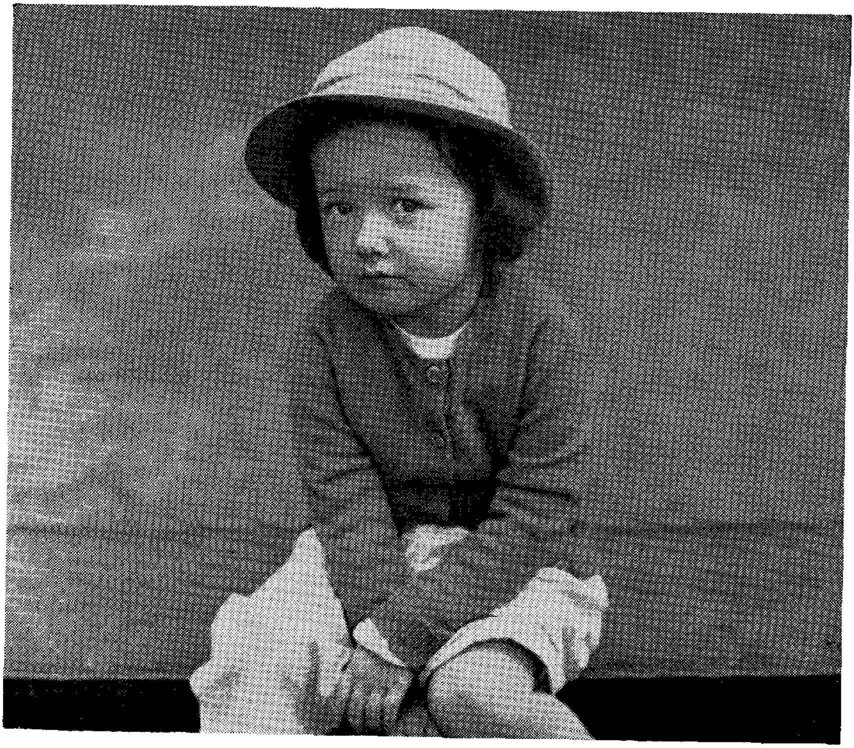
NAME..

ADDRESS....................................

CITY.............ZONE....STATE.......

TELEPHONE..................................

Use margin for more writing space CT-21



"I wish Grandma would call me today"

"I miss her a lot. And Mommy always feels happier, too, after she's talked with Grandma."

• • •

Is there someone who lives too far away to see as often as you'd like? A regular telephone visit is something nice to look forward to; something warm and satisfying to remember.

It's easy to telephone out of town. And you can talk as long as you like. The cost is low. Someone would like to hear your voice right now.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

For example:	Station-to-Station Calls *First* 3 Minutes	Station-to-Station Calls *Each Added* Minute
Buffalo to Cleveland	55¢	15¢
Detroit to Milwaukee	70¢	20¢
Los Angeles to Phoenix	85¢	25¢
Atlanta to New Orleans	90¢	25¢
Chicago to New York	$1.20	30¢

These rates apply every night after 6 and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

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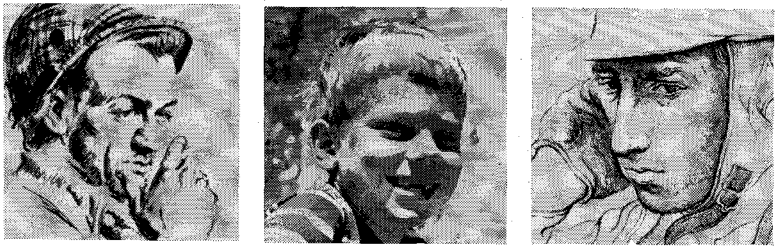


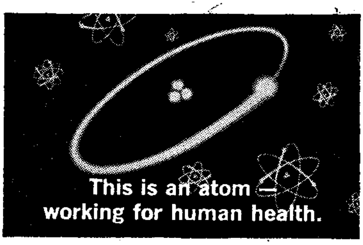
Battlefield memories; 6th-year blues; a man's death—add up to three-ring, literary tight-rope act.

Dear Reader:

Most authors feel that the personal experience story is among the toughest of literary exercises. For the writer must walk a constant tight rope, reporting calmly what he feels deeply; the slightest misstep may plunge him to failure. In this issue of CORONET three authors meet the challenge with consummate skill; but each differently, and in his own way. On page 114, for example, Robert Daley in a full-length article writes his impressions of racing driver Alfonso de Portago, whose strangely compulsive life and death stirred the author deeply. In sharp contrast, on page 44, is an illuminating parent's-eye view of the perplexing task of raising a normal six-year-old, told by photographer Joern Gerdts in pictures of his own son, Christopher. In the third story, combat artist-photographer Howard Brodie combines sketches, photos and text in a moving report on how GI heroes he once sketched on the battlefields of Germany and Korea are faring in civilian life. He had only a sketch, a name and a town to start with as he set out to draw the past and present together. The search, says Brodie, took him three months. But it resulted in what we believe is a stirring human documentary. We're sure you will agree as you read the story of Brodie's nostalgic mission, beginning on page 131.

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.


This is an atom —
working for human health.

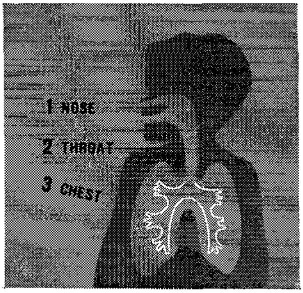
Atom Tracer Tests Prove

VICKS VAPORUB

acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet

– to relieve cold miseries

When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart, throat, back and neck. Acts fast!



No other type of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas... nose, throat, chest...all at once; no internal dosing.

VapoRub's medicated vapors relieve throat, head, cough, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good again fast.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach—Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area—and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

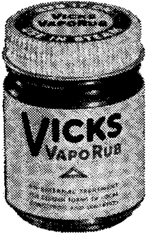
Now—from the laboratories of atom medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom tracer tests in animal laboratory experiments to check the action of cold medications—and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once—for hours—without internal dosing.

So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication.

World's most widely used colds medication



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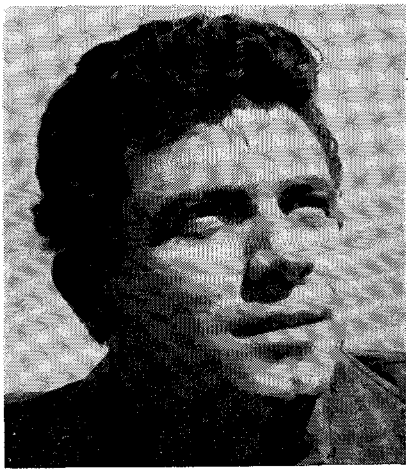
Photograph..............................ARTHUR B. RICKERBY

MOVIES

Anthony Franciosa: at war with himself



HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST leading man, Anthony Franciosa (right), is a man at war with himself—moody and introspective, beleaguered by the ghosts of his past.

Even his name is a torment. He was born Anthony Papaleo in New York City, October 25, 1928. But his construction-worker father, he says, deserted his family. Vowing never to acknowledge the Papaleo name publicly, Tony, as an actor, adopted his mother's maiden name.

He bitterly refuses to discuss his first marriage—to an actress, Beatrice Bakalyar, in 1952. Or his run-ins with the law: once, in his early 20s, for a sewing machine theft ("I was hungry"); and last June, when he slugged a photographer for taking his picture with Shelley Winters ("I was still married"). He has since wed Miss Winters.

The 6′1″, 178-pound, hazel-eyed, curly brown haired Franciosa achieved stardom after just three movies: *A Face in the Crowd, This Could Be the Night* and *A Hatful of Rain.* His next film, *Wild is the Wind,* teams him with Anna Magnani and Anthony Quinn.

Off-screen, Franciosa speaks with the care of a Dead End kid anxious to belie his background. He claims he finished high school, working at odd jobs to help out at home. He became an actor by accident. Inquiring about dancing classes at a local YWCA, he stumbled into the drama department and landed a part in a play. "Then for the next seven years I acted without pay," Franciosa recalls ruefully. Later he appeared in three Broadway plays, and one, *A Hatful of Rain,* attracted Hollywood attention.

Tony and Shelley commute from New York to California for films. Now under contract to four different companies for 14 pictures over the next eight years, he grins guardedly: "The future looks good."

(*Continued on page 10*)

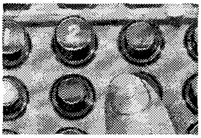
The new and different kind of organ ...so easy to play you don't need lessons

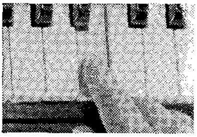
Maybe you've never played a note... on any kind of instrument. Maybe you thought you never could.

But now you *can* . . . because here's the new kind of organ anyone can play, even people who don't know one note from another. It's called the . . .

Hammond Chord Organ

. . . and you'll play a complete tune on it the first time you try. No lessons . . . you teach yourself. No tiresome practice . . . you progress by playing.





Here's why it's so easy to play

ONE FINGER of your left hand presses a button to play a full, rich chord. On other keyboard instruments this takes practice. The Hammond Chord Organ does it with a single button.

ONE FINGER of your right hand plays the melody. If you don't read music, follow Hammond "Picture Music". You sound great the first time . . . and you get better fast.

Families have more fun than anybody...when there's a Hammond Chord Organ in the house. You'll have *family concerts and sing-fests* . . . wonderful music parties with friends and neighbors. Want to know how it sounds? Send the coupon for your free LP record of the amazing musical effects you get with the Hammond Chord Organ.

Easy terms: $97.50 down at most dealers and about $29.50 a month

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Send me new LP record that will let me hear how versatile a Hammond Chord Organ is.

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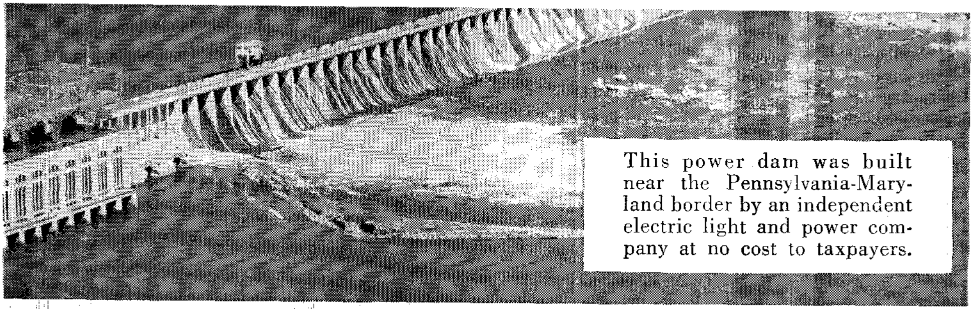
LES GIRLS Gene Kelly (*above, left*) has his heart and hands full in this sly musical as three girls (Mitzi Gaynor, Kay Kendall, Taina Elg) vie for his affections. The movie adapts the Japanese film *Rashomon*'s idea (three versions of one incident) to unsnarl a dance troupe's hopelessly entangled romances. Each girl gets her chance to shine as her sequence unfolds.

Kelly and Mitzi Gaynor are fine. But the newcomers steal the show: Kay Kendall, the whimsical British redhead of *Genevieve*, and Taina Elg, a Finnish ballerina who scores in her first big part. Kay Kendall, however, radiates wit and style.

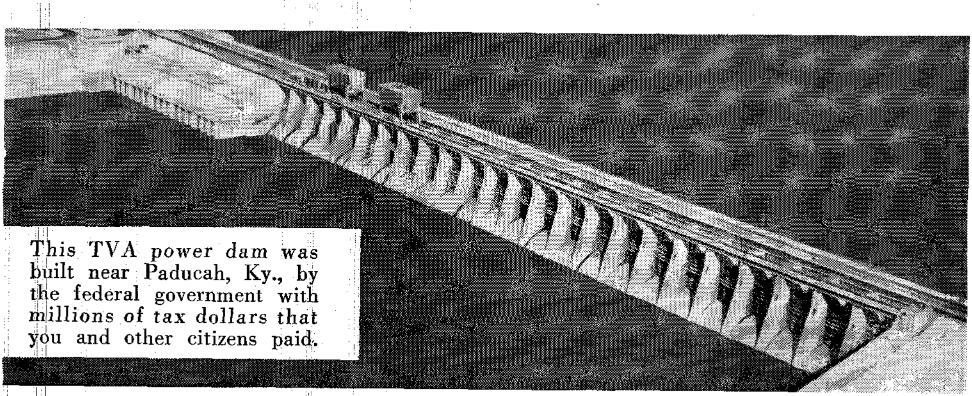
OPERATION MAD BALL In this hilarious movie, a Medical Corps unit sets out to stage a secret dance with Army nurses. But everything —and one stuffy captain (Ernie Kovacs) in particular—conspires against them. Only frantic maneuverings (*below*) by a private (Jack Lemmon) and his cohorts (Mickey Rooney and Dick York) bring off the Big Brawl on schedule.

Lemmon is at his nervous best as the conniving GI. TV Comedian Kovacs makes a fine "heavy," embarking on a new career. Kathryn Grant is around for love interest, and Mickey Rooney hammers home his antic part. —MARK NICHOLS



This power dam was built near the Pennsylvania-Maryland border by an independent electric light and power company at no cost to taxpayers.

Why do customers of this power dam...



This TVA power dam was built near Paducah, Ky., by the federal government with millions of tax dollars that you and other citizens paid.

have to help pay electric bills for customers of this one?

Your taxes help *build* federal government power plants like the one in the lower picture. And these plants *keep on* costing you money year after year. Here's how:

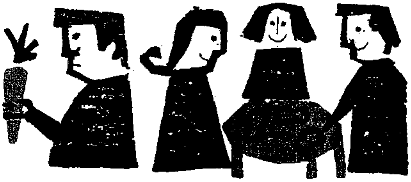
About 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your independent electric light and power company goes for taxes. But because of present tax laws, customers of federal power systems escape paying most of the taxes in *their* electric bills that you pay in *yours.* They pay taxes of only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the federal government's TVA power system, for example. So to make up for the lost tax revenues which federal power projects *don't* pay, you have to be taxed *more.*

Is it fair for you to have to pay extra taxes like this for customers of federal government power systems? Shouldn't something be done about it? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

***Company names on request through this magazine**

ALL ABOUT YOU

Your bite: it may be stronger than you think; what your eating habits reveal about you

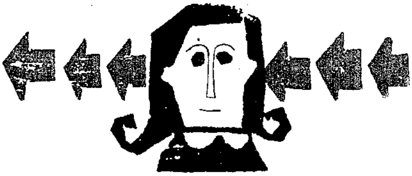


YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

Food is an index to temperament, or so think Doctors Howard G. Schutz and Joe Kamenetsky, who recently studied eating habits of 100 GIs at Fort Carson, Colorado. They concluded, for example, that finicky eaters were active and impulsive. Vegetable lovers, they learned, preferred to work alone on theoretical problems, while starch-eaters liked practical projects that called for teamwork. Salad fans proved to be vigorous, social types. Meanwhile, Dr. Walter Hamburger of Rochester University found that just dreaming of food can provide psychiatric clues to a person's secret self.

JUMP, PAUSE, THEN FIXATE

If you read more than 1,451 words per minute, you're skimming. This isn't bad, according to Better Vision Institute, but it will only give you a grasp of main ideas. For depth reading, the Institute sets the pace at about 250 words a minute for "the average educated adult." Human eyes move in a series of little jumps along a line of print, with little pauses in between to fixate, explains the Institute. During these movements the eyes see only very faint blurs and streaks, and cover a limited area at each fixation. The jumps, pauses and reactions take up a large portion of the reading time. If you want to improve your speed and absorption, you can, says the Institute. But only up to a point.



LISTEN BETTER!

Most white-collar workers listen with only 25 percent comprehension, claims Prof. Ralph G. Nichols, Rhetoric Department director at Minnesota University. And this despite the fact that they devote 40 percent or more of their working day to listening. Prof. Nichols, however, offers several suggestions for perking up drooping—or distracted—ears and interest. Seek out central ideas, he says. Look for content; don't be dazzled by delivery. Work hard at concentrated

(Continued on page 14)

We'd like the advice of

deaf people who know a lot about hearing aids

We'd like to send you a postage-paid card containing the titles of several articles now being considered for the next edition of "The Hearing Digest." Just check the two titles that sound most interesting to you — then drop the card in a mailbox.

A *complimentary copy* of "The Hearing Digest" — brand-new edition, just off the press — will go to you with the postcard. This free copy is yours whether or not you return the card. Audivox values the opinions of *experienced* deaf people — that is, people who have tried other hearing aids. Thousands of them turn to Audivox every year.

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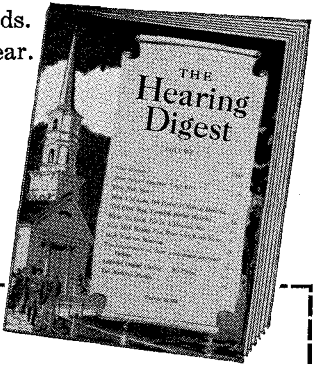

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ALL ABOUT YOU

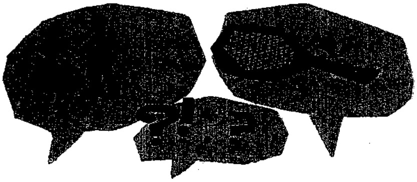
What students really think about . . .

(*Continued from page 12*)

listening. If you're successful, you'll note faster heart action, quicker circulation of your blood and a small rise in body temperature. All distractions must be stoutly resisted. Good mental exercise, suggests Prof. Nichols, is listening closely to difficult spoken material. Watch for emotionally overloaded words which sidetrack comprehension. Isolate them, inspect them carefully, he advises, and see why they are disturbing. Then you'll have taken a large step towards increasing your total understanding of language.

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL

Measured your tooth pressure lately? If you're an average person, it's somewhere between 50 and 75 pounds, says Dr. Floyd A. Peyton of the University of Michigan School of Dentistry, on the basis of experiments he's conducting. A square-jawed, husky individual exerts as much as 200 pounds of squeeze per bite, the doctor says, while a less robust person bears down with as little as 50. He points out that a normal human tooth can withstand maximum pressure of from 40,000 to 60,000 pounds per square inch. In another study, a student of Dr. Peyton's discovered that a person averages some 5,000,000 chews a year.



DATES AND DAYDREAMING

It will come as no great surprise to many educators that some college students engage in very little deep thinking or self-examination. To determine just how introspective students really are, two experimenters, Hans Toch of U.S. Naval Personnel Research Field Activity, San Diego, California, and Hadley Cantril of Princeton University, twice placed 12 volunteers in a bare, soundproof room and told them to spend 15 minutes with their thoughts. Afterwards they were asked to record them. Of the 12 students tested, only nine even made an attempt at introspection. What was on their minds? Well, what to think about was one thing; then there was the gurgling of the subject's stomach, school work, hockey, tennis, girls and dates and daydreaming.

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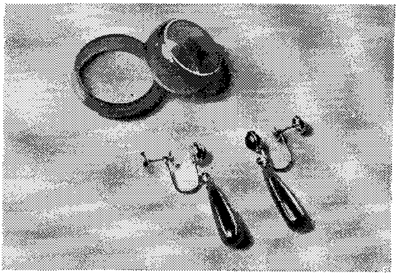
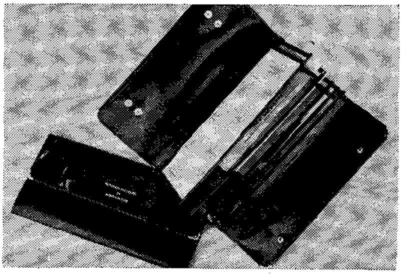
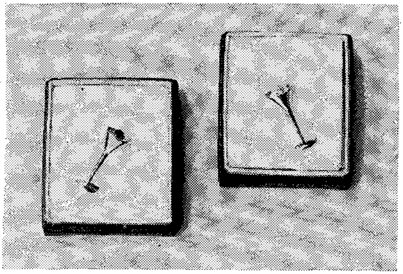
Products on parade edited by Florence Semon



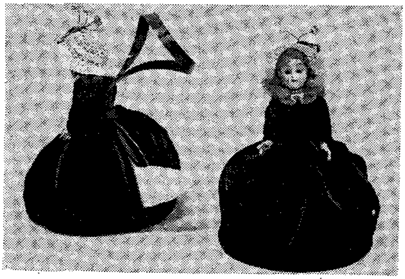
Precious jade jewelry from the Far East. Hand-cut and polished to a mirror finish. Rings in men's and women's sizes: 5/16″ width, $12.50; ⅜″, $15.00, pp. State size. Drop earrings set in gold-plated sterling, $15.00 pp. International Gem, 15A Maiden Lane, N. Y., N. Y.



A practical man will appreciate this valuable document holder. Of fine grain imitation leather with 5 wide cellulose compartments 5¼″ x 11″ for policies, leases, etc. Personalized in gold with your full name. $2.95 pp. Rich Personals, Dept. C, 500 W. 207th St., N. Y. 34, N.Y.

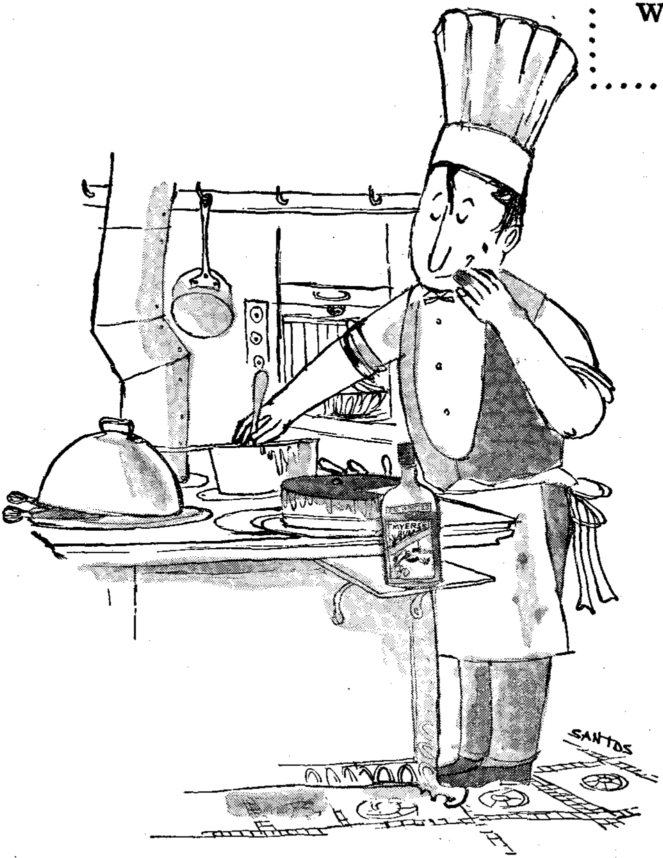


Cocktail tie-tac for his cravat will really rate with the lucky man. In 14 kt. gold. Gibson with genuine diamond "onion," $20.00; emerald "olive" martini, $15.00; Manhattan with ruby "cherry," $15.00, pp. Merrin Jewels, CO-11, 530 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

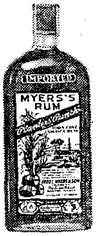


Doll hide-a-way is a little girl's purse. Zippered velvet skirt is a pouch to store her possessions. Doll's eyes open and close. Movable head and arms. 8½″ high in red or navy blue. $2.25 pp. Little Princess Hat Co., 285 South Van Brunt St., Englewood, N. J.

Now this is cooking with Rum!



Funny thing about **myers jamaica rum.** It makes cooking taste better. So much better, in fact, that guests will toast the tantalizing tang of your sauces, the rich, zestful flavor of roasts laced with **myers.** Try it—the easy way. For the newest in rum cookery and drinkery, write for our free booklet on **myers jamaica rum.**



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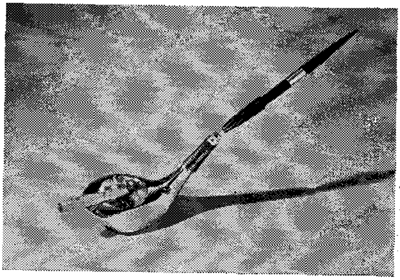
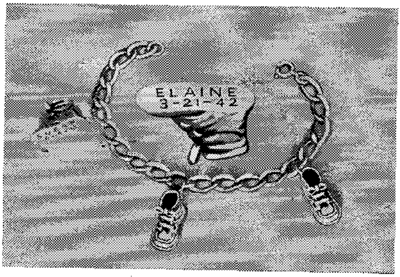
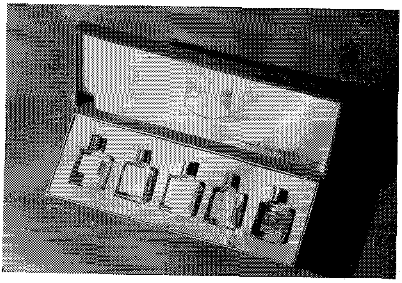


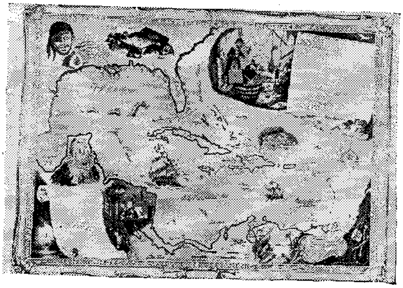
Ash tray desk set is novel gift for golf enthusiast. Made of heavyweight zinc with felt pad bottom; 7″ long overall. Gold or silver finish. Ball-point pen included. Also available in bowling pin. $4.95 pp. Jeranne's Products, Dept. A3, P. O. Box 587, Waukegan, Ill.



Proud mothers or grandmothers can wear a record of their most blessed events on this sterling silver baby-shoe bracelet. Each shoe engraved with first name and birth date of child. Shoe $1.95; bracelet $1.95, pp. Zenith Gifts, 117-E P. O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



Give her a set of five Paris perfumes to suit her every mood. Jolie Madame by Balmain, L'Elu by Marquay, 9X9 by Paquin, Fath de Fath by Fath, and Vent Vert by Balmain. Fluid content ½ oz. $4.95 pp. Saint-Honore, Dept. CT, 328 So. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.



Treasure map lithographed in full color shows the approximate locations of over $500,000,000 in sunken and buried treasure. On heavy duty parchment paper; 22½″ x 29½″. Fine gift for young pirate. $1.00 pp. Tri-United Mfg., Dept. FC-1, 104 Hussa St., Linden, N. J.

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says Mrs. Carl Cooper of 303 Fourth Avenue, Greenport, Long Island, N. Y.

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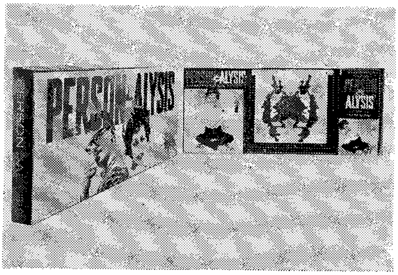
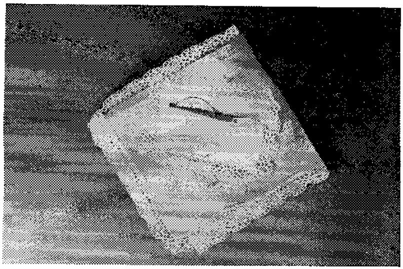
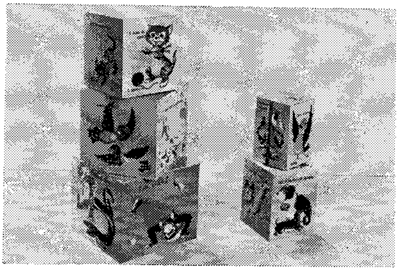


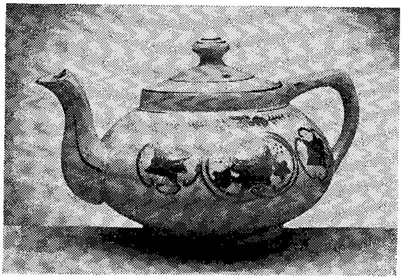
Person-alysis is new adult game which gives players a peek into the personality of their opponents. Consists of 80 ink blots, plastic holder, book of interpretations and pad for keeping score. Loads of fun. $4.00 pp. Medford Products, Dept. C, Box 39, Bethpage, N. Y.



If you're going to gift her with money, put it in the zippered pocket of this dainty lace-trimmed handkerchief. Handmade of Irish linen in pastel shades of blue, pink, green, yellow or lavender. $1.50 pp. Carol Beatty Co., 333 Beatty Bldg., Hollywood 46, California.



Talking blocks are bound to enrapture the toddling set. Each has one side which when pressed makes sound of animal portrayed. Set of 5 in graded sizes, 3½″ to 6½″ high. Of reinforced cardboard. $2.98 pp. S. Gabriel Sons, MBS, Box 2, 200 5th Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Musical teapot is a conversation-piece gift. Holds six cups and when you pick it up it plays "Tea for Two." Also a clever way to serve party martinis. Black ceramic with gold-leaf pattern. $5.95 pp. Game Room, Dept. COR, 1538 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 6, D. C.

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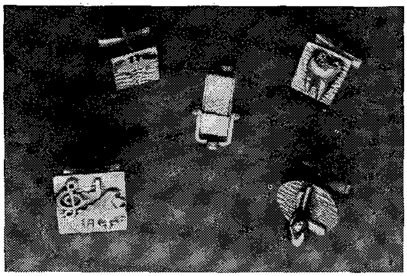
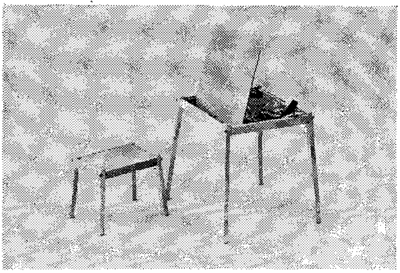
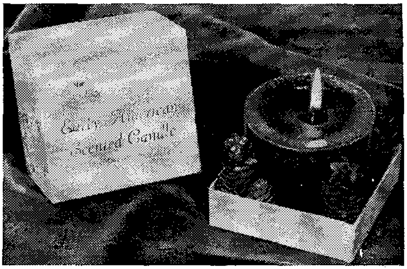


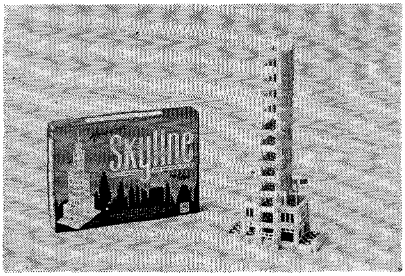
Child's desk-table and chair set in blond hardwood. Table 17″ x 19″ x 21″ has green chalk board top, and games on inside. Chair legs attach to table to make play tray for sick child. Chalk and erasers included. $7.98 pp. Stacy Mfg. COR, 325 Classon Ave., Brooklyn 5, N. Y.



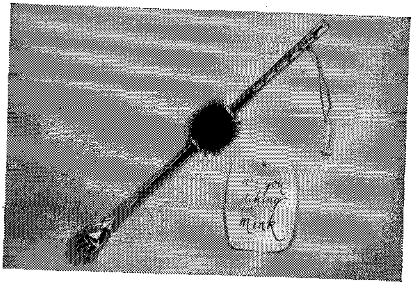
Light a scented candle and your house will have the fragrance of Christmas. Will burn for 35 hours. Gift boxed with pine cones. Choice of pine, bayberry, Christmas pine or magnolia scents. $1.00, or 6 for $5.00, pp. Carolina Candle Crafts, COR, Pinehurst 10, North Carolina.



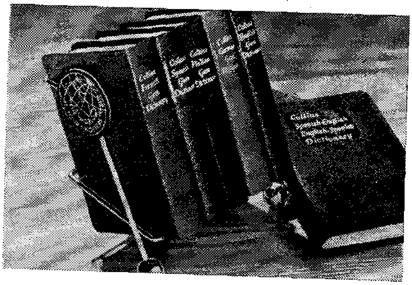
Young architects can build skyscrapers, bridges, stations, etc., with a Skyline Construction set. Sturdy polystyrene plastic parts are true H-O gauge scale. Has 476 pieces and instruction book. $4.25 pp. Childcraft Equipment Co., Dept. C, 155 E. 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



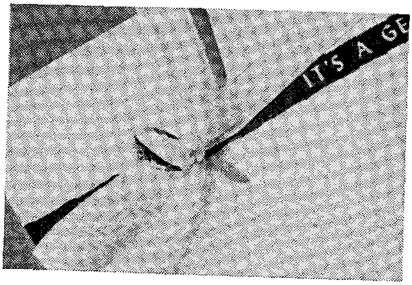
Products on parade



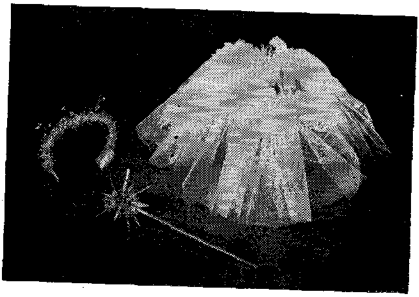
If she's been itching for mink you can certainly afford to give her this 15½″-long back scratcher trimmed with the genuine article. Gold-plated and aglow with scattered rhinestones. It's a wonderful gag gift. $1.98 pp. Gayle's Dept. COR, 440 West 24th St., N. Y. 11, N. Y.



These translation dictionaries in brass-plated stand make a useful adult gift. Bound in leatheroid with morocco grain. Page measures 4½″ x 3″. Included are French, English, German, Spanish and Italian. $8.95 pp. Four Sisters, 31C Chesley Rd., White Plains, N. Y.



Genuine diamond mounted in 10 kt. gold setting is a gift ring any child will treasure. May be worn on mother's charm bracelet if baby is too young to wear it. Ring is attached by satin bow to gift card. $7.95 pp. Lois Richards, Dept. CO, 3299 Aberdeen Rd., Cleveland 20, O.



Cinderella outfit will transform a little girl into a fairy princess. Consists of pink tulle skirt with adjustable waist, rhinestone tinsel crown and plastic silver-tipped wand. For 2-to-8-year-olds. $3.98 pp. Playcase Productions, Box 133A, Port Washington, New York.

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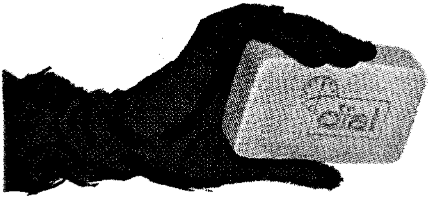
PASTEL PINK

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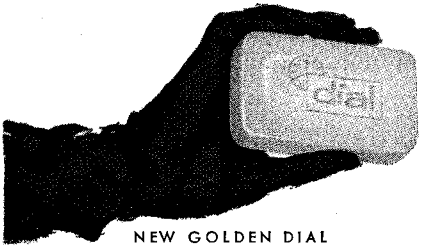
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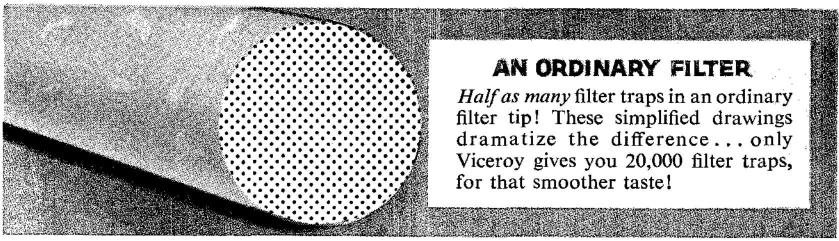
20,000 FILTER TRAPS FOR THAT SMOOTHER TASTE



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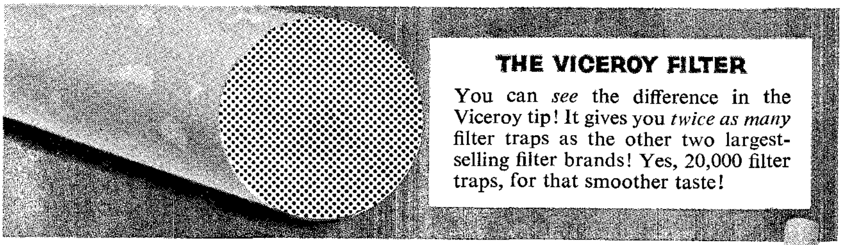

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Twice as many filter traps as the other two largest-selling filter brands!

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Plus—finest-quality leaf tobacco, Deep-Cured for extra smoothness!

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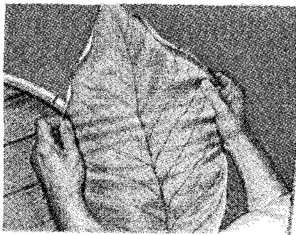

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KING-SIZE

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CORONET
NOVEMBER 1957

Mother was the impulsive type

by Vera Henry

But her long-shot business ventures had an uncanny way of paying off

I GREW UP in a huge cream-colored brick house on the Canadian side of the river opposite Detroit. When we first moved in we kept discovering cupboards and closets we hadn't noticed before. This was just as well since there were five of us girls, Vicki—that's me, Senna, Bonnie, and the twins, Lee and Duff.

Father was a handsome man, and perforce a quiet one, for with six women around he rarely got a chance to talk.

Mother was the impulsive type. And she also had contradictory qualities which made life most interesting. She wore black lace lingerie with tidy half-size dresses that always sagged a little in the rear. She adored Elizabeth Browning sonnets and gory murder mysteries. And she prided herself on being a good judge of character. She wasn't. She liked everyone.

Mother's chief worry was her so-called "talent money." In June, each member of the Ladies' Aid had been given a small sum which she was to put to work with the hope that it would multiply like a rabbit. In September, the original capital, plus profits, was to be used to purchase new carpeting for the church.

The other members of the Ladies' Aid got off to a fine start. They bought boxes of Christmas cards for a dollar and sold them to Mother for a dollar and a half.

"I just don't like the idea of selling things to my friends," Mother complained. She told her problem to Mr. Abbington, the mailman, who gave

From *A Lucky Number* by Vera Henry. Copyright © 1957 by Vera Henry. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.

her a pair of passes to the race track to take her mind off her troubles.

As it happened, Mother had never been to the race track. However, she didn't believe in wasting anything. After some hesitation she took me along too.

She had a vague idea that it might not be a suitable place to take a young girl. But someone told her Queen Mary herself went to the race track. And that settled it.

From the moment she walked through the turnstile, Mother had a wonderful time. She and a man with a wart on his nose and a plaid sports jacket got into quite a conversation. In this, of course, she was being inconsistent. She was always warning her daughters not to talk to strangers, particularly strange men. I think it had something to do with white slaves.

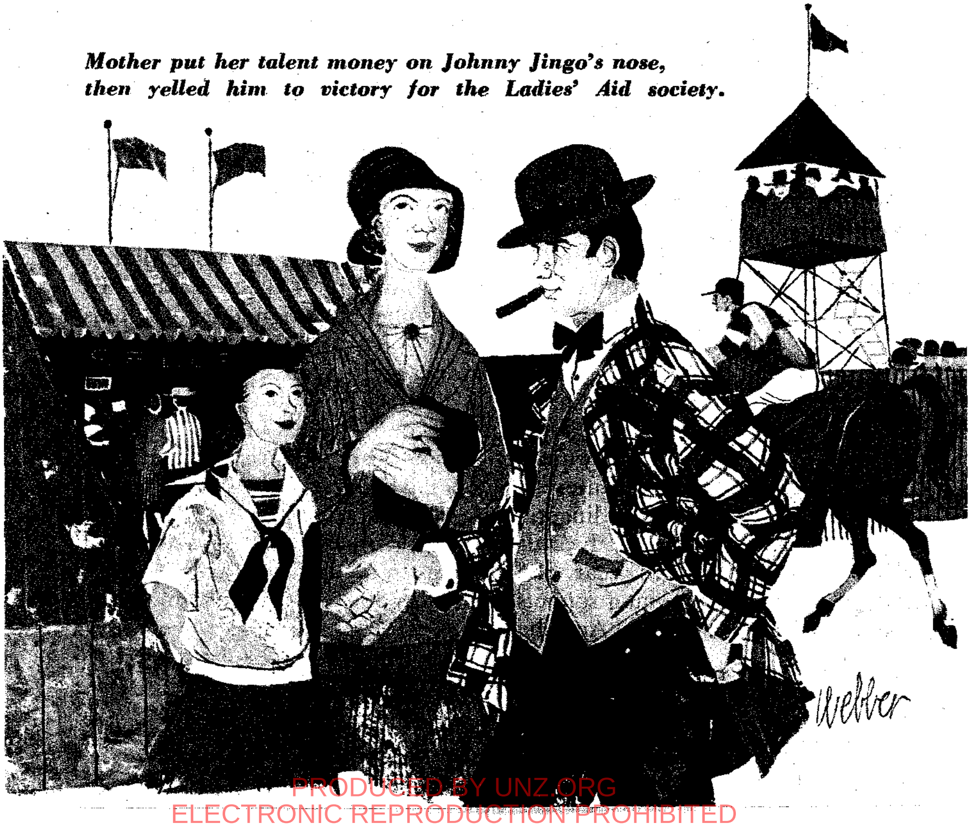
The man tried to explain the pari-mutuel system to Mother. It seemed to her a very practical idea. "Do you mean," she asked, "that if I buy a ticket for two dollars, after the race they will give me a lot more money for it?"

He said it wasn't quite as simple as that and started in to explain again.

"I have a little extra money in my purse," Mother said to me suddenly. "I'm going to buy one of the tickets the gentleman is talking about."

"That Number Six horse," she said dreamily, "Johnny Jingo—I

Mother put her talent money on Johnny Jingo's nose, then yelled him to victory for the Ladies' Aid society.



have an Uncle John. I'm sure that would be lucky."

"I wouldn't do it, lady," the man said. "That nag couldn't win if you put him on roller skates. Now you take Number Three, Boom-Boom—"

"I never did care for the shade of green his jockey is wearing," she said regretfully.

The man tried to tell her that the color had nothing to do with the way the horse ran, but arguing with Mother was like trying to make a permanent dent in a feather pillow.

She bought a ticket on Johnny Jingo, though at the last minute she almost changed her mind because the ticket taker wouldn't guarantee that he would win.

Johnny Jingo behaved very badly at the post, which pleased Mother immensely. "You can tell he has a lot of spirit," she said.

The horses were off, the field bunched like a handful of chestnuts, with one exception. Trailing blithely behind them was Johnny Jingo.

"Goodness," said Mother in a disapproving tone.

She was the sort of woman who ordinarily never raised her voice but suddenly from her throat came a clear, magnificent cry. "Come on, Johnny Jingo," she yelled. "Come on!"

Far down on the track that wound about like the ribbon on Mother's cloche, Johnny Jingo pricked up his ears. Maybe that horse had an inferiority complex. Maybe all he needed was a little encouragement. He began to move forward while Mother in the stand accompanied him in spirit by beating a baldheaded stranger with her program.

When Johnny Jingo crossed the line, winner by a nose, I personally felt the credit should have gone to Mother.

Mother looked very happy as the cashier counted out the pretty crisp green notes. "It's really honest after all," she whispered to me. "I was afraid they might try to give me a check or something useless like that."

The man who had bet on Boom-Boom tore up his ticket and his racing form. "I should spend hours figuring all the angles," he muttered. "Tell me, lady, what's good in the next?"

"I'm not going to buy any more tickets," Mother said. "There isn't any use being greedy. I'll let someone else have a chance. This time I'm just going to watch."

"My horse was what they call a 'big shot,' " she explained to Father that night. "That's why I made so much money."

Even Father was impressed.

Mother counted out the money with an expert air. "One hundred and six dollars—the rest of the Ladies' Aid put together won't make that much. I guess that proves I do have a head for business."

You would think after all the years they had been married, Father would have gotten over being surprised at anything Mother did.

"Do you mean you gambled with your talent money!"

"Invested, Angus," Mother corrected gently. "Invested. It's really the same idea as the Christmas cards. I bought the ticket for two dollars and then sold it back to the race track people for a little more."

This logic seemed to leave Father

a trifle confused, but he tried to stick to his point. "Suppose you had lost?"

Mother kissed him on the top of his head. "Now don't you worry. I'm sure the Lord will understand. Although," she admitted as she put the money into her church envelope, "I may have a little trouble with the Ladies' Aid."

WE WERE SPENDING the holidays at one of the Muskoka Lakes and almost next door to us a young university group had started a summer theater in an old barn.

Mother had never met any real actors before and she had a vague impression that they were apt to be somewhat immoral. I think it was the troupe's fondness for peanut-butter sandwiches that convinced her of their virtue. Father didn't think acting was immoral. He just thought it was an awful waste of time.

However, neither of them objected when my sister Bonnie and I joined the company, for experience, not salary. Bonnie couldn't act at all, but she was so pretty she was tucked like a vase among the scenery whenever possible. No one knew if I could act or not. I was an understudy, but unfortunately our cast was healthy.

Mother took over the job of wardrobe mistress. She felt that her costumes were the most important part of the show, and once during a Chekhov play she reached out from the wings, to the bewilderment of the audience, to pick a bit of lint off Uncle Vanya.

Mother never really cared for our plays. They wouldn't have happened in the first place if people had used a little common sense, she sometimes said, and besides, there were always too many people dying.

Mother had seen *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when she was 11 and thought that if people had to die it would be more interesting if they went up to Heaven on wires like Little Eva. Little Eva soaring across the stage was still her idea of good entertaining theater.

It may be that the summer people agreed with her because they seemed much more interested in acquiring sunburn than culture. Each week the company floundered deeper into the red.

Karl, our director and producer, was a very sensitive young man with a pimply skin that he was trying to clear up with a combination of Freud and yeast dissolved in tomato juice. It upset him dreadfully to have to think about money.

"You'd think we were dealing in potatoes, the way people fuss about their bills," he groaned to Mother.

"What we should do," Mother said, "is raise money like we do at church bazaars. Maybe a baked-goods sale."

Karl looked as if he were about to break into tears. "Crumbs and Ibsen," he moaned.

"Ibsen and crumbs is much better than Ibsen and bills," Mother reminded him. "We could sell the cakes during intermission. Most of these summer cottages have very poor cooking facilities and people get hungry for good home baking. I'll [illegible] local women to donate the [illegible] and we'll charge the summer people double the usual price.

That way both groups will be making a contribution."

"Couldn't you just persuade them to give us money?" Karl begged desperately. "I mean, wouldn't the ladies rather donate what making a cake would cost than go to all that work?"

"That isn't the way we women raise money, Karl," Mother explained patiently.

Next day Mother started organizing the baked-goods sale. And we started rehearsing *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Bonnie was Cecily (with a face like that no one will notice her acting, Karl said). I was Lady Bracknell (he didn't mention my face).

Bonnie and I were eager students of the Stanislavski method of acting. We spent at least half an hour a day doing our exercises—chopping imaginary wood, being nesting birds, a circular staircase that creaked—

"Of all the nonsense," Father growled. "Why can't they pretend to be nice healthy Canadian girls scrubbing a kitchen floor."

I had wonderful daydreams of the termite-ridden barn collapsing from the violence of the applause at my performance. It wasn't until opening night drew close that I began to panic. I might freeze and forget my lines, or I might say the ones from another play—as understudy I had crammed so many roles that season.

The morning of the play I woke up with a magnificent case of laryngitis.

Poor Karl was frantic since no one else in the company knew my part. "It's all in your subconscious," he moaned, "but we haven't time to analyze you now. What will I do? We can't cancel the show because we've spent the money from the advance ticket sale."

"And what about the baked-goods sale?" Mother added. "Cakes won't keep."

"Why don't you play the part, Flora?" Father suggested to Mother. "You were saying only last night that you had cued the girls so often you knew the play backwards."

If that wasn't just like Father, thinking all you had to do to play a part was know the lines. No matter how hard we had tried to explain, Mother simply didn't understand the Stanislavski method of acting. Or any other.

Both Bonnie and I started to protest, but Karl gave her a calculating, desperate look. "Do you really know the role, Mrs. Tippett?"

After all his fine talk about upholding the traditions of the theater, Karl was willing to throw our own mother into the hungry mouth of an audience just to keep the box office open!

We waited for her to put him gently in his place.

"Of course—" she hesitated. "I haven't had much experience." This was an understatement. She had never been on a stage in her entire life.

The horrible, the incredible truth began to dawn upon us. Mother was stage-struck!

Father looked very pleased with the world. "I always thought I'd like to be married to an actress," he said.

"I could ask one of the older ladies to take charge of the baked-goods sale for me," Mother said dreamily.

We knew when we were licked.

That evening before the performance Bonnie and I waited in the wings, clutching each other for consolation. "I'll do everything I can to help her when we have a scene together," she promised, "and so will the other kids. If only that nasty Mr. Sterling from the *Free Press* hadn't picked this play to review. I just couldn't bear it if he wrote something that hurt Mother's feelings."

"How do I look, girls?" said Mother, coming up behind us. Most of our costumes were too small for her, but she had managed to assemble an outfit which, if not exactly Victorian, was certainly interesting. It was an amazing word to apply to our chubby little mother, but she looked a trifle rakish.

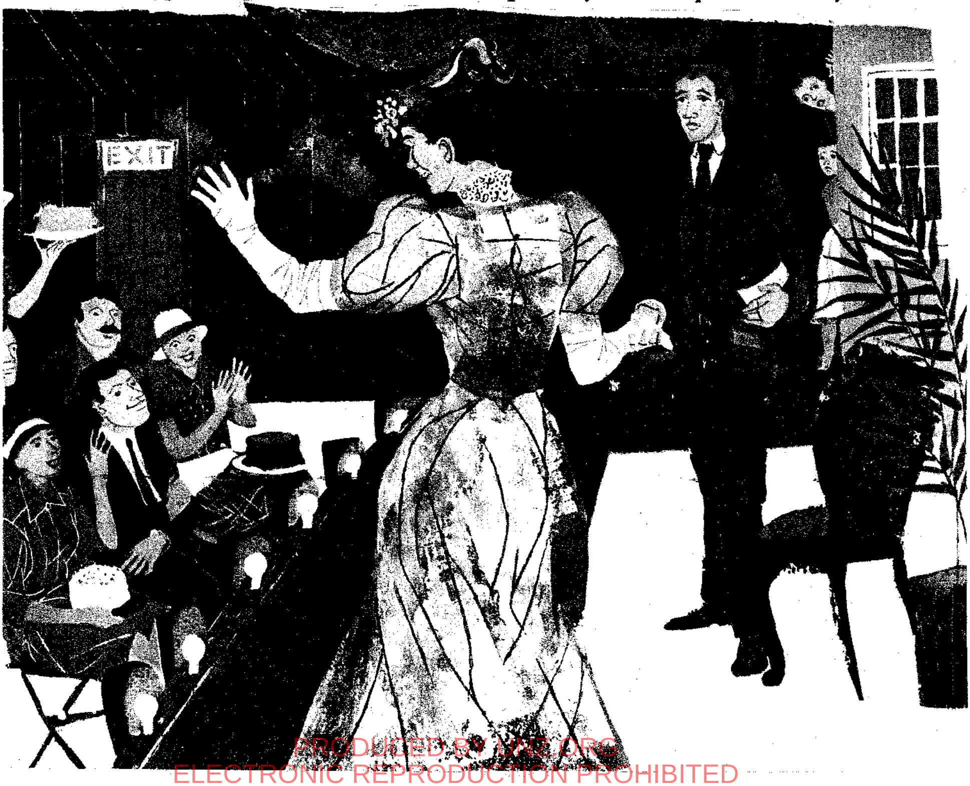
"I've never seen you with lipstick on before," said Bonnie. "It looks nice."

"Prettiest girl in town," said Father. "She doesn't need lipstick." He sounded as if he were stating a fact rather than paying a compliment.

I gulped again. If Mr. Sterling dared to say anything nasty about Mother's acting in his review, he would have to settle with Father.

The first scene didn't go too well; and I waited, scarcely breathing, for Mother's entrance. She seemed to

She applied the church bazaar technique to finance a production of Ibsen.



hesitate just for a moment. The baked-goods ladies gave her an enthusiastic hand, which she acknowledged with a pleased wave of her white gloves.

"Good afternoon, dear Algernon," she chirruped.

I let out my breath. She hadn't had stage fright.

After watching the performance a few minutes, Karl let out a sigh as if he had just taken off a tight pair of shoes. I don't mean Mother was giving a performance that would have worried Helen Hayes. She knew her lines and everyone else's and prompted whenever she felt it necessary. Technically, she committed every acting error in the book and yet her performance was fun to watch. Obviously she was having the time of her life. Sometimes it seemed her interpretation of the role was a little odd, but then, Lady Bracknell was a somewhat odd person.

At the end of the play the baked-goods ladies and their husbands applauded with fine enthusiasm. And we had made enough money to pay all our bills.

Karl pumped Mother's hand. "You were wonderful, Mrs. Tippett," he said, "just wonderful."

Father looked as if he had known it all the time, but Mother blushed with pleasure. "It wasn't at all hard," she said. "I just pretended I was Little Eva."

"Little Eva!" we cried.

"The Stanislavski method of acting," Mother explained. "I simply couldn't imagine I was Lady Bracknell, so I did Little Eva instead."

"Mrs. Tippett," Karl said when he could control his voice. "I want you to be the first to know. I've decided to take your husband's advice and go into business with my father. I don't believe I was cut out for the theater."

When the newspaper review of the play came out, Mother was so pleased she bought a dozen copies to send to friends and relatives.

For once Mr. Sterling had tried to be kind. He said Mother had given a most unusual interpretation of the part. While he didn't seem to care for the play as a whole, he said he had never in his life eaten better black-walnut cake.

MOTHER'S DARK BROWN hair was so long that she could almost sit on it. It was extremely soft and fine, and at night she always brushed it 100 long swooping strokes. Mr. Midgley, the Fuller Brush man, always gave us *two* sample brushes because Mother was such a good hairbrush customer.

Then the bobbed-hair fad lined the entire country on opposing sides of the hairbrush. "There are two places where women don't belong," Father quoted grimly, "and one of them is a barbershop."

In spite of this warning, Mother cut her hair. She didn't really mean to do it. She cut a little snip off one side just to see how she would look with bobbed hair. Then she took a little off the other to even it, and then another.

She looked perfectly terrible. With a cry of anguish she stared in the mirror at the jagged edges, and ran to the beauty parlor.

By the time Mother returned

home, she was convinced the haircut was comfortable and becoming. But she grew more and more nervous. It was very seldom she deliberately went against Father's wishes.

"We're having pot roast with horse-radish sauce," she said as he came through the door that night. It was his favorite food.

"How's everything?" Father said as he kissed her. He looked right at her, and never said a word about her hair.

At the table, he ate his pot roast and buttered a scone.

Mother couldn't stand it any longer. He must be livid if he couldn't even trust himself to speak. "I'm sorry, dear," she said. "I really didn't intend to do it."

"Do what?" Father asked.

"Why, bob my hair," cried Mother. Then—"You didn't even notice!"

Father buttered another scone. "Why, so you did. Looks nice."

Mother rose to her feet. "Is that all you've got to say?"

"Looks REAL nice," amended Father. Then he grinned. "I've been wondering how long it would take you to get around to it."

The next time Mr. Midgley, the Fuller Brush man, made his rounds, we only got one free sample brush.

FOR YEARS and years Mr. Hill's Fair Deal Grocery Store was as much a part of the town as the post office. He went quietly on trying to give the town the very best in food and service. If someone wanted a jar of pickles, Mr. Hill would not only send it right over, but the delivery boy would pick up the customer's mail at the post office.

His customers continued to expect extra service and fine quality, but complained when prices were higher than the new chain store. Some of his people, like our family, paid cash, but the majority charged their bills, especially when they were a little short of money. When they had cash, they dealt at the supermarket. Since Mr. Hill was too embarrassed to ask for payment, the bills were allowed to run on and on.

Eventually the inevitable happened. The bank gave him notice that they would have to foreclose.

Poor Mr. Hill. He had always worked too hard to have time to get married and the store was the only thing he really loved. He grew so thin his white apron dangled like an empty sack.

When he told Mother his troubles his hands were trembling so he could scarcely slice the cheese. "Maybe if you had some kind of a contest it would help business," Mother suggested briskly.

"I'm afraid it's too late to start counting beans in jars now," said Mr. Hill, looking hopelessly at his account book.

Mother's blue eyes grew thoughtful. "Something on the order of a lottery," she murmured dreamily. "Put the name of everyone who owes you money in a box and then give a prize to the person whose name is drawn. It would serve people right for not paying their bills."

All the same, it never really occurred to her that he would do it, but next day the local paper carried a most unusual announcement.

WHO IS THE TOWN'S WORST DEADBEAT?

Mr. Ellery Hill, proprietor of the Fair Deal Grocery Store, is sponsoring a unique contest. This Saturday evening at eight o'clock, Mr. Hill will draw the name of one of his delinquent customers, who will then be elected Mr. or Mrs. Deadbeat of the Week. The public are invited to guess how much Mr. (or Mrs.) Deadbeat owes and the person coming closest to the correct amount will be awarded a prize of $10 in groceries of his own choice. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

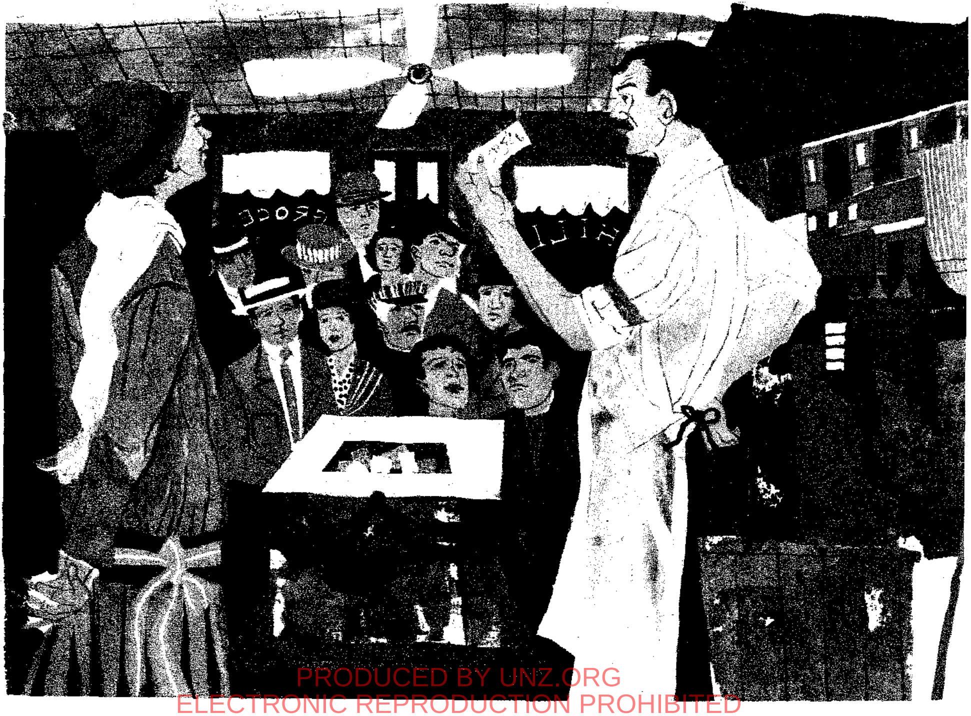
At first people thought it must be a joke. Not very funny, but a joke. However, after the paper came out a lot of people started looking through desks and the next day the gold rush began.

All day long there was a steady stream of customers at the grocery who either wanted to pay their accounts or phoned to say that they were mailing in checks. Oddly enough, no one wanted anyone else to see what he was doing. Checks and money were passed as cautiously as if they were forged.

Some people were embarrassed and some were mad and acted as if it were all Mr. Hill's fault for letting them charge things in the first place. All over town, orders for cars were cancelled, fur coats returned, and an amazing number of people decided to spend quiet vacations at home.

Poor Mr. Hill kept looking more and more unhappy. The more receipts he made out, the larger the deposits he sent to the bank, the

Trapped by her own contest, Mother turned out to be the town's worst deadbeat.



more apologetic he became. The bags of candy he always put in with deliveries for newly paid-up charge customers were unusually large.

He didn't even smile when Dr. Henderson put his head in the door and asked if there was a copyright on the idea or could he try it too.

By eight o'clock on the night of the contest, the store was packed as tight as an asparagus can. Mr. Hill had decorated the box with orange and black crepe paper left over from Halloween. The black at least was appropriate.

Mr. Hill tried to make a speech and looked very unhappy and awkward.

"It's all right," Mother said gently. "If your customers had treated you as well as you've always treated them, this contest wouldn't be necessary."

There was a minute of complete silence. Mr. Hill put his hand into the box and drew out a slip. He looked at it and turned the color of a Brussels sprout. His lips moved but no sound came out. Then his shoulders stiffened. He deliberately tore the slip into small pieces.

"I'm sorry it was necessary to blackmail you into paying your bills," he said quietly. "My father never did business that way. It isn't my way either. I'd like to start all over again. This is a good town and —and—"

Suddenly he looked about ready to cry.

Someone started to cheer and then everyone crowded around to shake his hand.

On Monday morning Mr. Hill opened his store up again, but with one difference. Above the cash register was a sign that said, "Please do not ask for credit. All purchases must be paid in cash."

Neither the sign nor the contest seemed to have hurt business.

"I'm so glad everything turned out well," Mother said, shaking a package of oatmeal to try and guess if the premium dish inside was a cup. "All the same, I'm going to wonder for the rest of my life whose name you drew."

Mr. Hill smiled. "It was yours, Mrs. Tippett."

Mother dropped the oatmeal with a thud. Sometimes she was a little absent-minded about returning borrowed books but she was extremely scrupulous about money. "That's impossible! We always pay cash!"

Mr. Hill cleared his throat apologetically. "You may remember last May you had just been shopping over the river and were a little short of money—"

"But I must have paid you later—" Mother protested. Then her blue eyes widened. "I'm so ashamed. I had completely forgotten."

So Mother immediately paid the overdue $5.62 and Mr. Hill said he would send the groceries right over.

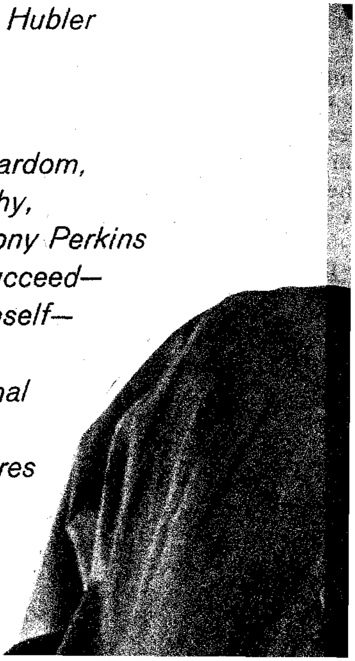
"I really should have hinted that we have a bag of candy coming, just like the other charge customers," Mother said, unpacking the bag.

But the hint wasn't necessary. Along with our order was a lovely two-pound box of chocolates with a card marked "Compliments of Fair Deal Grocery Store."

Once again Mr. Hill had shelled out. And once again Mother's enterprise had surprisingly paid off.

by Richard G. Hubler

Climbing to stardom,
the nervous, shy,
insecure Anthony Perkins
manages to succeed—
in spite of himself—
by funneling
all his emotional
torment into
his acting chores



THE FOREMOST YOUNG leading man Hollywood has in sight today is a slim, awkward-appearing 25-year-old, six feet two and a half inches tall, with dark brown eyes and scruffled hair. He has appeared in only eight pictures, four of them still unreleased, but he can now sell himself for $150,000 a film.

Yet though Anthony Perkins has the brightest future of any rising star, male or female, he is happily unhappy about the shape of things coming up.

"I haven't learned anything about acting in pictures," he says. "I'm here because I need the money. As long as I do, I'm going to keep working in Hollywood."

In the next breath he confides: "I'm going back to the stage as soon as I can. That's the only place I can learn anything. Don't let anyone know—the studio or my agent or my friends. It's my own plan and I can't tell a soul."

The secret was not long in coming out. Perkins was cast as the moody, introspective lead in *Look Homeward, Angel,* a play adapted for Broadway from the works of one of his favorite authors, Thomas Wolfe. He announced that he felt he was returning to the only spot where he could really learn his craft—now that he had earned enough money (about $125,000) in Hollywood and had four unreleased pictures on which to wean his screen reputation.

Anthony Perkins gives the impression of a young man with a built-in nervous breakdown. He has a habit of intense concentration, an abnormal shyness, and an ability to tear himself apart for a scene. In a baseball movie called *Fear Strikes Out,* about a Boston Red Sox player who conquers his neuroses, the director got such a convincing breakdown out of Perkins that the latter spent the next two weeks in a hospital fighting his way out of a siege of nervous depression.

The son of Osgood Perkins, one of the fine stage actors of 20 years ago, Anthony has inherited a precocious ability to project himself. A critic said of his father: "Osgood has the most frightening forefinger on the stage today." This same fingertip forcefulness has been transmitted to the whole of Anthony. The youngster is able to point himself at an audience with the authority of a loaded gun.

Yet he has not become a particularly good actor. He is too young and volcanic—still too unsure of himself and his profession.

Veteran male actors are suspicious of him and tend to dislike his alternate fits of giddiness and the sulks. Working with him, they laugh at his mannerisms and occasionally slight him—until the moment the raw film is flashed on the projection screen. Then the condescension disappears. Somehow, this burning-eyed restless youth has stolen any scene he chooses.

About women, on or off stage, there is no question. Perkins enchants all of them.

But the actor is as skittish as a colt in spring. Winning and amiable to his co-stars—such as Jean Simmons, Dorothy McGuire, Elaine Aiken and Norma Moore, to name a few—when the picture is over, he goes to his solitary apartment and sits down and broods. Nor does he turn up again in public—except for business—until his next chore.

The fact is that the lanky young actor is not strong. He had a severe attack of tuberculosis when he was five, the same year his famous father died from a heart attack. Though Anthony pulled through the shock and the disease—he must still be checked over regularly every few months—it left him with a vacuum of exhaustion.

His big-boned frame is deceptive: it holds little reserve energy. Once he is dismissed for the day, he is likely to wolf a hamburger with catchup at a restaurant, go home, and fling himself into bed—often without undressing. Once there, nothing short of the trump of doom can disturb him until his subconscious alarm clock rouses him the next morning.

"Then I open my eyes and look around and wonder where I am," he says. "I find out and get up and put some rock-and-roll on the phonograph. That makes me feel better. I take the pillows off the telephone where I piled them in case someone called me.

"I get dressed in the first thing I can find, go out and hitch a ride to breakfast. Then I hitch a ride to the studio and I'm ready to work myself up to a fit."

Perkins has a genius for improvisation and a virtuosity of response that are keys to his appeal to teenagers.

"I think Perkins is coming up as Elvis Presley is coming down," says a publicity man. "Teenagers love him. He represents all the indecision and eccentricity and independence they have inside themselves. They love to see someone like him succeed. Because it is success in a small way for themselves."

Young Perkins, who is both determined to be himself, and to be better than his father, was born April 4, 1932, when his father was 40 years old. Anthony was Osgood's only son, after ten years of marriage.

The boy saw his first play when he was three, his father starring. A few years later he developed a stutter in kindergarten in New York. Such a speech defect still reappears in tense moments, accounting for some of his moody silences and his terse phrasing.

After his father's death in 1937, his mother took him to Florida. Returning to New York, he was known as a "loner" at school—a fast runner and a good speller. His mother felt he needed more association with men, with "more discipline" as the watchword, and sent him to a boarding school at the age of 12. Until that wretched time, young Perkins had lived the life he wanted—doing what he pleased. At Brooks School he had to conform.

He still hates the memory of it: "I was buried there for three years." He stuttered, was sick, and spent most of his time reading or in a state of passive resistance to studies and friendship. Even today, he believes that what he learned at Brooks was to control his emotions. What he really learned was to bottle them up until he could unleash them in his acting roles.

In his next two years at Browne & Nichols preparatory school in

"I get dressed in the first thing I find."

Perkins captivates teenagers. Here he joins Italian kids at Punch and Judy show.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, he became fascinated by acting and spent his summers working to the verge of collapse in theaters in Vermont, Delaware and Canada.

Graduating next to the last in his class in 1950, Perkins entered Rollins College in Florida, a broad-shouldered, underweight, prematurely serious boy. It proved pleasant there, as his studies made little demand on him. He explored the countryside and learned how to fence and play tennis. He also did some more amateur acting.

A friend invited him to California for the summer at the end of his second year. Perkins went and, despite his protestations that he did not want to be treated differently because of his father, got several movie tests on the strength of just that. Back at Rollins for his third year, he made an excellent study record. In December a wire from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him a part in a movie called *The Actress.* Perkins accepted, played the role, and returned to finish his schooling. He managed to stick out his education to within one month of graduation—then quit.

In New York, in 1953, he secured jobs easily on television—unabashedly using his father's name to open doors, though he said he hated to do it. In the spring of the next year he got the lead of the homosexually inclined youth in the hit play *Tea and Sympathy,* following an acting friend, John Kerr, in the role.

He played his first big part to the hilt—"I could do it with my eyes closed and often did"—for a year. He feels he learned everything about acting that he knows in those months. In 1955 Paramount signed him to a non-exclusive contract.

One of the first things he had to do in Hollywood was learn to dri
a car. Until he managed to do thi
he was a daily hitchhiker to th
studio.

He played in *The Friendly Pe*
suasion with Gary Cooper. A
Gary's son, his imitation of the la
ter got him fulsome praise as "a

other Cooper" and a nomination for the best acting in a supporting role. Perkins rejected such praise as he later did any mention of him as "another James Dean or Marlon Brando."

He went on to play in *The Lonely Man, The Tin Star* and a gloomy production of Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms.* Working with the Italian import, Sophia Loren, his attitude toward her was that of a movie fan, tinctured with his own brand of sardonicism. Of her he commented admiringly: "A woman who looks as if she were perfectly turned out by a machine."

It is this quality of resenting the world which sets Perkins off from the run of young Hollywood stars. He lives alone and eats alone—usually his own cooking, on a hot plate. He plays alone—usually at riding or swimming. He does this because he prefers to think that he can get along without accepting help from anyone.

He is an amateur expert at painting—his subjects satirical, surrealistic imaginings of mythical beasts, signatured by broken spectacles in the foreground. (His eyes are big and very dark brown; he is nearly blind without his glasses.) He composes by doodling on the piano.

Sometimes his ability to imitate others—which so far is his mainstay of acting technique—is annoying to his co-stars. Though Gary Cooper rarely gets upset by anything during a picture, he felt Tony aped his famous mannerisms too closely and remarked: "That boy should get out on a ranch and meet some real people. Do him good."

In this Cooper was expressing what most of Perkins' acquaintances feel he needs. He has an imbalance of maturity and childishness which is somehow irresistible to the public on celluloid—but it is an explosive mixture.

Perkins does possess one supreme asset: a sense of values. "I guess I get through on charm and a smile," he says, "but I have worked at it. I know how to be consistent, effective and still be likeable."

Though his offhand remarks and his way of expressing himself may often offend people, Perkins feels that he really does not mean it. "There are fish that have no natural enemies," he says. "I would like to be one of them."

He used to constantly apologize by letter and in person to people he thought he had unwittingly irritated—though that habit is lessening as he grows more successful. More than once he has been told to mind his own business by cameramen and grips who resent his attempts to tell them how to do their jobs.

His passion for hitchhiking started when he took a slow bus to California for his first movie try-out. "It was like a bus to hell," he says reminiscently, "everyone struggling and pushing and getting off and on. So I struggled out and hitchhiked the rest of the couple of thousand miles."

Perhaps this is the best symbol of young Perkins' past and future. Anywhere that anyone else takes him is a road to his own peculiar perdition. He has to get off the other fellow's bus and make his way on his own.

Human Comedy

ONE DAY last summer, stopping at a gas station in Monticello, Utah, I asked the attendant if it was hot at Mexican Hat about a hundred miles south. "Yes, it's real hot down there," he answered. "The lizards carry sticks in their mouths all summer." Puzzled, I asked why on earth they did that.

"Oh," he grinned, "they jab them in the ground every now and then and run up on the shady side to cool their feet off."

—A. SCHAUBLIN

ONE of the reasons for the continuing shortage of schoolteachers sat down on the bus and announced: "My teacher quit today. The principal said we made so much noise she couldn't stand it any longer."

"But didn't she ask you to be quiet?" the bus driver inquired.

"I don't know," was the answer. "We couldn't hear anything she said."

—STEVE STILL

BEN HECHT'S new book, "Charlie"—about the late Charlie MacArthur—omitted the story of how they managed to get a six-month run out of "Swan Song," a play which was panned by all the critics.

The collaborators made guest appearances on disc-jockey programs and played recordings of familiar songs—such as "Star Dust," "My Mammy," "Tea for Two," etc. They offered two free tickets to the first phone caller who guessed the correct title of a song. All other callers were told they'd won second prize—tickets at half price.

—LEONARD LYONS

WHEN OUR MOTHER'S HELPER gave notice that she was to be married over the coming week end, she assured us she would work up until the minute. However, on Friday morning she called and with many apologies said she wouldn't be in. "You see," she explained, "I'm getting everything ready for my wedding and it's taking longer than I thought to prepare my torso."

—VIRDA DRUMB

A DOOR-TO-DOOR SALESMAN asked a housewife: "Do you have any children, madam?"

"Yes, I have two small boys," she told him.

"Well then," said the salesman enthusiastically, "you will be interested in our new Space Soap, especially concocted to remove rocket grease, interplanetary smudge, comet grime and stellar dust." —*Woodmen of the World*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

6 Childhood's roughest year

by James A. Skardon

photographs by Joern Gerdts

UNTIL HE WAS SIX, life for the yawning lad at the left, Christopher Gerdts of Salt Lake City, Utah, was relatively carefree and gay. But six, as Chris and his parents discovered in bewilderment, is far more than merely the year that comes after five and before seven. It is a year of radical changes in a child's nervous system, body and mind. He becomes increasingly anxious to be part of his environment; and make it a part of him. Yet because he is not strong enough, smart enough, or experienced enough, he strives mightily and falls short. He becomes frustrated, confused, hurt, and even ill. He goes to extremes, physically and emotionally. He plays too hard, shouts too loud, argues, fights. He hates, loves, rages, laughs, sulks, leaps with enthusiasm—sometimes all within the space of a few moments. He literally does not know his own mind. And nobody else, including parents and teachers, can be sure of it either. School is often the detonator that sets off the explosive sixth-year chain reaction. Chris had a hard struggle because he lacked the concentration needed for reading and the finger control writing requires. As his failures piled up, he became shy and withdrawn. And his parents, photographer Joern Gerdts and his wife, Louise, asked worriedly, "What's gotten into our child?" The answer was simply that Chris was six. Here is how things went with him during that crucial year.

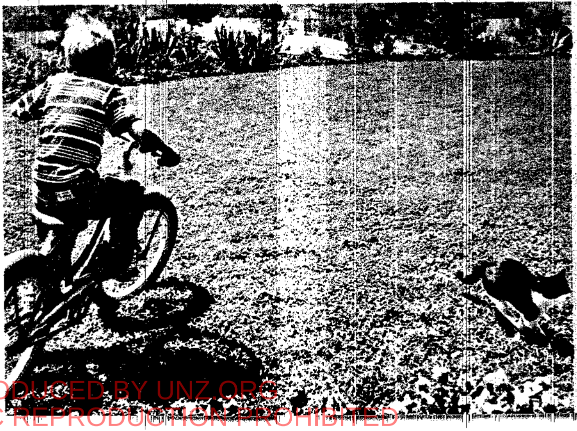
Verbal aggression is typical of the six-year-old. Here Chris lashes out at schoolmate in argument over the class' pet parakeet.

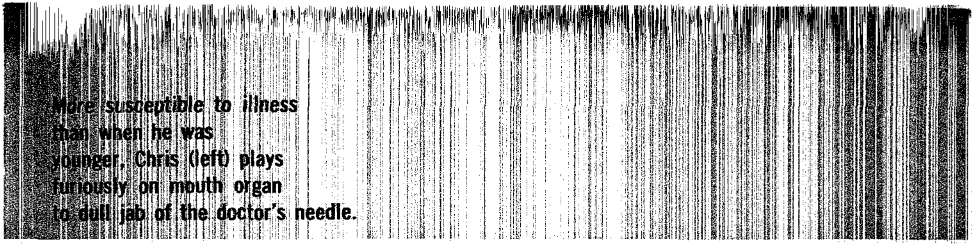
Jealous, unpredictable, violent

CHRIS HAD NEVER BEFORE been jealous of his little sister Stefanie. But with his confidence jolted by setbacks at school, he felt insecure at home. He became resentful of his sister, fearing her rivalry for the affection of their parents. Yet his behavior toward her was inconsistent. One moment he would be loving, patient and protective. The next, he would be whining, crying, or teasing. For no apparent reason, he would suddenly whisper in her ear, "the mean old bear is going to eat you up!" He would then stand by smugly innocent, as Stefanie howled in terror. At bedtime, Chris often told his mother, "I know you love Stefanie more than me." Nevertheless he drew closer to his mother and his teacher, desperately seeking solace and security. But even they found his behavior unpredictable. For the slightest stress set him swinging wildly to extremes.

Chris is often gentle
with his three-year-old sister
Stefanie (left); but gets
rough (right) as he
gives her a ride on his back,
then brusquely sends
her sprawling.

Acting on a sudden whim,
Chris races on bike in attempt
to run over family cat,
which he usually treats kindly.

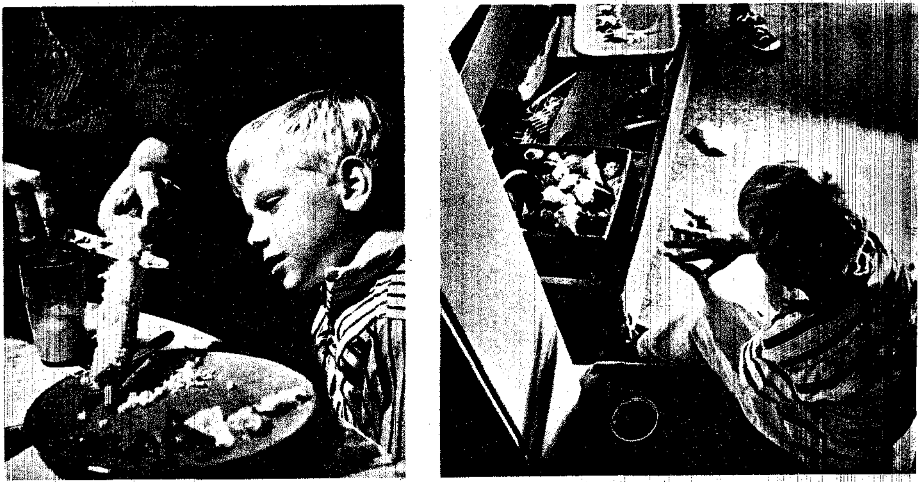




More susceptible to illness than when he was younger, Chris (left) plays furiously on mouth organ to dull jab of the doctor's needle.

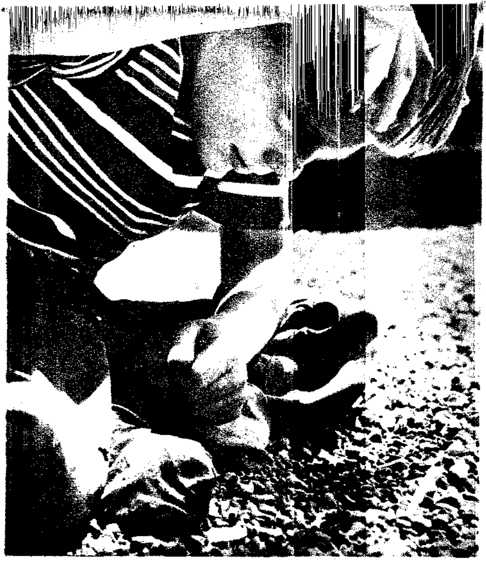
Fearful, insecure, bewildered

FOR ADULTS, the toothless gap in the grin of a six-year-old is a warmly amusing symbol of childhood. But for the child himself, losing his front teeth can make him not only self-conscious, but set him back in his struggle toward maturity. He lisps; and some of his food must be prepared as if he were a baby again. Moreover the loss of his teeth is just one of the many physical upheavals he is undergoing. His body chemistry is changing. He lacks the stamina he had at five. He is more likely to catch childhood diseases. He suffers more nose and throat ailments. In Chris' case, hayfever, colds, pollen asthma and pneumonia kept him going back to the doctor. His parents wondered whether he was sick because he was unhappy, or unhappy and doing poorly in school because he was sick. As far as Chris, himself was concerned—he felt miserable.



Lacking front teeth, Chris (left) has to have food fixed infant fashion. And (right) showing his confusion, he dawdles away the morning, partially dressed, amid great disorder.

Exploring, dreaming, marveling



A dreamer like most six-year-olds, Chris often spends hours playing aimlessly with "sparkly" stones in driveway.

THE SIX-YEAR-OLD is insatiably curious. He is entranced by any little critter that crawls, wiggles or hops. Chris spends hours watching his collection of ants. He brings them seeds and water and studies their every antic. And the big box under his bed harbors but a small part of the material evidence of the vast range of his interests—rocks, birds' nests, paper, wheels, wood, wax, Christmas cards, seeds and seed catalogues, hoses, glue, raisins, crayons, ropes, feathers, camera spools, trucks, cars, books and games. To his sister, he becomes the long-winded explainer of all natural phenomena and the facts of life. Yet, while eagerly cramming his receptive mind, the six-year-old remains the dreamer. Time and money mean little to him. He is careless even with his most prized possessions. After saving diligently to put $5 towards a bicycle, Chris left the bike out one night—and it was stolen. A wanter, a buyer, a swapper, as well as a misplacer, he could hardly keep from spending most of his allowance the first day, and ran out well before the week's end.

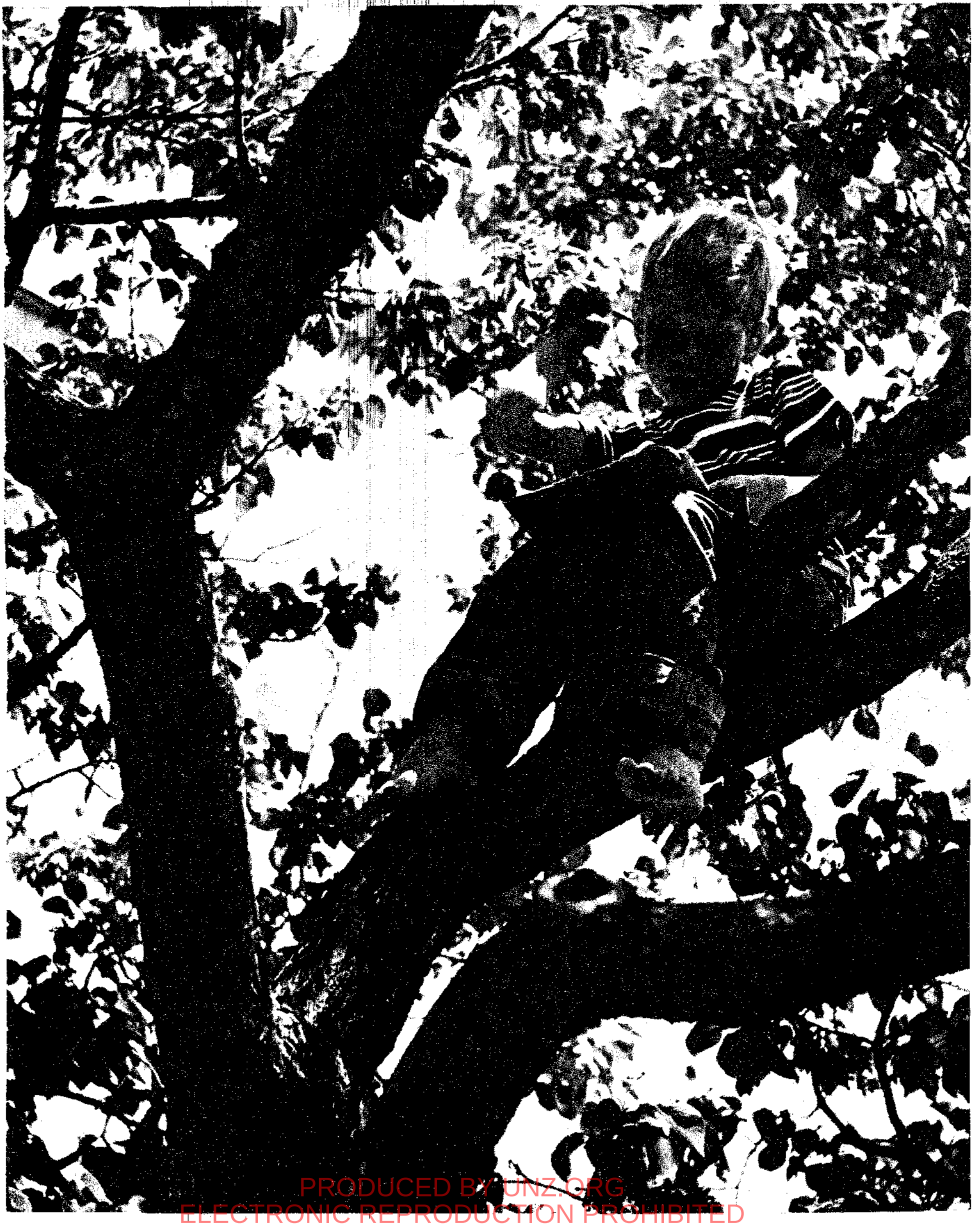
Interested in everything and willing to try anything, Chris (left) shows Stefanie his captured grasshoppers, and (right) he grimaces at the sour taste of a green apricot he has picked from tree.

Growing, learning, advancing

Chris (left) tosses most of his allowance into nickel vending machines; and (right) after being a "watcher" most of the year, he directs buddies in building weenie roasting pit.

JUST WHEN it seems he will *always* be six, the six-year-old begins to make more sense. He is more responsible with money and belongings. He is no longer so jealous of his brothers and sisters. He works with a group—even leads it—rather than withdrawing or fighting it. His front teeth come in; and his health improves. His muscles are stronger and better controlled. He adjusts to school, and improves in his skill at reading, writing and figures. For Chris, the end of his sixth year brings a new confidence and a budding maturity. He has crossed an important threshold now, and looks forward eagerly to being seven. His parents sigh with relief. Six was as bedeviling for them as it was for Chris.

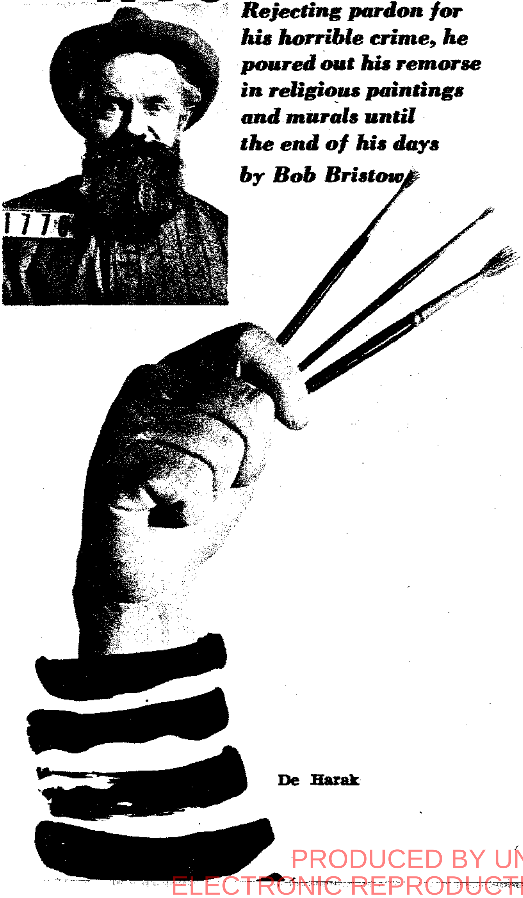
Still mercurial, Chris shows good attitude
in doing summer reading to improve skill. But he
insists on working in "hideaway" tree
and is likely to chase a bug down the trunk any moment.



#1770 CONRAD MAAS ARTIST

Rejecting pardon for his horrible crime, he poured out his remorse in religious paintings and murals until the end of his days

by Bob Bristow



De Harak

ON HIS WAY to the electric chair at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary, the condemned man passes through the great prison rotunda. There, pausing, his eyes rise from the gray concrete floor to the high dome and rest upon a large painting.

For an instant he stares at it. Often he raises his cuffed hands and crosses himself. Then he lowers his eyes and marches on to the chamber of no return.

As many condemned before him, he has seen, for the last time, a painting of Joseph, Mary and the Christ Child.

Though it is a strange painting for a prison, it is accepted with pride by the inmates because it was painted by one of them, a lifer named Conrad Maas. This small, mild-mannered man, guilty of a murder most horrible, completed over 50 paintings during his 37 years as an inmate.

Conrad Maas was a strange man. Born in Berlin, Germany, he expressed an early interest in art, but was unable to devote much time to a study of technique.

Shortly after the end of his formal schooling, Maas migrated to the United States and became a stone mason. He made very few friends, not being able to speak English well. On the job he ate alone, away from the other men, his deep blue eyes brooding. At night he often walked the streets restlessly, alone, moody, sullen.

Eventually Maas married and settled down as a butcher in southeastern Oklahoma Territory. From the beginning, the marriage proved difficult because of a severe religious conflict between Maas and his bride. They began to quarrel bitterly and Maas' resentment grew until, in a fit of rage, he murdered his wife in their home.

Faced with the problem of disposal of the body, his solution was ghastly. In the early morning darkness he carried it to the butcher shop where he worked fiercely until dawn.

Mrs. Maas was not missed for two days. Then inquiries aroused suspicion because Maas was unable to explain her sudden disappearance, partly because of his trouble with the language, partly because he was not inventive enough to provide a credible alibi.

Questioned in detail, he finally admitted he had murdered his wife. What had he done with the body? Maas smiled cynically, and indicated that the secret lay in the butcher shop.

A search there revealed human bones. And residents of the small town turned in horror from the newly printed sign in the window announcing fresh, highly seasoned sausage for sale. Examination verified the fact that Maas had chosen this method of disposal.

The crime shocked the Territory, an area not often alarmed by violence, and in 1899, at the age of 33, Conrad Maas was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. Since Oklahoma had not yet achieved statehood, he was sent to a Kansas penitentiary where he began his sentence. On March 27, 1910, he was transferred to the newly constructed Oklahoma Penitentiary as Number 1770.

Soon afterward, Maas was assigned to a work detail painting one of the prison barns. With sly cleverness he smuggled a large brush and some paint to his cell. After lights, he fashioned small art brushes from bits of wood to which he tied bristles from the stolen brush. He did his first painting on a discarded window shade which he had smuggled into his cell. He worked at night, in secret, using the barn paint, mixing shades, experimenting.

This first painting was so striking that when it was discovered, he was questioned by the warden.

"You painted this in your cell?" the warden asked.

"Ja," Maas replied fearfully.

"Where did you get the paint?"

Maas declined to answer.

"Did you get it from the prison paint shop?"

Maas nodded.

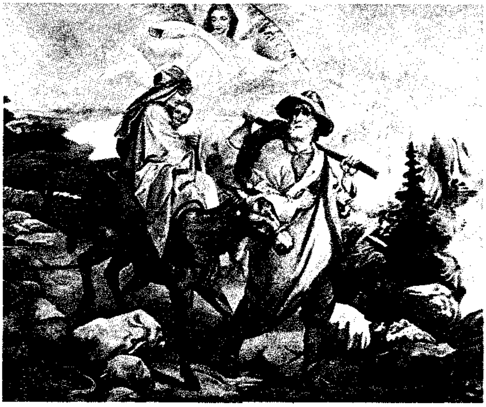
"And the brushes?"

Maas displayed the handmade brushes.

The warden was impressed. Instead of discipline, Maas was given permission to paint at night when his work was done.

He sold that first painting to another prisoner for $5, and with the money bought paints, new brushes, the luxury of a genuine canvas. But he did not waste the canvas. He used small boards for experimentation and turned to it only when he felt he was ready.

As his skill increased, word spread that this alien German was creating striking works. Substantial offers were made for some of them but Maas was strangely uninterested in profit. He sold his paintings to other prisoners, to guards, to prison officials, to state representatives who came through the prison. Many of them he donated to churches. He asked $5 for each painting, no more, no less.



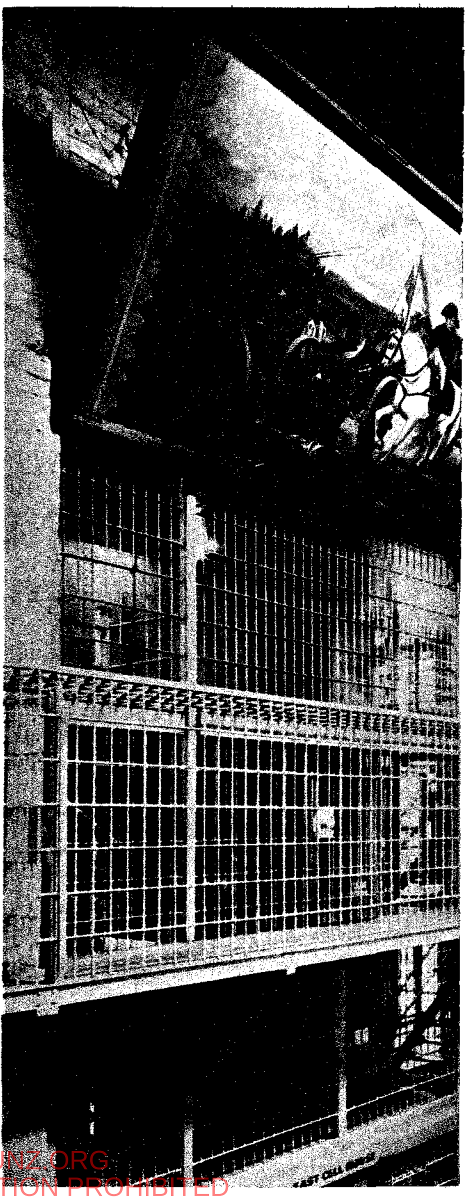
Some of his finest work he refused to sell. Instead, he donated it to the prison, and one by one the paintings were framed and placed in the dining hall.

During his entire art career, Maas never received any instruction in technique. In fact, he often gave advice to art students who came to the prison to study his work.

Sheriff Tom Horton, one of the few remaining prison officials who knew Conrad Maas, recalls the day word came that Governor Jack Walden had offered Maas a parole. The prisoner listened in stony silence as the warden explained that the papers would be prepared for the State Parole Officer's signature. Then he declined the offer.

Fearing that Maas had not understood correctly, the warden explained again. Again Maas declined.

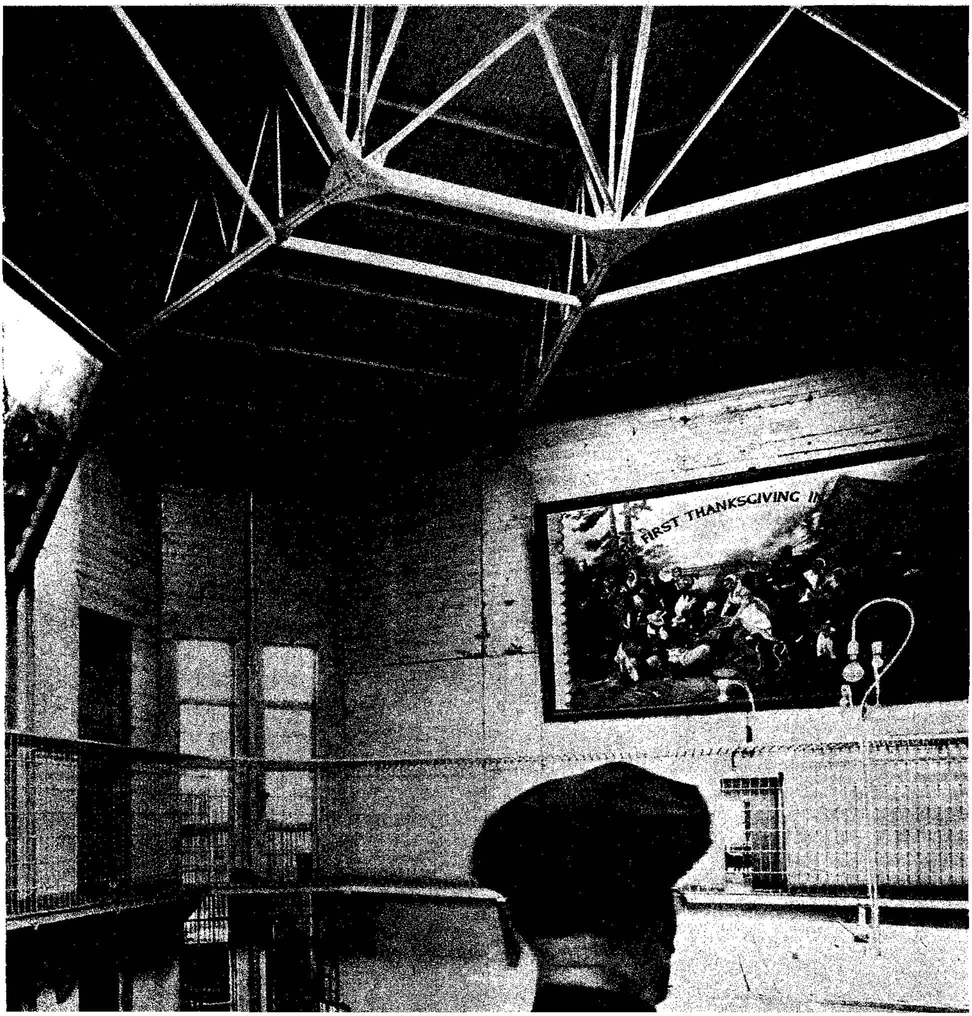
Horton escorted the prisoner back to the cell block and asked why he had refused. Maas gestured to a partly finished painting and explained brokenly that if he left the prison, he would not be able to



paint, that for him this was all of life.

Horton believes that in this way Maas felt he was giving something, perhaps repaying for the crime he had committed. In the prison he had the respect of his fellow prisoners. Here he was accepted, if not entirely understood.

A second offer of parole came from Governor Henry Johnson, a third from stormy William "Alfalfa



Bill" Murray. Maas refused both.

Maas was growing old now and he devoted himself to a painting of The Crucifixion, which was given a prominent place in the dining hall, and other religious works. Then he started on four larger paintings, which were to occupy the compass points at the top of the great prison rotunda, the scene of Joseph, Mary and the Christ Child fleeing into Egypt, The First Thanksgiving, Napoleon at Waterloo, and one titled "Culture" depicting an American Indian studying an alphabet. Each was to be approximately 16 feet long, ten feet high.

The prisoners who remember Conrad Maas speak of him almost with reverence. "He was a loner," one says. "Never talked to people very much. Somehow he couldn't. Something inside just didn't let go.

"Once President Harding gave presidential pardon to a man condemned to death. Maas didn't know anything about President Harding, except that he had done this for a prisoner. So he painted a portrait of Harding. That was his way."

Conrad Maas lay in the prison hospital on April 5, 1936, with the knowledge that his end was near. Word came from the cell blocks that the inmates were pulling for his recovery, but he said nothing. Still without speaking he fell into a coma and died as he had lived, alone, silent to the end. He was seventy.

The body was held for the prescribed time while efforts were made to contact relatives. But Number 1770 had covered his past too well by silence. At last his unclaimed body was taken to the prison cemetery and buried there. The grave bears only a simple marker.

Sometime afterward the prison dining room was redecorated and Conrad Maas' paintings removed. The canvases disappeared. Some were taken out by convicts when they were discharged. Many were left to rot in the damp basement. Where most of the missing paintings are now is not known.

But his four large works still hang in the rotunda. These are his monument.

His prison record now grows yellow with age, the papers brittle. Here his fingerprints, indicating small, delicate hands. Here his faded photograph with the inevitable number, shoulder high. The papers certifying that he was made a trusty, that in all his years as an inmate he received no disciplinary action. But these papers, a prison biography, are meaningless.

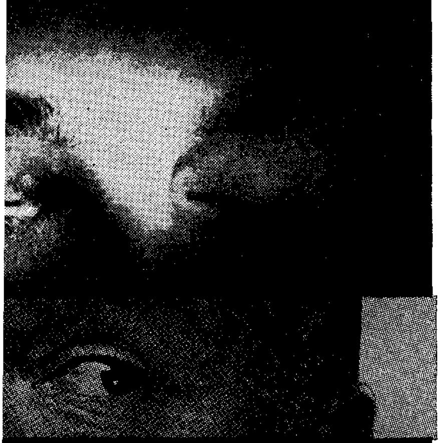
The convicts keep alive his legend, and marvel at a man who would three times deny himself freedom.

Sheriff Tom Horton's words perhaps best explain the mystery of Conrad Maas: "He died a convict because he wanted to paint religious pictures for churches and for the prisoners. This was the way Conrad Maas apologized to God."

* * *

LOTS OF PEOPLE get credit for being cheerful when they are just proud of their teeth. —ELMER LETERMAN n

# of SLEEP



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But you can sleep more soundly
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y York, explains that the brain
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nd the brain responds by send-

ing return messages which direct our conscious behavior.

After a certain period of wakefulness, however, the control centers stop rebroadcasting. Messages continue to reach the brain over the direct pathways from the body. But without reinforcement from the control centers, they lack the power to trigger a conscious response from the brain.

When this happens, you are asleep. But you are by no means dead to the world. The control centers are not switches which turn the brain on and off. The brain is always "on" to some degree. Even during sleep, the control centers continue to monitor incoming messages. When they intercept one marked "urgent"—a loud noise, a siren, a cry for help—they retransmit it at once and the brain responds with orders for appropriate actions by the body.

Without this safety device, sleep would be very dangerous.

In light sleep, the control centers can be conditioned to respond to certain stimuli and not to others. The practiced commuter, for instance, may sleep on as his train stops at one local station after another. But he wakes up as it slows for his own station. For even while he sleeps, sense impressions continue to reach his brain, and when the sleep control centers monitor a certain set of impressions that spell out "Glenwood" or "Riverdale" they immediately start rebroadcasting and wake him up.

This probably explains the so-called "mental alarm clock" on which so many people pride themselves. In experiments, sleep researchers found that about half of their subjects could wake up within minutes of the hour they set for themselves the night before. At bedtime, they repeated to themselves such words as "you are going to awaken at x o'clock." But to the sleep centers, "x o'clock" is not just an abstract idea of time but a particular set of sense impressions which characteristically occur at a given hour.

These impressions come not only from the outside but from the entire organism. As a matter of fact, that is why we awaken naturally when our body energies have been restored by a night's rest. To the sleep centers, a certain pattern of organic sensations spells out "Rehabilitation complete, time to get up," and sets off the rebroadcast of these impressions to the brain.

This, as Dr. Brooks points out, is the difference between natural sleep and anesthesia. In anesthesia, the messages can't get through at all, no matter how urgent.

IF YOU WANT to sleep better, or get rid of insomnia, the trick is not to eliminate outside stimuli altogether, (you can't), but to moderate their intensity and get rid of the unpleasant ones. Bright lights are disturbing, for example; but semi-darkness may be more soothing than a complete blackout. Foul odors of any kind make you restless, but there are few more dreamy perfumes than the smell of freshly laundered sheets.

Extremes of temperature will kill sleep, but air that is cool enough to tingle your nostrils is more soporific than air that is as warm as your body. A comfortable bed in a quiet, darkened and well-ventilated room will protect you against disturbance by the external world.

Most of the annoying stimuli, however, originate in your own body. These include all kinds of aches and pains, the commonest of which is indigestion.

A lot of food before bedtime overburdens your digestive system, but a little snack may help you sleep by avoiding hunger pangs later on in the night. In tests conducted by researchers, a glass of warm, flavored milk or milk preparation was the only food which had a demonstrably beneficial effect on sleep.

The greatest sleep disturber of all is worry, worry about finances, the children, the job, age creeping up on you.

"Worries and other feeling states do not exist in the brain alone," says Chicago physiologist Dr. Edmund Jacobson. "They are also found in the body as patterns of residual tension—that is, muscle contractions which linger on even after you think you have relaxed. When you cease to tense your muscles, your worries disappear. It is impossible to be relaxed and worried at the same time."

The muscle tension that tends to keep you alert and sleepless is so elusive you may not feel it as a physical sensation. But it shows up clearly on an electro-myograph, an oscilloscope which registers changes in electrical potential in the muscles.

With the machine's electrodes attached to various parts of the face and body, even when you think you are completely relaxed the line across the screen of the oscilloscope wavers wildly. Imagine you are playing tennis and the line explodes every time you picture yourself swatting the ball. Think of a problem which has worried you lately and it reacts as emphatically.

According to Dr. Jacobson, the worries that you have during the day cause patterns of muscle tension which you carry to bed with you at night.

"Did you ever see a dream walking?" asks the refrain of a popular song. If you dream about walking, the electro-myograph will show that the muscles in your legs, arms and trunk tense very slightly as if performing the act of walking. Some dreams are so strenuous they speed up your pulse and respiration as much as if you had run up and down a couple of flights of stairs.

What causes dreams?

About the only thing that can be proved is that some dreams—maybe most, maybe all—are precipitated by the messages that flow into the brain from the conventional five senses, and from the various organs or from muscular contractions carried over from the day's concerns. The sensory stimulus is merely a cue—the grain of sand around which the oyster forms the pearl.

The brain, released in sleep from the waking necessity of comparing, measuring and judging in accordance with observable facts, is free to interpret this cue any way it pleases. For example, the sound of a car backfiring might become a pistol shot, and the mind can go on from there to build a dream around it.

During sleep, the blood supply to

the brain and to the internal organs is ordinarily diminished, blood pressure usually drops and the average pulse is 54 beats a minute. In some people the pulse falls as low as 36. As you wake up your heart increases its pace and blood pressure again rises to the waking norm.

Generally, you cannot wake up any faster than you warm up. Doctors have shown that the efficiency of body coordination, memory and mental agility increases in direct ratio to the rise in body temperature.

Some people warm up a lot faster than others. "Morning people," as sleep researcher Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago calls these fast wakers, do their best work in the morning, and start yawning early in the evening. "Evening people" take most of the day to warm up and start hitting their stride at night when others are looking forward to bed. Most of mankind falls between these two extremes but individual variations are still very great.

You can find out just where you stand by taking temperature readings every hour for a week or so. If your temperature rises very slowly and reaches its high plateau in the afternoon or evening, it might be a good idea to try getting up earlier in the morning.

The body changes of sleep occur in regular, rhythmic cycles; and once you have made a habit of falling asleep at a certain hour it is hard to break, even when you want to stay up. Just as your stomach begins contracting and secreting gastric juices in anticipation of your regular mealtime, so your whole body begins composing itself for sleep at your accustomed bedtime.

Before you reach the hour at which you normally awaken, your entire organism begins to perk up. Your brain does not awaken all at once but in progression—a reversal of the order in which it fell asleep. Your large muscles — in the legs, arms, back and neck—are the last to stop functioning and the first to start again. You can get out of bed and stagger about before you are able to manipulate your fingers skillfully.

THE SENSES, TOO, come back one by one. The first to waken is touch. Hearing awakens next. Voices, street noises, bird songs, sounds from the kitchen seem to converge on you as if approaching from a distance. After hearing comes vision. Your eyes open and begin to focus. Through a blur of light the familiar landmarks of your bedroom begin to take outline, shape and color.

The last sense to awaken is smell. When a person is aroused by smoke, it is usually not the smell that wakes him up but the irritation of his nasal passages. The cheering scent of bacon and coffee drifting up the stairs provides an incentive for getting up. But it does not actually arouse you. Usually you open your eyes before you smell anything in the morning.

As they wake up one by one, the senses mold your mood according to the kind of messages they carry to the brain. If they are pleasant stimuli, you are certainly going to feel better than if they are disagreeable. This fact gives you a large measure of control over the kind of day it is going to be for you. If you see a bowl of fresh flowers, or a good picture, you will greet the new day more cheerfully than if you look at a blank wall or a pile of bills on the bed table.

Your morning mood can be soured by the smell of moth balls, cigarette butts, disinfectants and cloying perfumes; and sweetened by the smell of clean linen, pure soap, and fresh air in any weather. Bird songs, a favorite symphony, or the blessed silence of early morning will get you up on one side of the bed; cross voices will get you up on the other side.

If Nature had her way, waking up would be one of the pleasantest of human experiences. Her purpose, science assures us, is a practical one. The body needs time to double, then triple its energy output. The brain needs time to resurrect our civilized self and rehearse it for the complex role we play in the drama of everyday life. Instead of which, we blast ourselves out of bed with an alarm clock, rush to get dressed, bolt a quick breakfast, and run to catch a train or bus.

If there is ever a time to pamper yourself it is the first thing in the morning. Take the luxury of breakfast in bed. It is easy to prepare a bedside tray the night before, with orange juice and coffee in separate thermos bottles and a piece of pastry on a covered plate. The time spent the night before is time gained for a leisurely awakening.

In the morning, after eight or ten hours without food, your body is apt to be low on blood sugar. On waking you burn it twice as fast. Even the small exertion of bathing and dressing may send your blood sugar level low enough to produce a very mild case of hypoglycemia. This is a condition which causes dizziness, dread and irritability—symptoms we occasionally experience even after a good sound sleep. A glass of fruit juice the very first thing in the morning will quickly replenish the blood sugar reserve depleted during sleep.

Listening to a favorite record or just staring out of the window may do almost as well as breakfast in bed, as long as it gives you a little more time to mobilize physical and psychological resources.

From the nature of our dreams we know that sleep relaxes most of the inhibitions that civilization imposes on us. After spending eight hours or so in a world where anything goes, it is not easy to re-enter the world of reality with all its complex dos and don'ts. Our conscious civilized self, which psychologists call the ego, has to suppress a lot of feelings that we can express in dreams but not in real life. After all, we can't go around hitting people when we are angry, or making a pass at every pretty girl within reach.

Psychologically, the main problem in waking up is to put the civilized self back in command. Psychiatrists think the morning grouch comes from some of the stray feelings and impulses that haven't yet been chased back into the closet of the unconscious.

The early morning is no time for argument or soul-searching self-criticism. Experiments have shown that waking up is the period of greatest suggestibility. The higher brain centers on which you depend for judgment and critical ability are still dimmed by sleep. If you are reminded of short-comings and defects, they are apt to loom larger than they really are and depress your spirits all day. On the other hand, a little praise and encouragement will go an extra long way.

Developing a strong motivation for getting up at a regular hour is particularly useful in times of stress. When the going gets very rough there is a natural tendency to stay in bed and take refuge in sleep. Almost all of us have had mornings when we "just can't get up." It is a common reaction to drastic challenges, defeats or disappointments.

The morning ego is highly vulnerable, and being rushed is one of the most staggering blows you can deal it. It makes you feel that you have lost control and are being pushed around. Friends and family appear nagging and demanding, even when they are merely trying to help you get going. It is enough to put anyone in a bad humor all day. The biggest boost you can give your morning ego is to treat yourself to something you really enjoy—something designed purely for your own pleasure. This gives you the feeling that the whole day belongs to you.

If there is something you are always meaning to do but never quite find time for, try doing it in the morning. A few minutes of puttering then may save you hours of sputtering later on.

Many fathers, for instance, complain that they never find time to enjoy their children. They rush off to catch the 8:05 suburban and get home after the youngsters are tired out or already tucked in bed. By getting up an hour or so earlier, some of these fathers have discovered that they can really get to know their children and leave for work with a glow of satisfaction that lasts all day.

Feeling rested and in a good mood to start the new day is the pay-off of the third of our lives we spend in bed. Science can now tell us how the brain and body perform the daily miracle of sleep. But even miracles take a little time. Instead of trying to rush things, let your body go to sleep and wake up at its own pace. That, as far as science and common sense can define it, is the secret of getting up on the right side of bed.

Inventor's Hideaway

ONE SUMMER evening when Thomas A. Edison returned home from his work his wife said, "You've worked too long without a rest. You must take a vacation."

"But where will I go?" he asked.

"Decide where you'd rather be than anywhere else on earth and go there," was the answer.

"Very well," promised Mr. Edison, "I will go tomorrow."

The next morning he returned to his laboratory.

—*Christian Science Monitor*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

IN MUSIC, one note can change a tune, according to Guest Quizmaster Guy Lombardo, orchestra leader-host of "Lombardoland, U.S.A." (heard on the Mutual Broadcasting System). Similarly, he points out, one letter can alter a word's meaning. For instance, in the first group of three words below, two letters (*C* and *B*) can be interchanged to create new words (*B*anal and *C*rook). Find other swap partners in the sets below, Guy challenges. Remember the other letters stay in position and only two of the words contain swap-able letters. (Check your answers on page 70.)

SWAP-A-LETTER

1. CANAL
BROOK
RIVER

2. SPOOK
GHOST
SHADE

3. CLOAK
SOCKS
SNOOD

4. ELBOW
NERVE
BROWS

5. CRANE
STORK
EAGLE

6. PUNCH
BROTH
DRINK

7. SWORD
BLADE
ARMOR

8. SMACK
LINER
YACHT

9. COWER
STOOP
QUAIL

10. TORCH
MATCH
LIGHT

11. FORCE
GROUP
SQUAD

12. WHINE
SNARL
GROWL

13. SPENT
TIRED
FAINT

14. BLEAT
MEOW
CROAK

15. JUICE
GRAVY
FLUID

16. CHECK
MONEY
FIVER

17. BRAVE
NOBLE
GRAND

18. SLING
CHUCK
THROW

19. WHITE
RAVEN
GREEN

20. SEDGE
SHRUB
HEATH

21. ABASH
SHAME
ABASE

22. MOUSE
DINGO
OTTER

23. GRAVE
HARSH
CRUEL

24. CHAIN
BLOCK
BRAKE

25. COVER
SHELL
BLIND

26. AROMA
SMELL
STINK

27. ROAST
TAUNT
SCOUT

28. TRUCK
COUPÉ
COACH

29. PARTY
CLASS
GUILD

30. SIGHS
TEARS
HOWLS

31. AERIE
ROOST
PERCH

32. MOTEL
VILLA
HOUSE

by Peter Farb

They're licking the water shortage in Ohio

LAST YEAR the United States witnessed one of the worst droughts on record, quickly followed by severe floods. In fact, some farmers in the Great Plains *rowed* to town to collect their Government drought-relief checks.

Despite the billions of dollars spent by the Government on water control, and half a century of education in its management, we still handle this resource like a nation of idiots.

Our thirst for water is staggering. In a single year, industry alone uses nearly 200,000,000,000 tons of it. Over 400 tons of water, for instance, are used in the manufacture of a one-and-a-half-ton automobile.

Some authorities estimate that almost a quarter of our total population is up against water shortages. And predictions are that the situation won't get better.

For the past four years, the state of Ohio has been engaged in a monumental plan to provide constant supplies, and to break the chain of flood and drought. It is being accomplished largely through the energy and leadership of private citizens, industries, businessmen and farmers, in partnership with state and Federal agencies. And it is an example of how local water problems can be solved efficiently and economically by local action.

Though Ohio is in the so-called "humid" eastern half of the country its problems are not much different than, say, Oklahoma. True, Ohio receives more rainfall—but its use of water is also twice the national average. And to retain this rainfall, nature endowed Ohio with an absolute minimum of natural lakes and ponds—all together they would not add up to more than 11 square miles. All of Ohio's other impoundments for storing water have been man-made.

In 1953, when Ohio was hit by a severe drought, 46 municipalities were without sufficient water supplies. Industrial production faltered, cutting payrolls, and new industries hesitated to locate in the state. Forty counties were declared disaster areas.

Governor (now Senator) Frank Lausche labelled water "Ohio's number one problem" and appointed a "Committee of 100" influential citizens to grapple with the cause of the drought and report recommendations to him.

The conclusions were startling, and should be pondered by water-troubled communities across the land: *The drought was not the real cause of the water shortages, but the symptom of bad planning. The problem is not to prevent droughts but rather to plan for them so they have little effect.*

Amazingly enough, even during this extreme drought, Ohio was utilizing less than half of the water that ran off the state to the Ohio River or Lake Erie. Clearly, the problem wasn't that not enough water was available—just that it was not being used to give maximum benefits.

As part of its mammoth water-planning job for the future, every inch of state waters is now being blueprinted in an inventory that divides Ohio into 18 major river basins, and then further into 108 sub-basins—in all, 44,000 miles of streams and creeks, plus lakes and ponds. It is a million-dollar job being performed by seven state agencies working with public-spirited citizens and industries. The first of the inventories has already been completed and the last one will be ready in about five years.

But Ohio's water planning will not stop there. Governor William O'Neill has just appointed an action committee that will start applying the facts of water conservation in every tiny basin in the state.

The first step in the program was to correct the conditions that led to the 1953 drought. Robert C. Smith, who heads up the river basin inventories, was asked if the same weather conditions as led to the 1953 drought were to occur today, would the results be as disastrous? "Not at all," he said. "The emergency of 1953 spurred the citizens to action. Nearly every community which suffered four years ago has corrected the situation."

Springfield, for example, had a record of water problems going back 75 years. The water quality had been so bad that the U.S. Public Health Service did not allow passenger trains to take on water supplies in the city. There had been almost no new industrial growth in 50 years. And when the 1953 drought hit, the entire city was satisfying its thirst from two creeks that had become no more than scattered puddles.

That is when a Citizens' Water Committee composed of 32 local clubs and organizations was formed; they took up a collection to wage an educational campaign on doing something about Springfield's dire water situation. The campaign succeeded: Springfield has scrapped its outmoded water-supply system and is building a new $6,000,000 one (with four times the capacity).

Already it is producing results: one big new industry is moving in and an older industry now has the water to expand its operation, thus creating new job opportunities. The 10¢ per day per family that the new waterworks costs will produce a legion of benefits in new payrolls, health and safety.

Or look at Ohio's newest project, the 11½-mile-long Salt Fork Lake in the southeastern corner of the state where there are many water-hungry municipalities and industries. Ohio did not go with hat in hand to Washington for this lake. Rather, the state legislature has just appropriated $700,000 for the start of the $2,800,000 project.

It will provide water for industry, thus giving employment to half a million people in the area. It will stop water from rushing unhindered to the sea and convert it into a plentiful supply. It will result in recreational benefits.

Nor will the cost of Salt Fork Lake be a burden to the state. For the investment is expected to be self-liquidating through the sale of water and the lease of lakeside properties. Also, the state will gain new tax revenues from the brighter economic future of the area.

Modern methods of agriculture and reforestation are being used to help prevent erosion and to slow down, capture and store in nature's underground reservoirs the water that falls from the sky. The object is to wisely use vegetation in order to make the earth into a vast sponge.

Eighty-seven of Ohio's 88 counties are now in Soil Conservation Districts, farmer-run organizations that are dedicated to the best management of soil and water on every acre. In a vast conservation-farming movement underway to trap the raindrops where they fall, farmers are using contour-plowing and terracing, strip cropping, rotation of crops. And plans are under way for the construction of 30,000 more farm ponds.

About three times as many trees are being planted now as five years ago, and the number of tree farms has nearly doubled since the drought days.

Much of Ohio's leadership in the field of water development came from one remarkable man, Bryce Browning, Secretary-Treasurer of the Muskingum Conservancy District, who has created a monument that embraces a fifth of the state of Ohio.

In 1927, Browning was Secretary of the Zanesville Chamber of Commerce. The rains were heavy that year and the people of the Muskingum valley were under constant threat from rampaging waters. So the Chamber put on a fund-raising drive for a study of how to stop floods; three times the needed amount was contributed almost at once. Later, Browning went up and down the valley, selling the people on flood prevention.

Then, in 1930 a severe drought withered the area, piling up damages worse than any flood. So back to the road he went—this time with the certain knowledge that floods, drought and water conservation were part of the same need for overall water development in the Muskingum.

Browning's vision was that this great valley should have all its water resources developed as no river basin had ever been developed before. Both the Federal Government and the state legislature were captured by his enthusiasm. After receiving a Federal Grant of over $22,000,000, the legislature had announced that, although the Depression had made a shambles of the public coffers, it still was able to muster $2,000,000 for the project.

Muskingum had a legal vehicle in Ohio for what Browning wanted to accomplish. It was the Conservancy Act, passed by the Ohio legislature in 1914, after a massive flood had swept the entire state. Dayton, on the Miami River, suffered the loss of 300 lives and saw $100,000,000 in property washed away.

Within eight weeks after the flood, the people of Dayton raised a $2,000,000 fund for flood-control works. They organized a Conservancy District, allowing the people of the Miami valley to cut across county boundaries and create their own form of government for water projects.

The total cost of over $30,000,000 was paid directly by the citizens in the valley who would benefit. Five dams were built, and they have given absolute flood protection for 40 years. But Browning's plan for the Muskingum Conservancy District went much beyond that of the Miami.

About that time, Washington announced a Depression Public-Works Program. The day after it was announced, Browning was in Washington. Others arrived, too, but they wanted new courthouses or post offices. Browning asked that the money be earmarked for water development in an amount that included the estimated benefits that Muskingum would bring to the nation at large by holding back flood waters from the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers.

Funds were granted, and work got under way immediately. There was so much activity that at one point 14 dams were going up at once; roads were being relocated, as were gas pipes and power lines; railroad tracks were moved and levees built. In all, close to 20 local, state and federal agencies were working together.

Here was the genius of Browning—for at no time did the local people lose control of their project and what they wanted it to become.

WITH the construction of the 14 dams (a 15th is going up now), a conservation wonderland has been created in an 8,000-square-mile area of Ohio. The lakes behind them wind back through the valleys, their hillsides carpeted with new, vigorous forests. They have increased the inland lake area of the state by 50 percent, and 2,500,000 visitors come here every year to swim, fish, boat and camp.

The entire project cost $48,000,000—but to date it has prevented more than that amount in flood damage. The total value of new industrial construction as a result of the managed waters is equal to about *twice* the cost of Muskingum. Private building around the lakes is worth $3,500,000 more, and has brought tax revenues and new wealth to the state. The U.S. National Park Service has put a $1,250,000-per-year price tag on Muskingum's recreational benefits.

Moreover, the District even pays taxes itself, and at the same rate as any other private citizen. In fact, it also pays taxes on the land under the reservoirs. Yet, Muskingum collects not a penny in taxes. It is entirely self-supporting—through its vast tree-farming program, rental of farmlands and boats.

The influence of Muskingum has been tremendous. About 65 percent of the state of Ohio is now Conservancy Districts. Similar pieces of legislation have been passed by nearly a dozen other states—plus Australia, New Zealand and the Province of Ontario. Wherever the Conservancy idea has been put into use, it has produced advantages far beyond the cost.

Ohio's approach towards its vital resource, water, is one that can be duplicated in almost every part of the country. Water-plagued areas would do well to study these lessons learned in Ohio: (1) With few exceptions, water in this country is abundant. Efforts must be made to keep it, control it so that it is at the right place at the right time. (2) Every dollar spent locally on water development will inevitably return many times the investment. (3) The expense and folly of unrelated flood control, water supply, pollution, recreation developments should be avoided. Each watershed is different and needs its own planning. (4) The best defense against federal control of local water projects is a strong water policy by the states.

And when these lessons are put into practice across the U.S., water can become "blue gold"—no longer something to be feared or rationed.

Swap-a-Letter

(Answers to quiz on page 65)

1. C & B (BANAL & CROOK)
2. P & H (SHOOK & SPADE)
3. A & C (CLOCK & SOAKS)
4. N & S (SERVE & BROWN)
5. E & K (CRANK & STORE)
6. U & I (PINCH & DRUNK)
7. D & M (BLAME & ARDOR)
8. M & L (SLACK & MINER)
9. C & T (TOWER & SCOOP)
10. M & L (LATCH & MIGHT)
11. C & G (FORGE & CROUP)
12. N & L (WHILE & GROWN)
13. T & F (FIRED & TAINT)
14. E & O (BLOAT & CREAK)
15. E & Y (JUICY & GRAVE)
16. E & I (CHICK & FEVER)
17. B & G (GRAVE & BRAND)
18. I & U (SLUNG & CHICK)
19. H & R (WRITE & HAVEN)
20. S & H (HEDGE & HEATS)
21. H & E (ABASE & ABASH)
22. U & O (MOOSE & UTTER)
23. G & C (CRAVE & GRUEL)
24. O & A (BLACK & BROKE)
25. E & I (SHILL & BLEND)
26. L & T (SMELT & SLINK)
27. R & T (TOAST & SCOUR)
28. U & A (TRACK & COUCH)
29. Y & S (PARTS & CLAYS)
30. S & T (SIGHT & SEARS)
31. A & E (EERIE & PARCH)
32. M & H (HOTEL & MOUSE)

Goofiness on the gridiron

When the football season starts sizzling, sanity's tossed into deep freeze

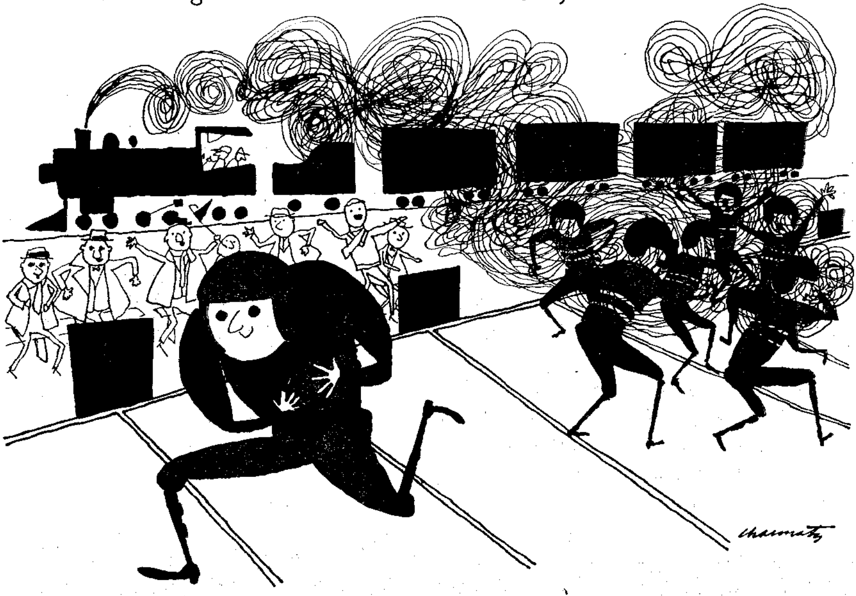
by Oren Arnold

A FOOTBALL STADIUM in Oregon has a railroad beside it. Once, when a big game was under way, a logging train locomotive halted there, wheezed mightily, then snorted—"*WHOOF-whoof-whoof!*" A black cloud rolled from its smokestack out along the 50-yard line just as a halfback received the ball from center. He galloped unseen for a touchdown, behind the only known smoke screen in gridiron history.

In Georgia, a water boy raced back to the sidelines after a time out, but carelessly left his bucket on the field. Nobody noticed the thing, even when during a freakish fumble-and-pile-up, the ball somehow got into it. But then an alert quarterback grabbed the handle and trotted for a touchdown, while almost everybody assumed he was merely carrying it off the field. There was no rule saying you can't tote the ball in a bucket—so the touchdown counted.

One way or another, 100 eager young men in uniform and 1,000 or 100,000 eager spectators in a stadium generate strange and delightful incidents. In Louisiana, a lad went to sleep on the field—during a time out—and snoozed while his teammates advanced the ball 46 yards.

In 1943, Ohio State defeated Illi-



The locomotive spewed a pall that shrouded runner and the ball.

nois 12 minutes *after* their game had ended. The boys were deadlocked 26-26 on the Illinois 15-yard line with three seconds to play. The ball was snapped, Illinois held, and the timekeeper's gun sounded.

Spectators flooded onto the field. Coaches Paul Brown of Ohio State and Ray Eliot of Illinois worked their way through the crowd and shook hands. Both teams went to the field house, undressed and showered.

Meanwhile, a man kept shouting and waving his hands frantically for attention—the referee. Finally, in the Ohio locker room, they heard him. "Illinois was offside," he said. "You have one more play if you want it."

While the teams were putting their uniforms back on, Coach Brown ordered halfback John Stungis to go out there and kick a field goal. John panicked. "Lordy, Coach," he said, "I've never kicked a goal in my life!"

Brown clapped him on the back and told him, "Start now."

The boy's placement wobbled crazily but true, bringing Ohio State a 29-26 victory.

This daring hunter took a fling
At shooting pigskin on the wing.

Twice-and-again-told are the true tales of boys who leap off the bench to tackle touchdown-bound runners. Occasionally these antics make history—as when Alabama's Tommy Lewis ran out to tackle Rice's Dicky Moegle in the 1954 Cotton Bowl. 'Bama had been leading 7-6; and despite the tackle, Moegle's touchdown was allowed, for a Rice victory.

"I don't know *why* I did it," wailed Tommy afterward. They never do.

It was like that when the coach himself, at Trinity U., ran out and tackled an opposing runner one day. And when a pretty pompon girl at U.C.L.A. tackled the tackler who was about to tackle the tackle who had picked up a fumble.

Plenty of excited players have scooped up rolling headgears and run up to 100 yards before realizing they didn't have a fumbled ball. At Stanford, a chap who did have the ball was also carrying his helmet by the chin strap when a would-be tackler leaped from the bench. The runner flailed him with the helmet while ordering him back off the field, and barely lost stride in the process.

An S.M.U. end dropped his helmet en route to pay dirt, but a costume-conscious pompon cutie figured he couldn't or shouldn't score bareheaded, so she grabbed the helmet, out-ran and caught the boy and gave it back to him. Although some 50,000 spectators saw her, no official did.

An Iowa third-stringer once heaved a snowball smack into the face of a touchdown-bound opponent, causing him to reverse his direction and lost 40 yards.

To his own amazement, a young spectator in a wheel chair near the sidelines in a high school game in Philadelphia suddenly left his chair, ran 15 yards onto the field and intercepted a forward pass. After surrendering the ball and apologizing, he walked calmly back to his chair and, a polio victim with a mental block, was unable to leave it again for nearly a year.

Back in 1904, a dog grabbed a fumble and zigzagged 70 yards before he was tackled. The referee ruled it down right there on the one-yard line, then said that because the dog belonged to one of the guards, his team possessed the ball. The next play brought a touchdown that won the game.

A referee's own dog tripped a runner one afternoon in the Yale Bowl, and in the Sugar Bowl a pompon poodle's owner ran onto the field to retrieve her playful pup and managed to trip her sweetheart who was carrying the ball.

At one time or another, practically everybody has tried to get into action. At a college in Texas, the school president rushed into the fray one Saturday afternoon—to his own utter embarrassment when he "woke up."

One fan who didn't quite make it into the game, but who did have a most unforgettable experience, is Clyde Rowe. Knute Rockne had come West with the last team he was to send against U.S.C. The huge Memorial Stadium was sold out, but at the last moment Rock wanted to honor his friend Rowe and so escorted him to a tunnel where a huge policeman was taking tickets.

"I just want to get this man in to sit on the ground against the wall," explained Rock. "He's a friend of mine. I'm Knute Rockne."

"Yeah, and I'm Christopher Columbus," snarled the cop. "You are the tenth Rockne who has tried to crash this gate in the past hour. Scram!"

Rock took his friend to four other gates, with similar failures. Furious, he led Rowe back to the Notre Dame locker room. And so Mr. Clyde Rowe, who was built like a bean pole and had barely touched a football in his life, achieved immortality.

In full Irish uniform he trotted onto the field with 60 behemoths, warmed up with them, punted with them, passed, shouted, heard the great coach's pep talks and briefings, and sat beside him on the bench during the entire game.

During the third quarter of a game near Henderson, Texas, on a November afternoon in 1918, a

Go kick a goal—it's your big chance —Before our rivals don their pants.

tackle pulled a small revolver from inside his uniform and shot an opponent running with the ball. He was twice shamed—he had missed tackling his man, whom he disliked intensely; and now he had missed with his gun. The bullet caused only a scratch, and the runner sped on to a touchdown, making his fifth that day.

"This sort of thing isn't done," the referee ruled calmly. "Get on with the game now. I'll look into it tomorrow."

Also in Texas, appropriately enough, some enthusiast used his rifle twice in one game to shoot the ball at the peak of a punt. The crowd wouldn't let the sheriff arrest the man, either. After all, football is for fun, isn't it?

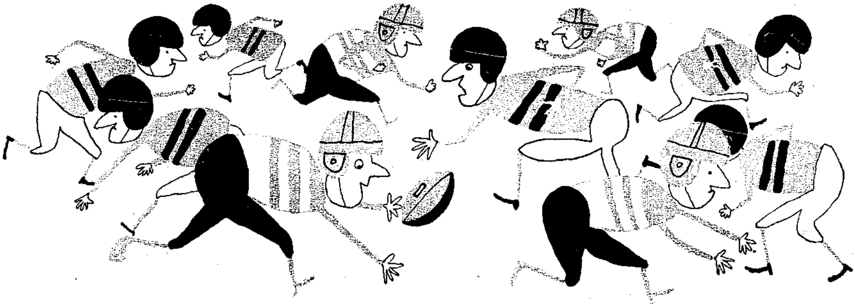
Before one Big Game out West the visiting team demanded and got a written contract saying that only a white football should be used. In the second quarter, some hefty placekicked the ball over the bleachers and into the arms of a ten-year-old boy who took off like a jet-propelled jack rabbit.

There wasn't another white ball anywhere around. So, while both teams and all the spectators twiddled their thumbs, police with whining sirens chased the little twerp to his home, reclaimed his white souvenir and the game resumed.

The perfect "screened pass" play happened in Long Beach, California. Just as the quarterback "faded" back, he really faded, as a cloud of fog hit the field. The two ends ran on down field as planned. And sure enough, the ball suddenly materialized out of the atmospheric soup, and one of them caught it. Realizing he was unseen, but had yet to get by the safety man, he casually held the ball behind him and *strolled* for a touchdown.

It was a little different the night Gonzaga was playing Whitworth. Here, the stadium lights went out just after a halfback got the ball from center. In the darkness he simply ran thataway unmolested, and scored.

In 1951 at Houston, a Rice Institute player prepared to kick off to Navy. He teed up the ball carefully, tested the wind, then signaled that he was ready. As 55,000 fans jumped



His memory in a balled up state, he flipped a pass to an ex-teammate.

to their feet, he ran mightily and kicked with a giant's strength—to miss the ball completely and fall flat on his back!

Since the referee ruled "no play," the ball had to be kicked off again, hence the embarrassed player got a second chance.

Crowding that one for spectator enjoyment, however, was the comic-opera situation that developed in 1948 when Arizona State played Brigham Young. Two opposing halfbacks got into a fight, then other players joined in. Officials' whistles and red flags were as impotent as confetti, so stadium policemen rushed onto the field and by forceful action began to tone down the battle royal.

At that moment a bandmaster, who no doubt doubled in psychology, struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." The spectators all rose, the cops stood at salute and things were still for a moment. The embattled players themselves paused for a few seconds as if confused, then quietly resumed the fray and fought on without interruption until the music ended.

Then they stopped as suddenly as they had started, grinned at one another and looked sheepishly toward the referee.

That gentleman promptly penalized both sides 50 yards.

On November 16, 1940, Cornell, undefeated in her last 18 games, faced Dartmouth at Hanover. Dartmouth surprised even itself by leading 3 to 0 right up to the last six seconds.

There, from the six-yard line, Cornell scored suddenly on a pass for an apparent victory of 7-to-3.

But Dartmouth's howl could have been heard all the way to Mexico City: "Cornell scored on a fifth down!"

Referee William H. "Red" Friesell was indignant—and adamant—until the following day when he viewed movies of the game. Then he wrote a notable apology, and Cornell conceded the victory to Dartmouth 3 to 0.

Red needn't have felt bad. Some referees have allowed as many as seven downs.

Ever and again college youngsters get the mental miscues and run the wrong way with the ball. Yet the pros can lose their bearings, and perhaps the cutest evidence of this involved big end Edgar "Eggs" Manske, who had a brilliant career with the Chicago Bears and then was traded to the Philadelphia Eagles.

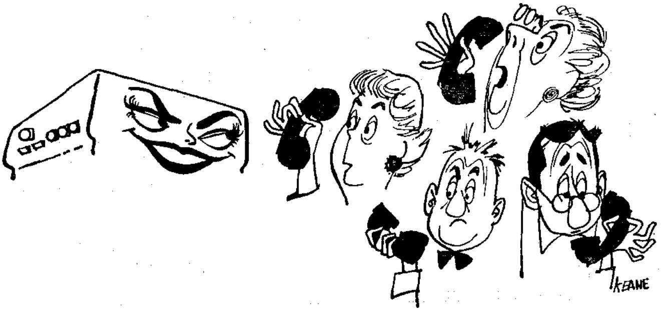
The next season, of course, he had to play against his former teammates. The moment came when he caught a long pass and headed for the end zone.

Suddenly, off his elbow, he heard a familiar voice yell, "Lateral, Eggs. Lateral!"

Eggs flipped the ball across, as he had done dozens of times for Chicago. The Bears' Luke Johnsos caught it, reversed quickly and ran grinning for a touchdown of his own.

In the stunned silence, Eagles' owner Bert Bell (later NFL Commissioner) could be heard shrieking, "No, no! Bring it back, it's our ball, it doesn't count!"

But it did. ♛ ♛ ♛



by EVELYN LAUTER

MY FIRST encounter with AMANDA, the Illinois Bell Telephone Company's Automatic Answering and Recording Device, came early one morning following a rainstorm. I had straggled into the bathroom to find water in places where it had no business to be. It appeared to be coming from the roof, so I went to the phone and dialed Norm's Gutter-Repair shop.

Instead of Norm's full baritone, which I knew very well, a voice from outer space came on to say, "This is Norm's Gutter-Repair Shop. Your call is being answered mechanically by automatic answering equipment. Norm is not here now. Please leave your name and telephone number and he will call you. Leave your message after the second dial tone. Thank you. Over."

I had been all set to turn on the charm—inquire about Norm's wife and children in smiley, suburban fashion. But when the second dial tone beeped its way into my still-fuzzy consciousness, my voice came out first like Ma Perkins and then like Tallulah Bankhead. For a couple of seconds I couldn't even think of my phone number.

When the washing machine blew a gasket a week later, I phoned the appliance repairman who does a lively business in this gadget-ridden community. Who should answer but AMANDA. I wanted to say that tomorrow was laundry day, and I'd be ever so grateful if the repairman could come immediately. Instead, I panicked. What came out this time was austere and emphatic—the way you sound to a small child, or a puppy who has broken training.

I was developing a complex about

AMANDA. I couldn't communicate with this haughty creep. There was nothing for it but to meet her face to face.

At the gutter shop, Norm heard my request with a look of mingled suspicion and tolerance, then led me to AMANDA. There she sat on his desk, a gray metal box 14 inches wide, 15½ inches deep and seven inches high. Norm poked at a couple of knobs, handed me the phone and said, "Listen."

I listened while Cyrus Meadowbrook, known for his aplomb on the floor of the PTA caucus, fell completely apart in the presence of AMANDA. He gave his name all right, and his phone number, but what followed was a completely ununderstandable case history of the ailing Meadowbrook roof—interrupted by beeps when the 30 seconds allotted for the message were over.

"Keep listening," Norm said, "and you'll hear the next one."

It was a return engagement by Cyrus Meadowbrook who had dialed again to say, "For Pete's sake, Norm, just call me back."

In the next 20 minutes I found out about all the leaky roofs in town. Ginny Lighthouse was holding the baby in her lap when she was confronted with AMANDA, and the baby was yowling so Ginny had a good excuse for getting rattled. Then an ex-serviceman, a pilot I guess, got so carried away with his performance that he included "Roger" and "over" —and forgot to leave his name.

But there was something too controlled about the way old Mrs. Mallory delivered her piece. When I mentioned this to Norm he laughed in a Machiavellian kind of way and explained that she had told him when she heard AMANDA's voice for the first time she felt kind of queer. So she put down the phone and walked away. In a little while she said to herself, "Emma Mallory, you've never been afraid of anything in 70 years and you're not going to start now." So she figured out exactly what she had to say and went back to that phone and said it.

Norm liked AMANDA, naturally. She saved him the hire of a girl to take orders while he was out. He liked AMANDA, that is, until one evening a bunch of pre-teens latched on to his phone number and had themselves a ball. The next morning he found the drum filled to its 20-message capacity with giggling noises interspersed with a list of "customers" who included Liberace, Elvis Presley and the junior high school principal. Norm like to tore AMANDA out by the roots until he cooled down.

Ultimately I queried the telephone company about its Automatic Answering and Recording Device. A bright young man there gave me the story, in a piece full of mysterious references to magnetic Hypalon plastic drums and things like that. Then with considerable humor he explained that, in addition to her other virtues, AMANDA works for less than 50¢ a day and never has been known to quit.

Now that I know all about old AMANDA, she doesn't bother me a bit. In fact, with a few more rehearsals I think I can have the leaky faucet fixed with hardly any trauma at all.

20,000 pupils carry Bibles to school . . . football teams hold prayer meetings . . . hoodlums become missionaries . . . all through the dynamic resurgence of religion being inspired by—

teenage commandos

by Joseph N. Bell

SOME 20,000 American youngsters are today carrying Bibles to high school. The reason is an organization called Youth For Christ, which is selling Christianity to teenagers with all the fire and fervor of a cheering section rooting home its football team.

It takes real dedication to induce teenagers to carry Bibles to school; it makes marked men (or women—55 percent of the followers are girls) of them and results in such incidents as the rough-tough fullback in a Kansas City high school who was kidded unmercifully by his teammates when they spotted him carrying a Bible in his coat pocket. But they also observed all sorts of constructive changes in his way of life.

One day the captain of the team hesitantly approached the fullback and said: "We like what's happened to you. Can you tell us about it?" And not long thereafter, that football team was holding a prayer session in its pre-game huddle.

In the 13 years of its existence, Youth For Christ has developed from an idea and a hope in the minds and hearts of a few earnest people to an international program which now reaches one-fourth of the entire U.S. high school population. It is based on the proposition that youngsters can have more fun—and infinitely greater satisfaction—out of living by Christian principles than hoodlum codes. And its success indicates rather clearly that it has tapped a responsive nerve among our young citizens. One big reason is because the people who run YFC understand teenagers thoroughly—and are honestly devoted to helping them *on their own ground.*

When a group of youngsters in a small Michigan town wanted to start a Youth For Christ club, Dave Breese, the YFC director in that area, was invited to explain the work of YFC to the local school board. They heard him out, then turned him down. The school superintendent said: "We don't need this sort of thing in our schools."

In the weeks that followed, juvenile problems grew steadily. Reckless driving increased, roving gangs of hoodlums committed all sorts of depredations. Finally the superintendent called the YFC director and asked for help.

A Youth For Christ club was organized and is growing. Juvenile problems have not ceased, but the YFCers are exerting a positive pressure on keeping high spirits from slipping over into delinquency.

Youth For Christ International—with headquarters in Wheaton, Illinois, the "Evangelical Capital of the World"—is dedicated to doing something about the unhappy fact that some 4,000,000 youngsters, or more than half of the teens now in American high schools, do not attend any church regularly. These young people are the particular targets of the Youth For Christ program. YFC officials firmly believe that getting these youngsters to go to church would eliminate many of our juvenile problems almost overnight. And they have ample evidence to support this point of view.

Take, for example, the three young men who drove out to the site of the YFC conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, late one night looking for trouble. Everyone was asleep and they walked about the darkened streets swearing and raising general hell.

A young YFCer came out of one of the cabins and told them, not unkindly, that the name they were taking in vain meant much to him. This was what the boys were waiting for. They planned to throw the "dried up Christian" into the lake, but somehow couldn't do it.

Two of the invaders left, shamefaced. The other, Norman Cook, stayed and talked—and wound up embracing the teachings of the conference he had come to ridicule. Now he is a missionary in the Orient, working closely with YFC.

"Many of the most enthusiastic Youth For Christ followers are student leaders and athletes like All-American football player Donn Moomaw and Olympic star Rafer Johnson," says Ted Engstrom, YFC president. "They have found something more important than juvenile hoods to look up to.

"Most teenagers just naturally have a highly developed conscience about doing good. We help provide them an opportunity to express it through Youth For Christ. Our program is positive—all the way. And by reaching the juveniles of today, we are also catching the parents of tomorrow—and that is the source to which the trouble with young people can usually be traced."

YFC started when a group of dedicated people—both lay and ministerial—who were holding evangelical youth rallies in scattered cities to try and combat juvenile delinquency got together in 1944 and decided to form a fellowship to better organize and further their work. The leader was Torrey Johnson, pastor of the Midwest Bible Church in Chicago; and the first paid employee was Billy Graham.

Graham devoted the next four years of his life to the spreading youth movement, barely making ends meet on his $100 a week salary. He served as vice president of Youth For Christ until 1955, when he asked not to be considered for reelection. Since then, he has served on the YFC Board of Directors and taken an active interest in its work whenever his busy life has permitted.

For the first few years, the loosely knit Youth For Christ group concentrated on Saturday night youth get-togethers with evangelical themes. These rallies drew remarkable crowds: 20,000 in Detroit and Los Angeles; 12,000 in Minneapolis; 18,000 in Toronto. And on Memorial Day in 1945, 70,000 people gathered in Chicago's Soldier Field to listen to a YFC rally.

A notable forward step was taken that year, when the Kansas City group came up with the idea of organizing YFC clubs in high schools. Since that time, the growth of the entire organization has been accelerating. In 1947, there were only 16 active clubs; this had grown to 1,500 in 1954. There are now 2,000 clubs in 41 states, four Canadian provinces, and YFC work is going on in some 40 nations of the world.

Today's Youth For Christ program includes four main activities:

Regular Saturday night rallies in 67 of the 105 cities in America with a population of 100,000 or more—evangelical meetings with enough showmanship in them to attract youngsters who might otherwise be out getting into trouble.

High school Bible clubs mostly meeting weekly in public school buildings at noon or after school, or in busses or homes where school permission is not granted. A typical half-hour program consists of a ten-minute talk on a Bible passage by a student, local minister or church layman; group singing; special music by student instrumental or choral groups; and a period of individual inspirational testimony.

Help Fill the MS*
• Research
• Clinics
• Patient Aid
Hope Chest
*MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS

Youth guidance work in the hands of a trained staff of evangelist workers who industriously search out youngsters in trouble and offer them the support of Biblical teachings. More than 5,000 teenagers in difficulty with the law are reached this way every year.

World conferences and conventions. YFC leaders hold conferences through the year where large groups of young people have an opportunity to hear their message. (Almost 50,000 turned out for an eight-night stand in Caracas, Venezuela, in August, 1956.) All of this work is directed from YFC international headquarters which serves as a clearing house for YFC activities and charters them—but has no direct control over local work.

The Youth For Christ paid staff is headed up today by Dr. Ted Engstrom, a big jut-jawed dark-haired easy-talking Midwesterner who looks like a fullback—with brains. Dr. Engstrom is a layman who has been with YFC almost since its inception, after spending more than a decade editing religious books and magazines. He was elected to the top job only a few months ago, succeeding Dr. Bob Cook.

Dr. Engstrom is surrounded by a staff of bright young men whose enthusiasm for the cause they represent is infectious. Their average age is slightly under 30, and they represent 20 different denominations. They came from all walks of life; some were pastors, teachers, businessmen, musicians—one was a grave digger. Staff salaries average less than $5,000 annually.

At present, Youth For Christ International has 43 full-time employees, 28 at the Wheaton headquarters and 15 in the field. In addition, it helps support 30 overseas representatives. Local organizations pick up the tab for about 250 local and regional YFC staff members, who are assisted by some 300 additional part-time workers serving without pay.

The two things primarily responsible for the success of Youth For Christ are the sincerity of those who accept and those who offer it, and the movement's remarkable flair for showmanship. Teenage crazes frowned on by other groups are embraced by YFC in the interest of bringing the advantages of Christian living to the attention of youngsters.

For example, hot-rodders have long been considered a national menace. But instead of fruitless tongue-clicking, Roy McKeown, YFC director in Los Angeles, mulled over what constructive possibilities there might be in this mania for souped-up cars. There was nothing morally wrong in tinkering with old autos, he felt. Rather, it was the attitude of some of the youngsters doing it that was wrong. So why not a club for Christian hot-rodders?

McKeown, a talented amateur mechanic who himself drives a jazzed-up car, found no conflict between God and mechanical skill with the innards of an automobile. He made this clear to young people in the Los Angeles area; and the result—formed a year ago—is the Boltin' Bishop Car Club. It now numbers more than 100 members who meet in the offices of the Los Angeles City Council, which has given them strong support. (The Los Angeles Sheriff's Department are enthusiastic about the Club's near-perfect safety record, and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz recently presented the Bishops with a safety trophy.)

The YFC hot-rodders have all the trappings of other car enthusiasts. They wear club jackets, take part in supervised drag races. But each of their activities is preceded by an earnest prayer for help and guidance—and there is a constant awareness of the need for adhering to Christian standards.

"Church attendance is mandatory in the Boltin' Bishops," says McKeown. "We put God first and car second."

This flair for showmanship was also demonstrated in Kansas City, where the first Youth For Christ clubs were almost dealt a body blow shortly after their organization. After much soul-searching, school authorities decided it wasn't proper for the clubs to hold meetings on school property. The reaction of club members was typical of every crisis in the short life of this organization; the youngsters prayed for direction in meeting this problem.

The answer came in the form of a $3,600 bus which the YFCers bought and equipped with a portable organ. Soon there was a second bus and within the past few years, similar Youth For Christ mobile chapels have appeared on the streets of San Diego, Atlanta, Memphis, Milwaukee and other cities.

This sort of flamboyant religion does not sit well with everyone, by any means. Many sincere church goers and clergymen feel that God should be offered in a little more dignified fashion. The men who run Youth For Christ agree—if it can be done that way. But they feel that teenagers must be met on their own ground and given an understanding that will fit their needs in a way that will attract sufficient attention to get them to listen.

Dr. Bob Cook, who served as YFC president for nine years and is now chairman of the board, puts it this way: "Teenagers love noise. They want to let off steam. They do it in sports events, so why not in religious activities?"

It is always difficult to assess the effect of any single program on a problem as far-reaching and often nebulous as juvenile delinquency. But of Youth For Christ, Police Commissioner Jay Jones of Tulsa has this to say: "Tulsa County is one of the few counties in the entire United States with a decrease in juvenile delinquency. I attribute this to three things: Tulsa's excellent juvenile court; the Tulsa Police Department's Juvenile Bureau; and Youth For Christ, which has reached many young people who otherwise would not have had any contact with religion."

Although many of the YFC staff members are clergymen, the organization has no official connection with any church. It teaches no particular theology—just the good life and adherence to Biblical commands. When a question of Bible interpretation comes up, the member asking the question is referred to his local pastor.

Money to support YFC comes from five sources: small contributions from a large mailing list; offerings from Saturday night rally groups; offerings from special meetings convened by YFC officials; large individual contributions, personally solicited; and pledges at conferences and rallies. For planning purposes, the YFC headquarters program is budgeted at $700,000 annually, and the total program at $3,500,000. So far, the necessary funds have been available each year.

Even those who do not agree with the teachings or the methods of Youth For Christ, admit that it is demonstrating in a tremendously effective manner that God is a dynamic and exciting force to our young people, and that hundreds of thousands are ready to accept this positive principle in their lives. Its rally slogan—"Geared to the times, but anchored to the Rock"—describes Youth For Christ very well.

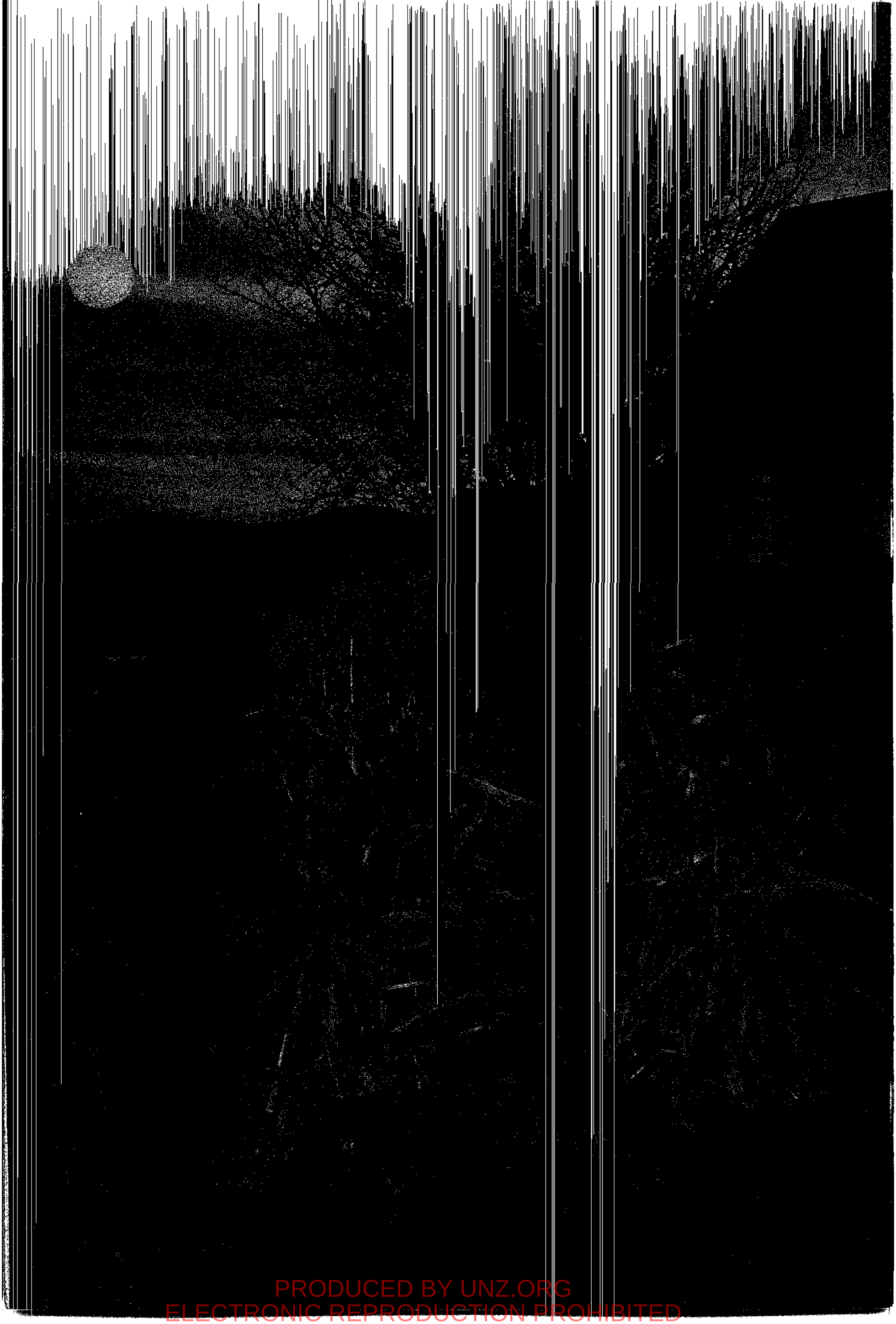
* * *

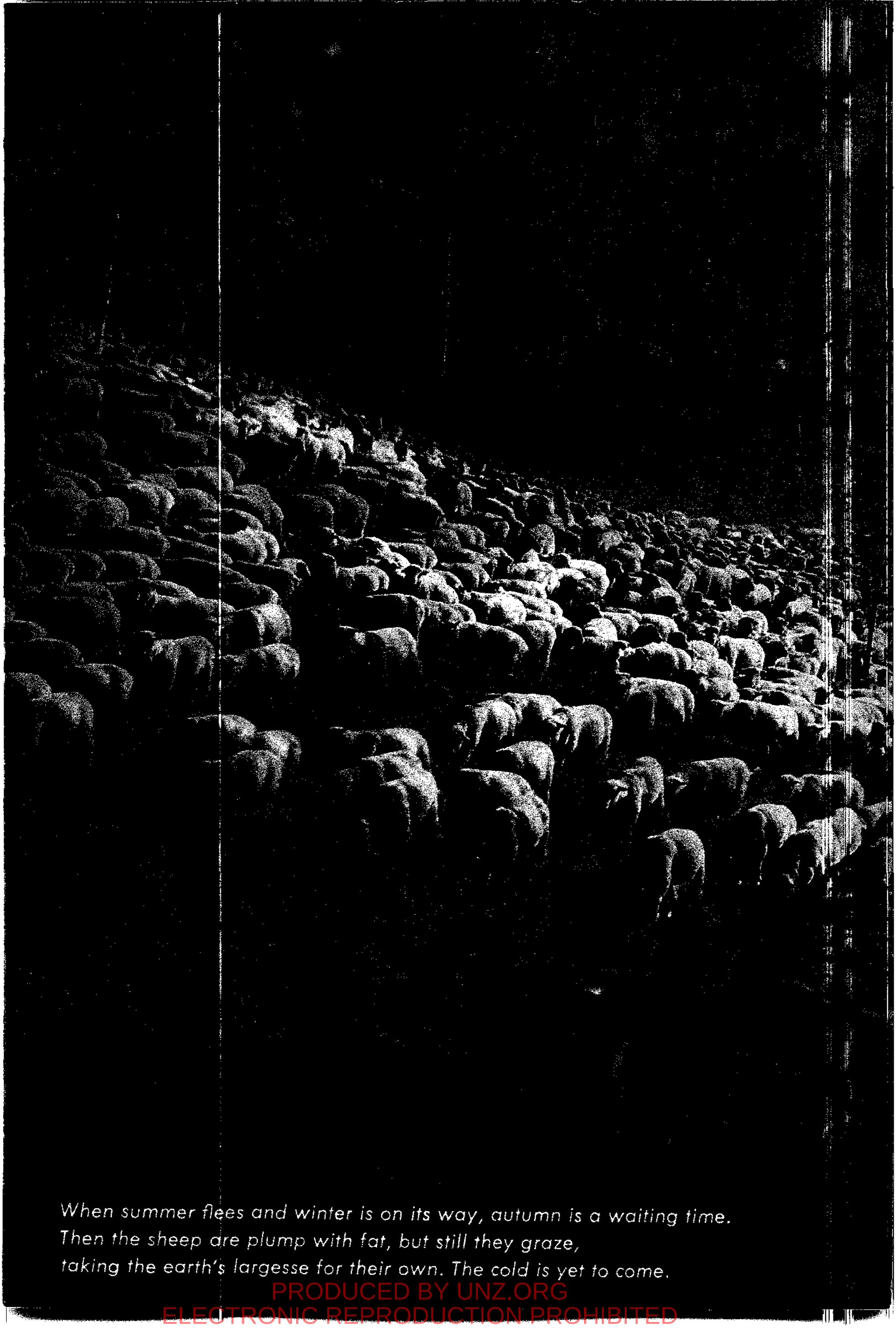
STAMP COLLECTORS all over the country are discovering that they can add to their collections the easy way—by mail—through Coronet Family Shopper. It offers a listing of outstanding special stamp offers.

A quiet time

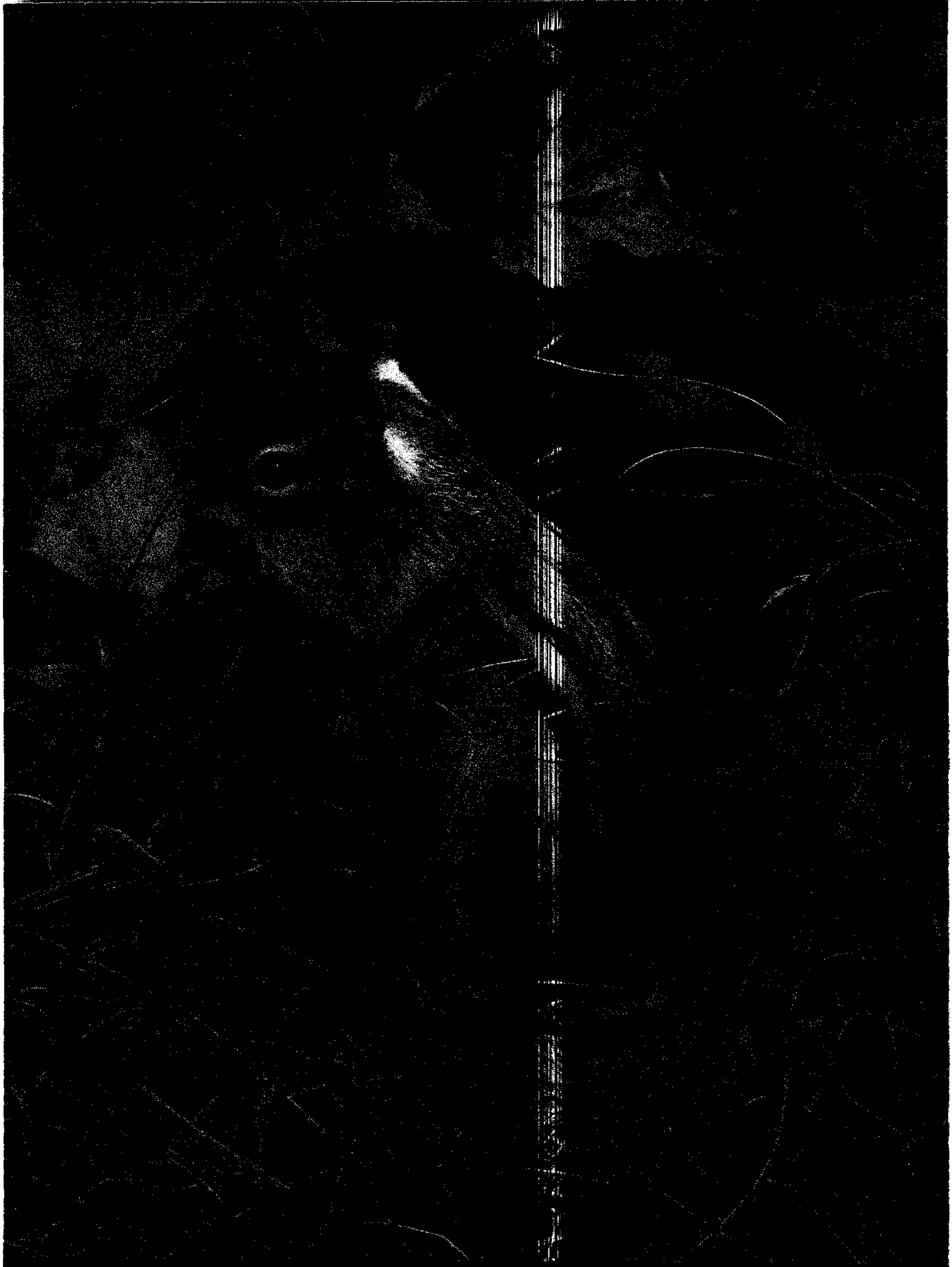
Text by Gerold Frank

Autumn is a quiet time, full
of strange portents.
A season's magic is at work.
Like a talisman from an
ancient past before men knew,
or were, the leaf mirrors
in its delicate throbbing veins
the most awesome miracle of
all—the ceaseless wonder of life,
death and slow rebirth.

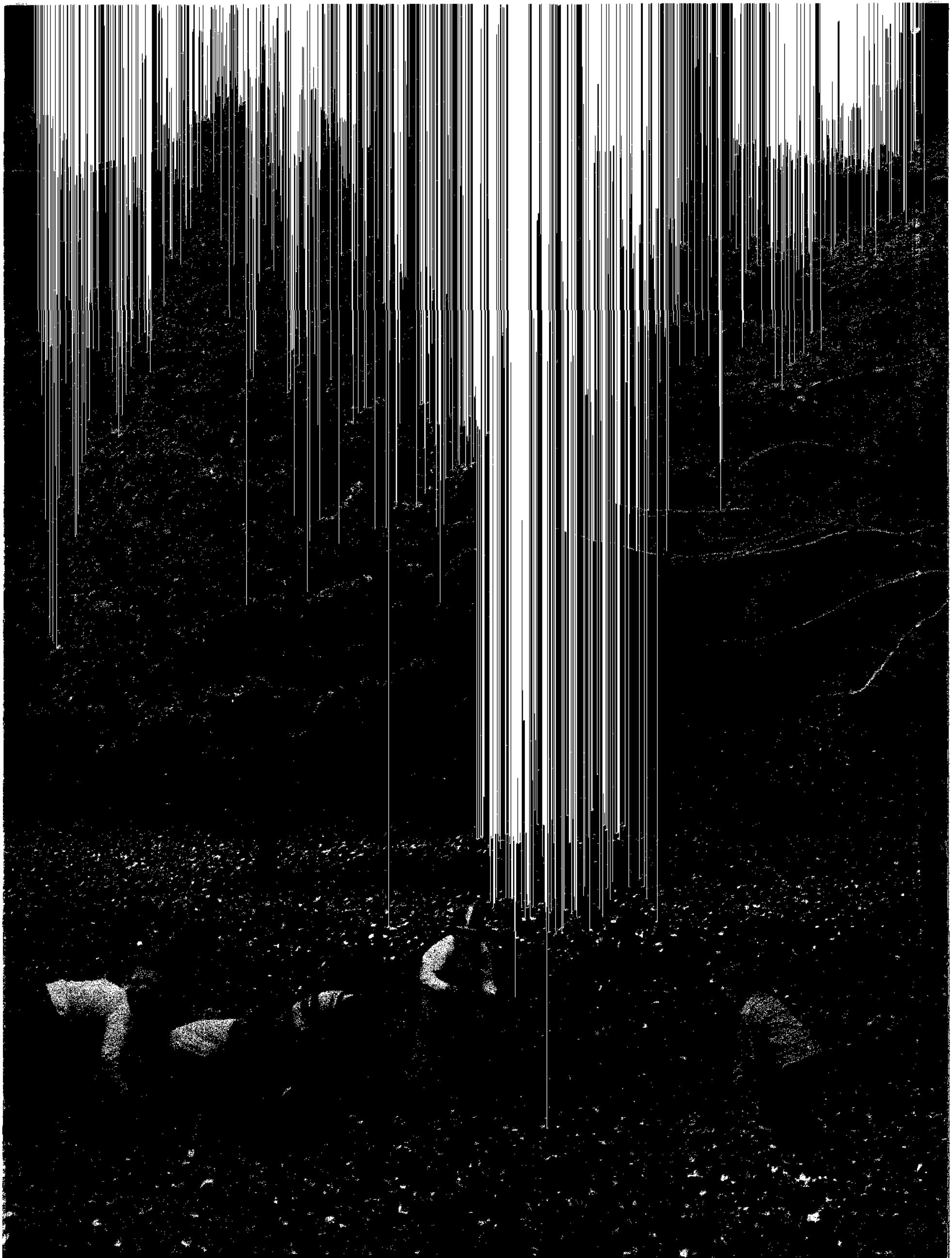




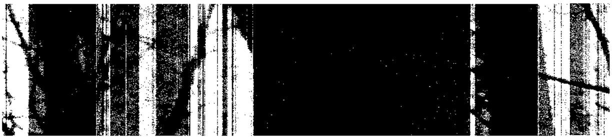
When summer flees and winter is on its way, autumn is a waiting time.
Then the sheep are plump with fat, but still they graze,
taking the earth's largesse for their own. The cold is yet to come.



Who tells the chipmunk that fall is here? Who teaches small beasts of field and forest to read omens in leaves and signs in colors, to turn unto themselves, preparing for the long, lean interlude from harvest to spring?



Autumn is a breathless time, calling every sense to muster: no living
thing but feels its spell. It is challenge, and change about
to be, and tomorrow hovering, breathless, on the edge of today.



The Confederates' strategy was lethal and clever . . . But they bungled . . .

The plot to

NEW YORK CITY went about its business as usual on the night of November 25, 1864. At the Winter Garden Theater, actor Edwin Booth readied himself for a benefit performance of *Julius Caesar*. Down in Park Row, newspapermen pieced together details of the Union Army's advance in Georgia for the morning editions.

At 8:43 an alarm sounded in the 29th Street firehouse—the Hotel St. James was ablaze. Within minutes, the famous Barnum's Museum, the St. Nicholas Hotel, the United States Hotel and the La Farge House too were on fire. One of the Civil War's most fantastic operations was under way.

The plot had been hatched several months before in Richmond, Virginia, by Confederate Secretary of State Judah P. Benjamin. In August, he commissioned Colonel Robert M. Martin, CSA, and seven men, to contact disloyalists in New York and with their help take over the city on Election Day.

On October 28th, Martin and his squad, dressed in civilian clothes, slipped into town on the night train from Toronto. For three days they acted like sightseers, then got down to business.

Meeting secretly with Southern sympathizer James McMasters, they learned he had at his disposal 20,000 armed members of the Sons of Liberty, an organization determined to stop the war even at the cost of a Confederate victory. But McMasters backed out when news came from Washington that General "Beast" Butler and 10,000 Federal troops were being dispatched to New York to prevent any election disorders.

"Forget the whole business," McMasters advised Colonel Martin. "Get back to Canada while you still can."

But the Confederates, meeting in a cottage they had rented near Central Park, decided not to leave the city without doing some damage.

Next day they purchased a supply of cheap black satchels in the business district. With these as baggage, they spent the next two weeks registering at various hotels throughout the city, each man taking rooms in three or four. Then Captain John Headley went to a chemist's shop on Washington Place and picked up several dozen bottles of Greek fire, a chemical mixture of phosphorus and turpentine that was supposed to burst into flames when exposed to air.

At 6 o'clock on November 25th, Martin parceled out the Greek fire, a dozen tightly sealed bottles to each man, and they started out. Nineteen hotels in all had been assigned. Any other buildings that looked vulnerable, they were to set afire also.

Inside his fourth-floor room at the

by David A. Weiss

burn down New York

Astor House, Headley, knowing nothing about Greek fire, shut the windows tight, and piled curtains, bureau drawers, newspapers on the bed. Nervously he took a bottle of Greek fire from his pocket and dashed it against the bedpost.

After it burst into flames, he locked the door behind him and hurried downstairs. Walking out through the lobby as calmly as he could, he headed for his next objective, the City Hotel four blocks away.

The first alarm came in from the Hotel St. James at Broadway and 26th Street. Three minutes later, the watchman at Barnum's Museum discovered a fire behind the fifth-floor landing. Soon fire engines started clanging all over the city.

There was a panic at Barnum's Museum when the lecture hall audience rushed for the doors. Several ladies were crushed. The giantess ran into the street, screaming.

At the Winter Garden Theater next to the La Farge House, a gentleman in the dress circle, hearing the engines, started for an exit. People near him began to rise.

Police Inspector Leonard, who happened to be in the audience, stood up and shouted, "There's no fire! That man's drunk."

The audience paused and the play went on.

People poured into the streets. All through the war they had heard rumors that the Confederates would fire the city. Now it had happened. "Hang the Rebels to the nearest lamppost!" they cried.

Alarms came in from the Metropolitan Hotel, New England House, Lovejoy's Hotel. A patrolman walking a North River beat discovered a hay barge on fire.

From the central fire station, Chief Engineer Becker notified all station houses to be on the alert. Firemen were sent to hotels with instructions to post guards on every floor, keep water buckets on landings.

At police headquarters, Superintendent Kennedy was frantically trying to put the pieces together. Clerks were summoned from the hotels and interrogated. Hotel registers were scanned for clues. One of the black leather bags brought in for inspection burst into flames in the police station.

At 12:12 A.M. flames were discovered in the Belmont Hotel. Twenty minutes later, a fire broke out in the Tammany Hall Hotel two blocks away.

No sooner did firemen, working heroically, get one blaze under control than they were called to another. Boarders, waiters, housemaids —everyone was helping them break into hotel rooms and toss pails of water on the fires.

Superintendent Kennedy made

his first arrest, the woman who had reported the fire at the Metropolitan Hotel; she had changed hotels four times in one week. But she was released when she explained that insomnia had caused her to move around.

Still the alarms came in. At 2:30 a porter checking rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel discovered a blaze on the second floor. Fifty minutes later, the Howard Hotel was on fire. Then the Hanford House next to a lumber yard.

At 8 o'clock a watchman on his rounds in the Astor House discovered the fire that had been started there by Headley. It had smoldered all night and the floor was almost burned through.

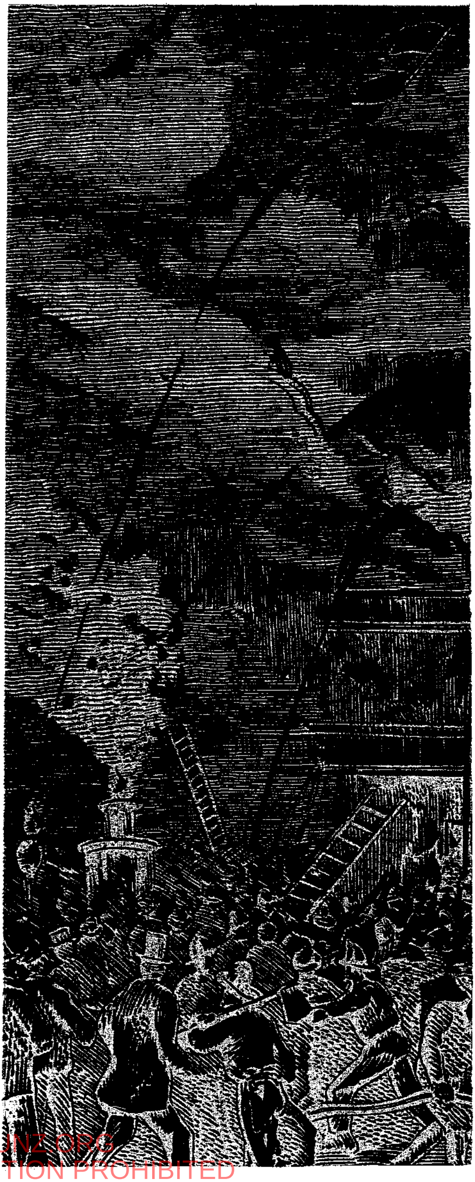
All morning and afternoon the Confederates walked the streets with the crowds. According to headlines in the newspapers they were about to be arrested. Hotel clerks had given the police excellent descriptions of them all. Their cottage headquarters had been discovered. There was a $100,000 price on their heads.

But at 8 P.M. they entered the New York Central Railroad depot. One of the men bought the tickets to Albany. Detectives were all over the station, but they got aboard without being spotted.

In Albany they caught a connecting train to Niagara Falls—and Canada.

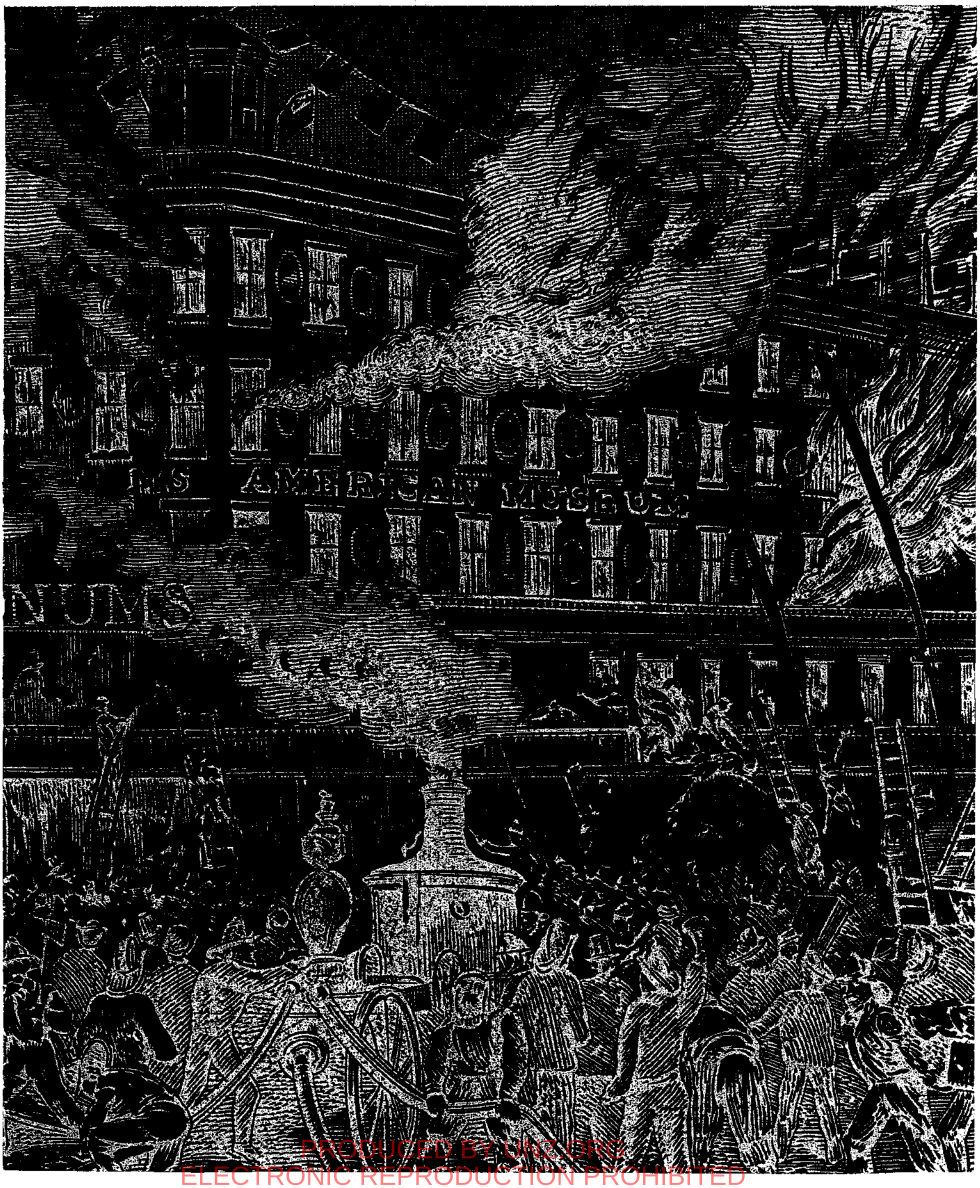
New York counted up its damage and found it relatively slight. Not one fire had really taken hold. There was no loss of life, but it had been a miracle.

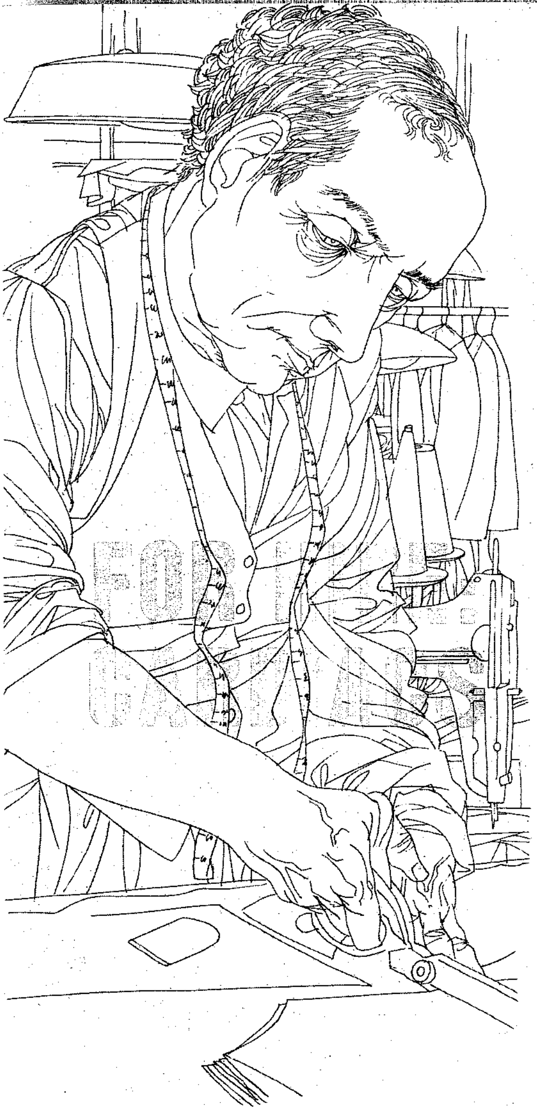
The Confederates blamed their failure on the chemist who, they said, gave them inferior Greek fire. But New York police had another version: the Rebels themselves had bungled the job. By shutting the hotel windows and locking the doors,



they had choked off air and prevented the fires from blazing up full force.

Unbelievably, on a tip from an informer the State Department had known all along that the Confederates were in New York and had detailed a Secret Service agent to tail them. But he reported back that he had never seen a more innocent bunch of boys, and the case had been dropped.





by Harry Kursh

“Factory-clinic” rebuilds heart patients into whole human beings by proving to them that they can work

WHEN GEORGE CARSON reported for work at the three-story building that houses Altro Work Shops, Inc., in the upper Bronx in New York, he was afraid—deathly afraid that he would not leave the factory alive. But he was determined to find out for himself whether or not he could hold a job—even if it killed him.

Altro Work Shops is a “sheltered” garment factory which helps victims of heart ailments get over their number-one problem — paralyzing fear. Its workers are really “patients” employed at actual wage-earning jobs under real factory conditions but closely supervised by a staff of doctors, nurses and medical social workers. When a heart victim makes good there he may “graduate” into a job in the outside world.

When George Carson checked in for his first day he did not immediately report to the factory floor. Instead, he rested on a comfortable deck chair—one of many scattered about a bright indoor solarium—and then he went to work for three-quarters of an hour. After that he took a break for milk, served free.

Following this, he worked for another three-quarters of an hour. Then he ate a salt-free lunch in Altro’s nonprofit cafeteria. The balance of the day followed the same pattern. All told, he had worked no more than three hours.

Gradually, his work load was increased. Any time he felt tired, he could rest. If he felt worried about his condition, there was always a nurse on duty to check his pulse rate, and a social worker with whom he could discuss his problems.

Soon George was punching the time clock five full days a week. After three months, with the approval of Altro's staff cardiologist, he quit to take a job as a clerk in a Manhattan office.

George has been at that job now for more than three years, without missing a single day on account of illness. He is not cured. He still has his heart condition, but he has learned how to live with it, to pace himself properly and to understand his own limitations.

In the past eight years, Altro Work Shops has given more than 200 cardiacs a new lease on life. Behind it all is the somewhat startling concept that most cardiacs, under medical supervision, can resume normal, useful lives at their old or new occupations. Today, the program has won the hearty approval of established medical authorities, including the American Heart Association and the U.S. Public Health Service.

Altro Work Shops, Inc., was founded some 40 years ago to help discharged tuberculous patients, after years of hospitalization, learn how to re-adapt themselves to earning a living at full-time jobs. Its airy, block-long floors are filled with the latest machinery and equipment to produce uniforms for institutions and industry on a commercial scale. Most of its 200 employees run sewing, cutting and pressing machines. Others man office facilities or handle sales chores in the field. They are paid at prevailing union-scale wages for the particular work they do.

"Our task," says Edward Hochhauser, Altro's graying, affable executive director, "is two-fold: to help the cardiac determine for himself how far he can go under realistic working conditions, and then help him develop physically and mentally until he is prepared to 'graduate' into the everyday work life of the world."

This isn't an easy transition to make. "Together, the attitudes of industry, the physician and the lay person have combined to create a most difficult problem for the cardiac to cope with," says Dr. Abraham Jezer, noted cardiologist in charge at Altro. "Many who possibly might work are advised not to do so, and many who are permitted to work are afraid to do so."

From the careful records being kept at Altro, there is growing belief that normal work is of therapeutic value to the cardiac. Says Dr. Jezer: "Ordinary occupation that does not entail more than usual exertion may not be detrimental to the health of a cardiac. On the contrary, the relief from anxiety and the return to a more normal working existence may actually be of benefit to the course of heart disease."

Although Altro's principal task is physical and emotional rehabilitation, its business of making and selling uniforms is run like any commercial enterprise, though it shows no real profit. Altro (the word is a play on the word "altruistic") is in reality a philanthropic venture that goes by the full name of Altro Health & Rehabilitation Services.

Since Altro was originally conceived by the Committee for the Care of the Jewish Tuberculous, its main financial support comes from the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies, and smaller contributions from the Greater New York Fund. But Altro is nonsectarian. The only restriction is that its patient-workers must live in New York.

When the cardiac rehabilitation program first got underway, it took the average heart victim some 24 months to work up to "graduation." Now the average is nine months, although some manage to make astonishing progress in a matter of weeks. Experience so far shows that the sooner a heart patient attempts rehabilitation the better his chances of complete success.

Altro does not consider a patient fully rehabilitated until he or she (women are included) takes an outside job full time and stays with it. So far, the rate of success measured by this stern yardstick applies to nearly 75 per cent of Altro's alumni.

"Sad to say, many employers fear a heart victim won't do a full day's work; others that the worker may suddenly collapse," Mr. Hochhauser reports. "Yet, out of the more than 200 cases we have worked with, not a single one has suffered a heart attack on the job!"

Medical experts are hailing the new hope Altro has stirred for cardiacs everywhere, and it is to be hoped that, before long, sheltered workshops for cardiacs will spring up from coast to coast. Meanwhile, Altro will continue turning out what its competitors concede to be "high quality" garments and, as Mr. Hochhauser puts it, his eyes bright with satisfaction, "We also turn out, incidentally, a much better product—whole, well human beings."

Ladies at the Wheel

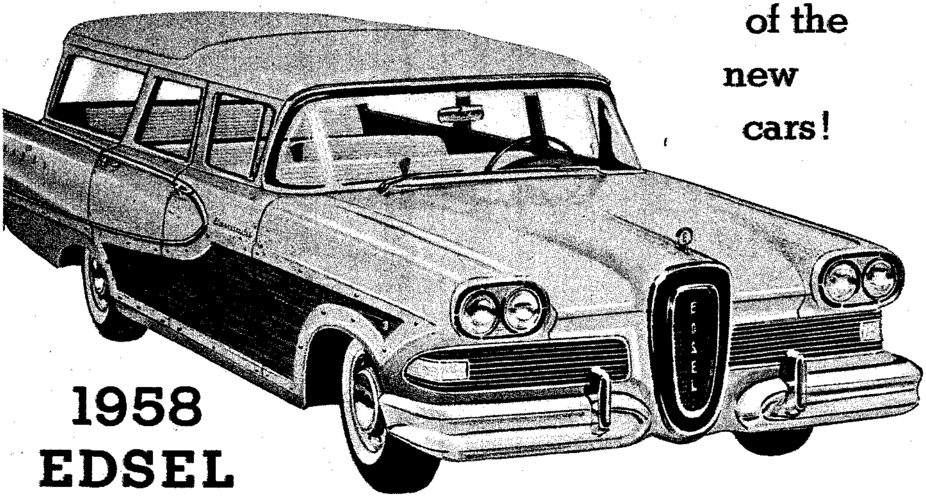
A WOMAN DRIVER lost control of her car on the Los Angeles Freeway and the vehicle crashed through a guardrail, plunged over a 30-foot ramp and landed upside down.

The woman exclaimed as she climbed from the badly wrecked car, "Darn! I broke a fingernail." —*Associated Press*

WHEN A WEST VIRGINIA police-desk sergeant asked the woman who came in to report an accident whether she got the other car's license number, she replied, "You're darn right I did!" and tossed a battered license plate on the sergeant's desk.
—*A.M.A. Journal*

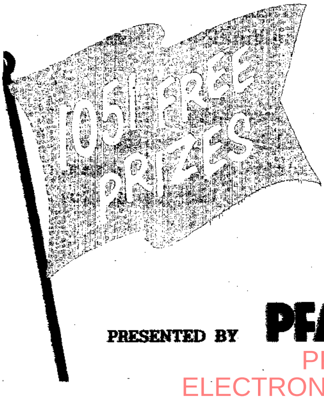
WIN

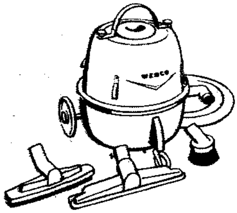
this newest
of the
new
cars!



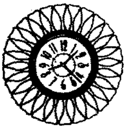
1958
EDSEL
Station Wagon

PFAFF GIANT SWEEPSTAKES!





WIN! **50 WEBCO WONDER CLEANERS**



WIN! **1,000 $50 GIFT CERTIFICATES or SESSIONS 12-Inch Electric Clocks**

Certificates good on any new Pfaff shown here or winners may select this beautiful Sessions Electric Clock.

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HERE'S HOW TO WIN! 1. Use Entry Blank on opposite page or get one free from your Pfaff dealer. Put the letter you think fits in the box under each picture. Add your name and address (and closest Pfaff dealer's name if convenient. This is not obligatory). Mail to Pfaff Giant Sweepstakes Headquarters, Post Office Box 6769, Chicago 77, Illinois.

TO QUALIFY FOR $1,000.00 ADDED BONUS, WINNER OF 1st PRIZE MUST HAVE ENTRY STAMPED BY PFAFF DEALER.

2. Entry must be printed or written by your own hand—not typed or reproduced mechanically. One winner per family, no duplicate prizes. Void where prohibited or taxed by local, state or federal regulations. Taxes, if any, not included in prizes.

3. Any adult in U. S. or Canada eligible except sewing machine dealers or distributors, Pfaff's advertising agency or employees or families of any of these. Winners' names will be available to all who send stamped, addressed envelope 30 days after contest.

4. The 1,000 3rd Prize winners will have a choice of: 1. $50 Gift Certificates good toward the purchase of any Pfaff shown here. Or, 2. the beautiful 12-inch Sessions Electric Clock suitable for any room in your home.

5. Drawing will be conducted by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. Providing all conditions are met, first correctly filled-in entry drawn will be awarded the new Edsel station wagon; the next 50 will be awarded Webco vacuum cleaners; the next 1,000 will have a choice of 12 inch Sessions Electric Clocks or $50 Gift Certificates as described above. Contest closes December 1, 1957.

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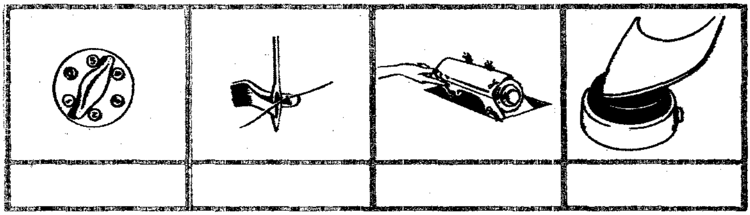

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C —Pfaff features this automatic needle threader!

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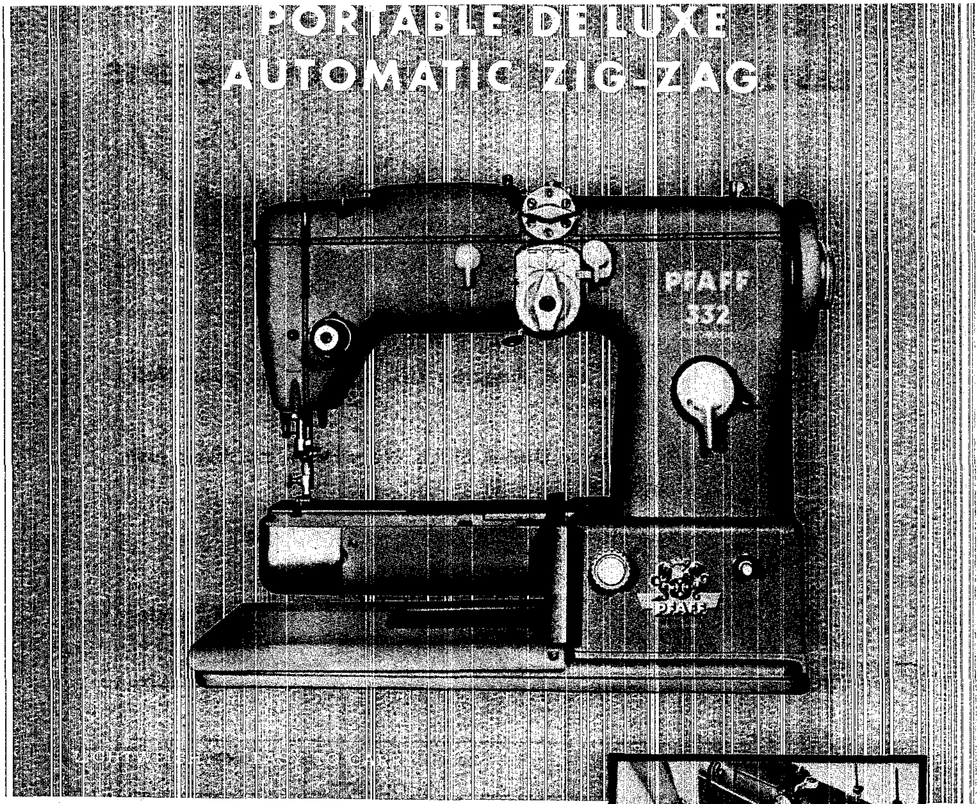
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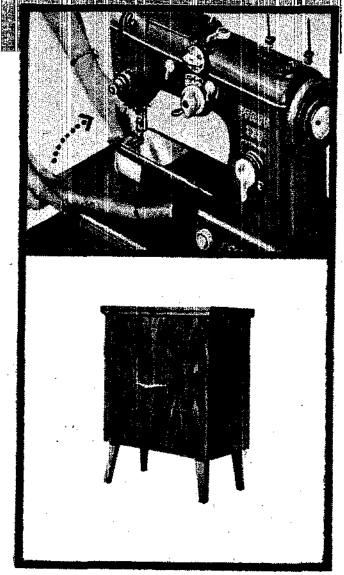

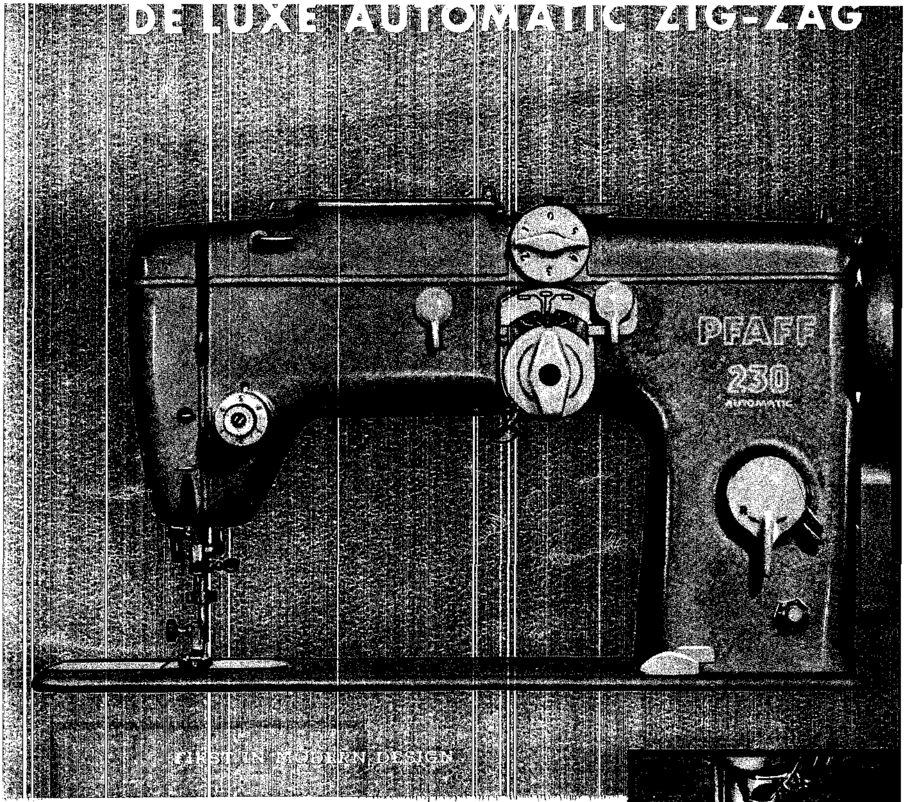
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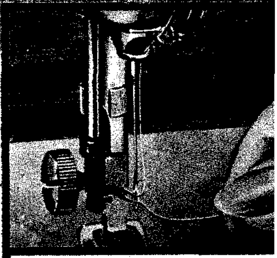

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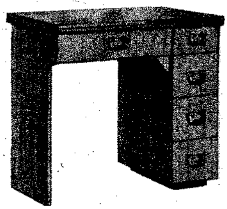

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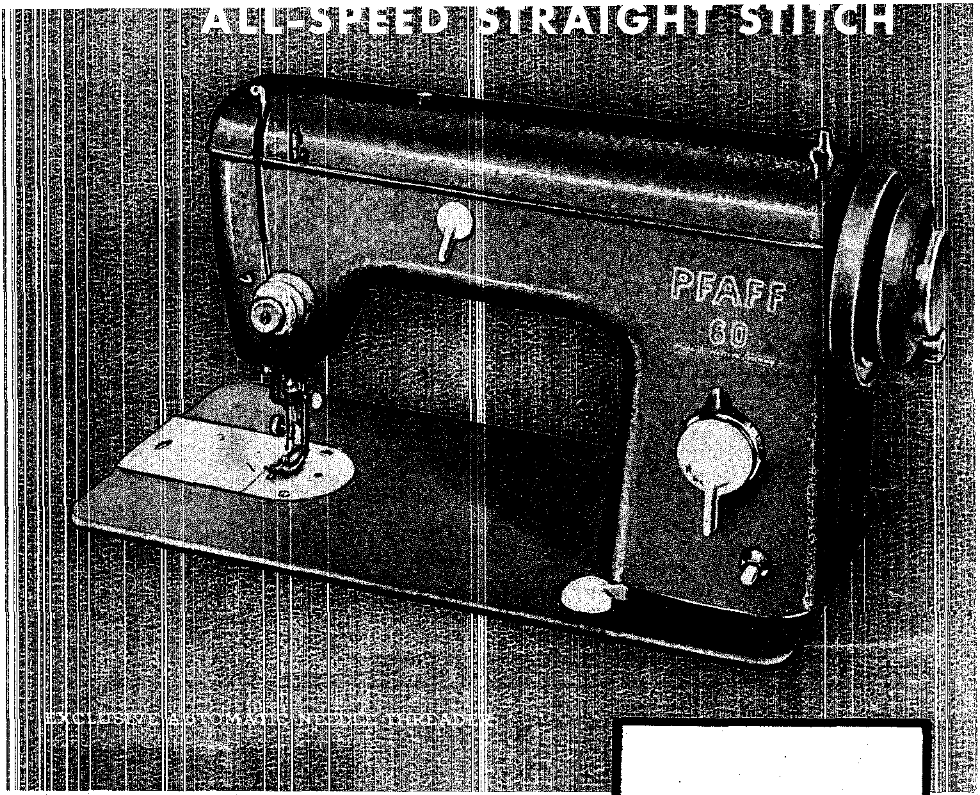
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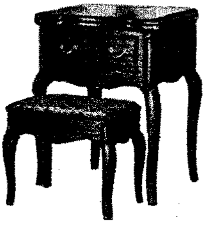

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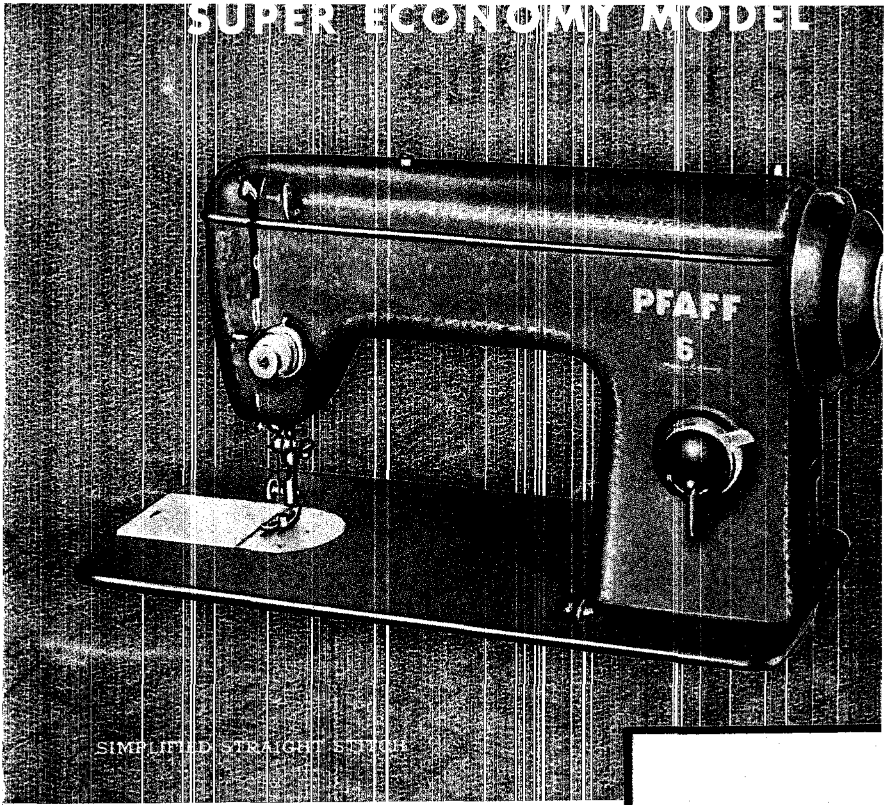
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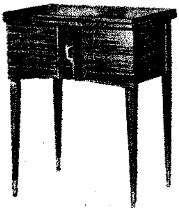

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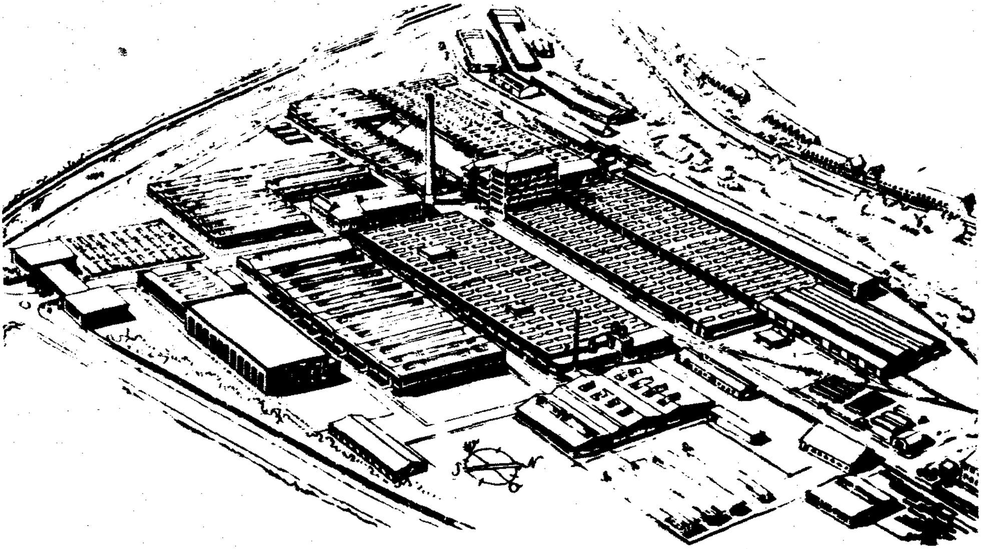

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the case for humane VIVISECTION

by *Paul W. Kearney*

FEW SUBJECTS generate more heat and less light than "vivisection," or animal experimentation. Because the sad fact is that the advocates of unrestricted scientific research can grow as hysterical as the most ardent anti-vivisectionists.

This is deplorable to a neutral observer who can calmly consider: 1) The great benefits derived from intelligent animal experimentation. 2) The distressing abuses committed in the name of scientific research.

Unfortunately, it is too easy for those who applaud the first to dismiss, as crackpots, those who abhor the second.

It is undeniable that if "the price of the iron lung was 24 cats, or the cost of Insulin was 33 dogs," we got a rare bargain. On the other hand, one is entitled to question the necessity for a Boston laboratory, while studying the causes of human deaths by fire—to burn live pigs to death in gasoline flames. And to wonder if the researchers would have learned any less if the animals had been anesthetized. It was in criticism of four other equally inexplicable examples of cruel animal research that the late Professor Robert Gesell, chairman of the Department of Physiology at the University of Michigan, who had performed animal experiments and taught the techniques for years, said: "These ominous experiments make us search our souls and wonder what the future has in store for us."

One is entitled to question, too, the needless suffering caused living creatures in haphazard and unsupervised experiments by students in high and even grade schools, especially when those experiments prove nothing which has not already been proved.

The British medical journal, the *Lancet*, takes a dim view of such uninhibited experimentation, stating that in Great Britain laboratory experiments on animals are regarded as an unpleasant necessity. The practice is accepted because so much good has come of it; but for a century legislation has insured that it be used as sparingly as possible, kept in the hands of those believed to be humane and reponsible, and safeguarded by legal restrictions from abuse.

FROM THE HUMANE standpoint alone, you realize the enormity of this problem when you consider the huge volume of experimental animals now in use. There is no national census available, but a typical large research laboratory will use annually around 80,000 chickens, 1,000 dogs, 1,000 rabbits, 500 cats, 40,000 rats, 500 pigs, 5,000 guinea pigs, 280,000 mice.

I have personally visited quite a few such laboratories in various parts of the country. And in many of them conditions were abominable, as these notes made on the spot will testify:

At a Boston hospital: stench overpowering; sick and well dogs crowded together; mange and distemper evident; dogs too sick to move lying on wet concrete floors.

At a New England medical school: no exercise, although outdoor runways are available. Distemper a serious problem. Bad odor; quarters not good. As many as nine experimental operations performed per dog.

At a New York medical school: dead dogs left lying in cages where they died; live dogs in cages soaking wet from floor cleaned with hose; metal mesh floors in cages with no resting boards; small animals in cramped quarters with barely enough room to turn around.

In another hospital, where an effort is being made to rectify matters, dogs recently subjected to drastic surgical experiments, and too sick to stand up, sprawled on wet cement floors which were encrusted with excrement and dirt. On the door was tacked a copy of the American Medical Association's Code governing the handling of animals in laboratories.

I can give a dozen more examples, but these cases should be sufficient to raise two rather pertinent questions:

1. Can scientists who tolerate such shameful conditions in their laboratory-animals' quarters be truly called humane?

2. If they are unaware of such conditions, are they really fit for research work?

Dr. Gesell put it this way in a heated exchange with the National Society for Medical Research, the public relations arm of the AMA charged with combatting anti-vivisectionists:

"The National Society for Medical Research would have us believe that there is an important issue in vivisection versus anti-vivisection. To a physiologist there can be no issue on vivisection *per se*. The real and urgent issue is Humanity versus Inhumanity in the use of experimental animals. . . ."

This might be put down as the personal bias of one man were it not for the fact that I have had a dozen reputable physicians confirm it privately. And among them there is a very lively conviction that far too many animal experiments are conducted for the prestige of the researcher rather than the benefits to society.

Unquestionably, too, some are undertaken for baser motives. A classic example was the notorious series of experiments carried on for six years by research institutions to prove—and disprove—the theory that tobacco containing glycol caused less damage to tissue than that containing glycerin. Scores of technicians under the direction of 12 eminent Doctors of Medicine were involved in the experiment.

One of the many tests employed was to blow continuous streams of tobacco smoke against rabbits' eyeballs to ascertain how much, or how little, damage results. In another experiment, smoke was pumped through the nostrils of dogs until a more diligent researcher came up with the idea of cutting incisions in rabbits' tracheas so that smoke could be pumped directly into the lungs. Yet only one physician admits to having anesthetized the animals he used. (All of this came out during exhaustive hearings held in Washington by the Federal Trade Commission.)

Such questionable behavior for purely commercial purposes is disturbing enough. But now we are faced with the rapid spread of another distressing development: the encouragement of unrestrained animal experimentation by high school students; and the official (both medical and pedagogical) approval of fatal feeding tests on living animals for the edification of children in primary grades.

Today, from coast to coast, classrooms from the third grade up are displaying cages of white rats, hamsters or guinea pigs—which are being slowly starved to death on a vitamin-deficient diet while control subjects are fed a balanced ration to dramatize the distinction.

The National Cancer Institute provides detailed instructions for a variety of demonstration-experiments for school use in which cancers are implanted in healthy mice so the children can watch them die over a period of three weeks. One of the experiments involved skin grafting—by amateurs! At Port Washington, New York, high school students are performing these cancer transplants on living animals.

This wholesale employment of animals for classroom work is a gross violation of the accepted principle that a minimum number of animals (in painful experiments) be used to accomplish the purpose.

As a result of all this we now see, with increasing regularity, such newspaper headings as this from the New York *World-Telegram & Sun* of February 1, 1956:

GIRL CUTS ANIMALS
INTO TALENT MELON

Beneath is the story of a 15-year-old girl who won an award for scientific talent. The true scientific significance of her efforts is summed up in the sentence: "She found the study 'very interesting,' but said she did not care to delve further into it. She wants to study engineering physics. . . ."

In Atlanta, Georgia, a 17-year-old student won an entry to the National Science Fair by putting black widow spiders in the deep-freezer, then injecting the venom from the spiders' fangs into mice. "I watched the mice closely," the Atlanta *Journal and Constitution* of June 24, 1956, quotes him, "and I observed all the symptoms of black widow poisoning as the mice died."

In Utica, New York, a 19-year-old student won a science prize for radiation experiments on nearly 300 animals in his cellar laboratory "attracting many neighborhood children who came to watch." With tons of literature on the subject in the Atomic Energy Commission files, it seems inane to have a boy stumbling over the same ground when the needless suffering of living creatures is at stake.

The basic point is that none of these amateur experiments has the least scientific value beyond the satisfaction of a morbid curiosity. Furthermore, competent psychologists might be able to tell us quite a bit about the effect of this incipient sadism on the minds of juveniles.

There is no valid scientific justification for such haphazard experiments on living animals—especially by amateurs—which cannot possibly provide knowledge we do not already have. And if the lessons of the nutrition tests are considered significant enough to warrant visual presentation, which is debatable, this can be done by photographs, slides or motion pictures. Thus the demonstration could be made once and for all on a few animals, and not needlessly repeated over and over again on thousands.

SUCH OUTLANDISH practices simply emphasize the extent to which we Americans have blindly turned "scientific research" into a fetish, with the result that there is today virtually no limitation on what any Tom, Dick or Harry with a kitchen knife can do to an animal so long as he wraps it in the protective cloak of "scientific research."

Such practices, amateur or professional, would not be tolerated in Great Britain, unquestionably the most enlightened spot on the world map of animal experimentation. And it has been since the passage in 1876 of its famous Cruelty to Animals Act, which has provided British medical science with its enviable record of both humaneness and achievement.

Briefly, the Act gives the Home Secretary power to grant or withhold license for the employment of animals in experimental research. Thus, if a scientist wishes to conduct an experiment on a living animal he states the purpose and nature of the experiment, and his qualifications.

The application is checked by a medical board appointed by the Crown.

Furthermore, inspectors from the Home Office have the authority to visit, unannounced, any research establishment at any time—and to bring any violator into court, where conviction may result in a stiff fine. Jail sentences, plus loss of license to practice, face repeaters.

The guiding light in the British approach to animal experimentation is the factor called "the pain conditions." The first principle is that *pain must never be needless*: if for any reason pain is unavoidable, it must be minimized to the absolute limit.

For example, one clause of the Act specifies that in no case may an experimenter permit suffering which is both severe and likely to endure, whether or not the main object of the experiment has been attained. And when the main object has been attained, neither brief severe suffering nor prolonged mild suffering may be permitted.

Thus in any operation—which means not only surgery, but such things as bruising, crushing, burning, explosion, electric shock, corrosive poisons, or stress, the animal must be completely anesthetized by someone who is responsible for seeing that the subject does not prematurely regain consciousness. If any serious injury is caused by the operation, the animal must be painlessly destroyed before recovery from the anesthetic.

In contrast to practice in this country, no painful experiment may be made in England to demonstrate something already proven; no experiments may be made on living animals merely to perfect manual skill or to satisfy pure curiosity. And, regardless of his technical standing, no researcher with a reputation for callousness, indifference or carelessness can obtain a permit to experiment on any vertebrate animal.

It will be contended that all of these criteria apply in this country without benefit of mandatory legislation. But this is far from the truth.

Last winter, for instance, I visited a southern medical school which has earned a commendable reputation for keeping its experimental work humane. Yet, even here, a visiting surgeon was working on an anesthetized dog which he had opened up from throat to pelvis. Suddenly an unexpected development transpired in the test, which was of major importance to the experiment but which required library checking. So, hastily and haphazardly sewing up the dog, the researcher rushed to his books. Some time later a volunteer humane worker came in to find the animal fully conscious and in agony, still strapped to the operating table.

It is not to be implied that progress is not being made in this country, through the voluntary efforts of our more enlightened medical men, and through the missionary work of the Animal Welfare Institute of New York. Yet it is significant that this organization—numbering among its charter members such eminent scientists as Dr. Gesell; Dr. Lee R. Dice, Director of the Institute of Human Biology; and Dr. Peter Okkelberg, zoologist and assistant dean of the Horace Rankin

School of Graduate Studies—is regularly attacked by the extremists on both sides.

The more progressive researchers are also making great strides in the development of materials which supplant living animals for an increasing number of investigations. Lederle Laboratories' pioneering in the use of chick embryos in the manufacture of their rabies vaccine is a notable case in point. So also is the use of embryonated eggs for the control of cancer growth which was reported last year by two University of Texas scientists.

The substitution of lower forms of animal life is also an encouraging trend; the satisfactory use of beetles (in lieu of rats) at Rutgers; the employment of frogs (instead of rabbits) in U.S. Navy research work.

Generally speaking, however, such voluntary policing as is represented by the AMA Code for experimental laboratories doesn't work. Nor do such gestures as inviting "inspections" by local Board of Health doctors.

I know of one case in New York City where a humane worker received permission to accompany one of these inspectors on his rounds through the laboratories of a large institution. While pointing out how ideal conditions were, the inspector walked right past a dog whose incision had come open and whose entrails were hanging out.

Not until the humane worker protested vigorously did the inspector report the condition and only then was something finally done about it.

My purpose here is not to present a ready-made solution, but to draw the attention of open-minded people, both lay and professional, to the very real and urgent issue of Humanity versus Inhumanity in the use of animals for experimental purposes. Such recognition must come before any rational corrective measures can be considered. And in the absence of that recognition, no such measures have been proposed by either the numerous Anti-Vivisection Societies, or by their opposite number, the National Society for Medical Research.

IN DECEMBER CORONET

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How the Animals Discovered Christmas

This story, in sprightly animation, captures the true meaning of the Holiday spirit. Bluebird, old Doc Owl, and Velvet, the Fawn, *learn by chance* about the celebration of Christmas. This is fine as far as it goes, but later, when they discover the joy of serving others, the basic meaning of this day of days becomes clear. *13½ minutes. Color: $125; B&W: $68.75.*

The Littlest Angel

Now a Yuletide tradition, this film has won the hearts of millions. Here is the most lovable tyke ever to lose his way in heaven. He couldn't carry a tune with the choir and his halo was on crooked. He had nothing to offer the Christ Child except a gift of love . . . a gift which was chosen above all others to shine as an inspiration to mankind. *13½ minutes. Color: $125; B&W: $68.75.*

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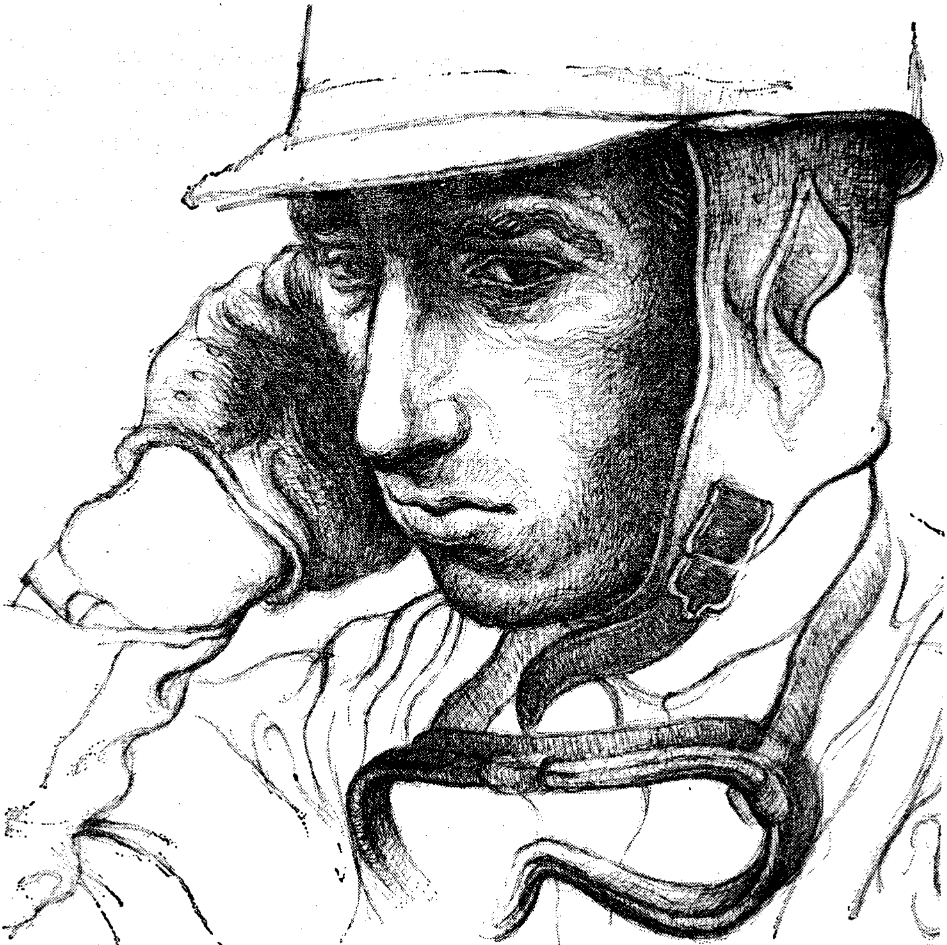
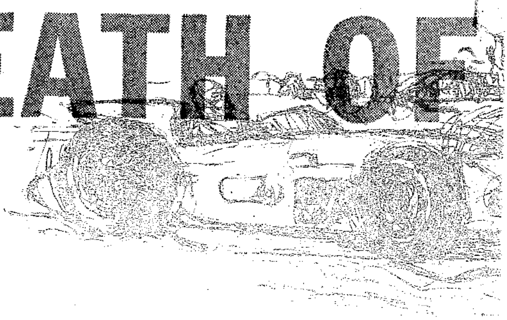


A man of another era, Fon de Portago, handsome, rich and dashing in the adventurous tradition of his titled Spanish family, led a charmed life until that sunny afternoon in Italy when time and luck ran out on him—at 150 miles-an-hour

DEATH OF



by Robert Daley

Drawings by R. M. Ziering

AT GUIDIZZOLO in the Po Valley the country is flat and the narrow road pierces the gray stone village like a spear. All day the villagers have gaped tensely at the speeding cars and been shaken by their roar. In progress is the Mille Miglia, Italy's thousand-mile open road race—to Italians a sports spectacle of heroic proportions.

A boy is first to see the dot in the distance which quickly looms larger and larger.

"Ferrari!" he cries.

Men, women and children packed along both sides of the road, strain forward. Now the screaming red Ferrari is upon them. Its speed must be at least 150 miles an hour.

Suddenly, incomprehensibly, the Ferrari swerves. Its tail grinds the left band of the road, uprooting a milestone. It crashes into a telegraph pole, leaps into the air and snaps the wires overhead. A murderous projectile out of control, it careens into the crowd on the right, bounds across the road into that on the left.

Only an instant has passed, but 11 are dead or dying amidst the screams of the horrified and the hurt. The shattered car lies half buried in a drainage ditch. Nearby are the bodies of the 28-year-old Spanish nobleman, Alfonso de Portago, the driver, and his great friend "Gunner" Nelson, who had gone along for the ride.

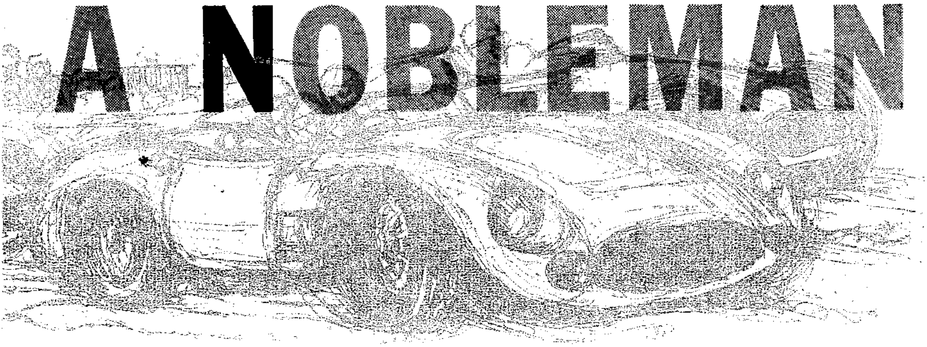
Don Alfonso Cabeza de Vaca y Carvajal, the 17th Marquis de Portago, had enjoyed a charmed life up to then. In less than three seasons he had become the outstanding personality in a sport which, without men like him, would be grim business indeed.

To his fans Fon Portago was a symbol of all that is bravest in men.

To the women who purported to love him (all of them beautiful and most several years older than he) Fon was titled, rich and enormously physically attractive. He wore his black, curly hair swept back and long over his rather small ears. His dark, deep-set eyes smoldered under black eyebrows. A lithe, 170-pound six-footer, there was an animal magnetism about him, together with a kind of arrogance to which women responded.

To his fellow drivers Portago was

A NOBLEMAN



a tenacious, daring opponent whom nothing, apparently, could kill—a man who would not be stopped.

To bobsledders he was a phenomenon, a man with hands of steel, so adroit at guiding half-ton sleds down glazed ice chutes that—though he was just a beginner—he nearly stole an Olympic Championship for Spain from men who had laughed at his inept driving only a week before. There he had burst upon the scene—by losing control in a high speed turn during his first practice descent and being catapulted out of the sled at 60 miles an hour.

FON WAS too young to look comfortable in the garments of legend. Though it was true that he had piloted a borrowed plane under a Florida bridge at the age of 17. That in his younger and skinnier days he had been the foremost amateur steeplechase jockey in the world. That he had walked blithely away from some of the most spectacular auto wrecks on record.

But such flamboyance was commonplace in his family, and had been since the days when the Moors owned half of Spain. Fon's father had blown up Loyalist submarines. Further back, the family boasted an explorer, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, who, being shipwrecked off Florida in 1528, marched his small band across the American wilds to the safety of Spanish settlements in Mexico—an epic trek which took eight years.

Fon was a man with a flair for life. Yet weekend after weekend he risked that life under a strange, almost artistic compulsion. He tried to explain it by saying that during moments of peril every nerve in his body seemed alive, he was alert to all the sounds, sights and smells around him. Excitement nourished him. Men who have known such intense feeling can never do without it very long.

But pursuit of speed was more than that to him. "A man has to find something he can do well," he insisted fiercely. "Not only well in itself, but well in relation to the way other men in the field are doing it. I can drive that well."

Asked what his blonde American wife, Carroll, thought of his various racing activities, he replied with a repressed smile. "I do not ask her. I am Spanish." The humor in his role of Spanish nobleman was apparent to him. It was, nonetheless, a role he had been bred to play, one which he would play.

He had a way of speaking without fumbling for the correct word or leaning on crutches like "well" or "you know" or "something like that." Similarly, he moved directly and quickly like a dancer, without mannerisms. He chainsmoked, but without inhaling and without removing the cigarette from his mouth. His restlessness was all contained, interior, his energy checked until needed.

When I saw him at the Winter Olympics, de Portago had appeared enormously confident and alive, the illimitable future so nearly within his grasp he could taste it. Fourteen months later at Sebring, Florida, for the Grand Prix, he was nervous, uneasy, distant. He seemed always in a hurry as if he felt that same illimitable future closing in on him, and he had to move swiftly.

Asked about his reputation as a daredevil, which he considered undeserved, he insisted, "I never take chances. I'm no daredevil. Auto racing is safer than driving on the highway, if you know what you're doing. I know what I'm doing."

Asked to rate himself as a driver at that point he said decisively, "I believe I'm third best in the world. Stirling Moss and Juan Fangio, the World Champion, are better because of superior experience."

Without being prompted he added that he intended to win the World Championship within the next two years. And when he was 35 he would quit racing entirely.

After that?

"I don't know," he said restlessly. "There are many things. That's the trouble with life, it's too short."

At ten o'clock the next night the 12-hour Grand Prix of Sebring was over. Portago, in a car which had had no brakes to speak of since noon, had finished seventh.

"I'm tired," he said. "Terribly tired." He was silent, then added, "I drove nine of the twelve hours, do you know that? My co-driver Musso was sick. Diarrhea. Castellotti's death last week upset him, I think. They were close friends."

The death of Castellotti, who was to have been Fon's co-driver at Sebring, had not upset Portago to that extent. I had heard that they did not like each other, but I knew Portago mourned Castellotti with the rest. Personal feelings do not enter into the way men in hazardous professions feel about their fellows. Castellotti had gone, taking with him a part of each of them.

But Portago, like all the others, did not believe it could happen to him.

It had been a tiring winter for him. He had raced in Argentina, Nassau, Cuba, traveling continuously and managing almost always to

Fired by the challenge, he felt that death could not catch him now; he was moving too fast.

finish in the top three. He was getting closer to his goal—the World Championship—but in his fatigue that night it must have seemed to him that he still had a terribly long way to go.

He flew the next day to New York and from there to Paris. In early April he was in Holland with actress Linda Christian. There were rumors that he would obtain a divorce and marry her, but no one who knew him believed this. There had been other girl friends.

APRIL PASSED, and the early days of May. Portago did not want to drive in the Mille Miglia. He did not like long races, and now he was bothered by strangely ominous presentiments which he could not shake. He made a half-hearted effort to get out of driving in the race, but the Ferrari factory said it was shorthanded.

Portago shrugged, masking the uneasiness he felt. His old friend Nelson came down to Brescia to ride with him—for luck.

Fon wrote some letters, to New York, to London, tidying up his life. In one, to American model Dorian Leigh, he remarked, "my early death may well come next Sunday."

Friday passed, Saturday. Portago's premonitions must have grown stronger, for he confided them to a few friends. He booked tickets to Monte Carlo where he was scheduled to race the following weekend, as if, with the tickets in his hand, he could feel assured of that much future at least.

At midnight May 12, the Mille Miglia started, the smaller cars shooting down the ramp at one-minute intervals. It was dawn when Portago and Nelson arrived at the starting line and in the excitement Fon appeared to cheer up. There were 301 cars entered—they were strung out on the road all the way to Rome. Why should anything happen to him among so many?

He was to drive a 3.8 liter Ferrari with the number 531 painted on its sides. As his turn neared, he climbed into it, new, low and a dull red in the dawn light. He started the engine, letting it idle powerfully, and Nelson settled into the seat beside him.

The car ahead roared away and Fon wheeled his Ferrari onto the ramp. At the signal he surged out into the road, upshifting swiftly, feeling the power of the big engine.

Now, no doubt, as he responded to the demands of the race, he felt all the old excitement. Death could not find him now. He was moving too fast for it.

Portago had never before completed the Mille Miglia and he was hardly more familiar with its thousand miles of turns and straights, cities and mountains than someone who had only studied a road map. To win he would have to shave the margin for safety more closely than he liked.

He rocketed through Verona, Vincenza. At mid-morning the Adriatic came blue and shining into view. He was going well. The road plunged down into Rome—for a moment there was a vista of the city, the spires and monumental ruins. Portago must have felt himself enormously in tune with life as he saw it.

He had beauty and speed in his hands, and love waiting for him just ahead.

At Rome, Miss Christian waved to him from the crowd. And then Fon did something which was not like him—he halted in a screech of brakes and swirling dust. Linda ran up and Fon pulled her down to him and kissed her. He murmured something—

Valuable seconds, perhaps as long as a minute, were lost before he had regained racing speed.

Why did he stop, he who always wanted to win above all things? Why waste seconds which so often in past Mille Miglias had meant the difference between victory and defeat?

It could have been for show—Fon was always aware of his public. But there are those who knew him who believe differently. He had lived so hard, and now perhaps he sensed, with the clairvoyance of those about to die, that this last kiss was more precious than all the others, and so had seized it.

He climbed into the mountains again, and then raced across a fertile valley toward Bologna, 200 miles from the finish and a scheduled fuel stop for the Ferrari team. There he skidded to a halt and sprang from the car. Mechanics swarmed over it, pouring gas, checking tires.

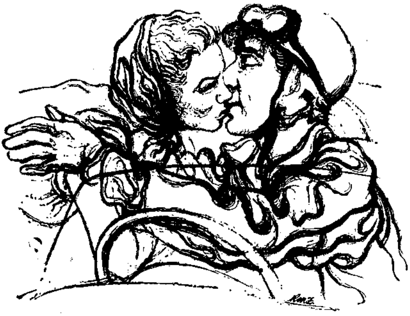
"How do I stand?"

"Fifth."

"How far behind?"

They told him seconds. Furthermore, two of the cars ahead were faltering and might not finish the race.

A mechanic, grimy and sweating, writhed out from under the car.



Impulsively he pulled her to him, kissed her.

"Look at this!" he cried, pointing. "The shaft which supports the axle is cracked!"

"I hit a curb," explained Portago impatiently.

Fon had come 800 miles. The tormenting mountains were behind him and he had scarcely two hours left to drive. Ahead stretched a plain so flat a man could see practically to the Alps.

He had come too far to give up now. Victory here, at the start of the European season, was too important. The shaft would hold. They always held.

"There isn't time to fix it now," he said, and jumped into his seat.

The unmuffled engine thundered. The car leaped out onto the road. And Portago raced across the valley in the sun. At Parma he passed Peter Collins' broken down Ferrari beside the road, and was fourth. By Cremona he had beaten Olivier Gendebien's time and was third. How far ahead were the others? He roared into Mantua where the road turns like an elbow for the final dash.

Moments later he rocketed across

the narrow bridge into Goito and on the straightaway beyond it, pressed the accelerator to the floor. Now the gray walls of Guidizzolo loomed before him, the finish line only 15 minutes ahead. . . .

There are those who said afterwards that he was in love with death, but they did not know him and the statement is absurd. Alfonso de Portago was in love with life. "Perhaps we appreciate life more," he wrote of racing drivers, "because we live closer to death."

It is a sentence which could well stand as his epitaph. For Fon was the most alive man I have ever known.

He had everything a man could need with which to challenge life: charm, looks, wealth and courage. If he failed, his friends thought, what chance has anyone. Yet he was not only killed. In the wreck, the hood of the car lashed back and cut him in two.

As his body was laid to rest in the family tomb in Madrid, he was mourned in many parts of the world. I like best the words of Jean Behra, the French driver, who said: "Only those who do not move, do not die; but are they not already dead?"

A broken axle (not a blown tire as was reported) is regarded by some as a freak accident, and perhaps that is true. But there were no freak accidents with Fon. He brought them all on himself. He simply drove too hard.

In many ways the Mille Miglia was the story of his life. The passion within him would not let him drive cautiously on the unfamiliar roads. He was a man given to the brief and violent sprint; endurance had no place in his scale of values. He could not wait to win next week or next year. He had to win today. Life simply was not big enough for all the things he wanted from it. He had everything except a sense of pace, and so the half shaft broke, the axle collapsed and the Ferrari plunged off the road.

But Fon excelled in peril. Perhaps, as he wrenched at the unresponsive wheel, he thought of the awe with which this new escape would be greeted—the man who laughs at death. Perhaps, in that way, he died happy.

Headliners

A STORK collided with a car taking an expectant mother to a maternity clinic in Beersheba, southern Israel. An hour later the woman gave birth to a healthy boy.

—JAMES CONNOR

IN LONDON, the management of a theater called police to investigate the theft of a 30-by-18-foot carpet from the lounge. Then the manager suddenly remembered—it had been taken to the cleaners. —*Canadian Press*

PRINCE PHILIP, giving a lecture on his recent world tour, explained that the native children of New Guinea called him: "Fella belongs Mrs. Queen." —*Associated Press* by Richard L. Frey

Which toys succeed? Which fail? Here are secrets that have helped even amateurs make . . .

millions from make-believe

PROBABLY the most frustrated man in the United States last Christmas morning was a typical American husband and father whose name is actually John Smith.

With the full approval of Mrs. Smith, he had bought for John Jr, a "new and different" toy—a prospector's kit complete with cyclotron, Geiger counter and atomic energy material. It cost more than the Smiths had figured on paying, but could there be a more suitable gift for a boy of the modern age?

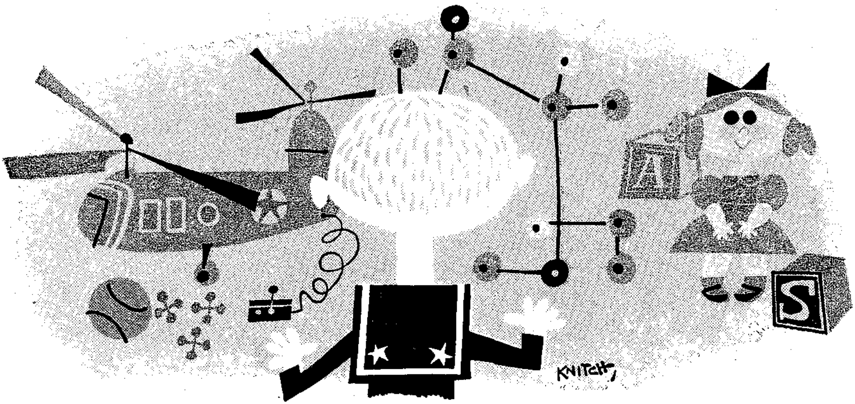
So on Christmas morning John Jr., having politely oohed his awe, ignored the atomic kit and spent a happy day playing with the box it came in.

At which point John Smith Sr., exclaimed furiously, "I could invent better toys myself!"

If Mr. Smith can, a fortune awaits him, and it isn't a small fortune. The American toy industry, that strange world where child's play is man's work, sells over $1,000,000,000 worth of toys every year. And they will gladly pay a share of it for an idea that is original, exclusive and designed for economical mass production.

Some 10,000 new toys are brought out every year. Most of them make a profit. About once in three years someone comes up with a new idea that really sweeps the country.

The idea may be an ingenious—and patented—mechanical device. It may be based on some celebrity



whose name has become a household word, or on some product that has already received advertising to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars. It may be simply a better manufacturing method or material, such as a plastic that gives dolly's "skin" a more realistic feel.

The amateur toy inventor usually (and properly) tries to find a manufacturer who will use his idea and pay him a royalty. Toy inventors come from all walks of life. Lewis Jacobs, a former biologist at Columbia University, hit the jackpot twice—with the "Fix-it" toy rocketship that breaks down but can be repaired; and with "Robert the Robot," a mechanical marvel operated by remote control that can walk, clutch with its hands, and talk. In two years, Jacobs' royalties have exceeded $25,000. The toy industry has wooed him with big-money job offers, but he prefers to continue his low-paid work on cancer research.

Sometimes the toy industry turns down a good idea and lives to regret it. But the fact remains that the toycoons are right far more often than they are wrong, and when an obstinate inventor goes into business for himself there is about a 99 percent chance that he will lose his money.

The celebrity tie-in has been the most profitable toy field in this generation. When Shirley Temple, as a little girl of five, was the biggest box-office draw in movie history, the doll replica of her paid more than $140,000 in royalties. Chester Gould, the Dick Tracy cartoonist, did almost as well when he introduced into his comic strip the baby named Sparkle Plenty, and again when Dick Tracy's daughter, Bonnie Braids, was born. Bigger than either of them was the Toni doll to which the little-girl mistress could give a real home permanent.

But the amateur cannot collect a penny for suggesting that a manufacturer bring out a toy based on a known character or trade name. They don't pay off on ideas they can just as easily get themselves.

Though toy automobiles are a hardy perennial, and a phenomenon like Davy Crockett can cause a coonskin cap craze, dolls are the primary staple of the toy industry. This has been true since the dawn of time, but never so much as today. The largest manufacturer of dresses, for instance, does not produce as many dresses as one dollmaker—the Ideal Toy Corporation—turns out each year to dress its dolls.

Benjamin Franklin Michtom, Chairman of the Board of Ideal, has known toymaking from earliest childhood, for his father conceived the original Teddy Bear (named, by permission, for Theodore Roosevelt) and so founded the entire idea of the celebrity tie-in.

Mr. Michtom's six "rules" for judging whether a toy will be a hit or a flop are:

One: *Toys must appeal to parents.* Toymakers have discovered many ingenious ways to pre-test how children will respond to a toy, but the toy hasn't a chance if Mom refuses to buy it.

World Toy House, a successful company specializing in popular-priced items, learned this lesson with a simple set of blocks made of unpainted wood in various shapes and sizes. The sisters at St. Joseph's Home for Children in St. Paul, Minnesota, gave those blocks the highest score of any toy they had ever play-tested. It was wonderful how childish imaginations turned the blocks into houses, soldiers, cannons, or whatever might be needed for the make-believe of the moment.

Ten thousand sets packed in Pliofilm bags were rushed into production and put on the counters. But to adults these blocks were just an unappealing pile of wood and they left the manufacturers literally holding the bag.

TWO: *The toy must be safe.* Nowadays, parents take for granted that edges will be smooth, corners round, points blunt, and colors and ingredients non-toxic.

But it is not enough that the toy should be safe if played with as intended.

A dentist's kit seemed to have all the oomph of the phenomenally successful doctor's kit and nurse's kit. Yet it flopped because juvenile "dentists" weren't content to practice on their dolls when there were such interesting subjects available as themselves and their friends.

THREE: *The toy must appeal to the child.* There is no more frustrating experience for a parent than to pay a budget-bursting price for a wonderful new atomic disintegrator,

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only to find that Junior prefers the simple and understandable efficiency of a six-shooter.

Another well-established child prejudice concerns boy-dolls. In dolldom there is no surer miss than a mister. Most dolls are bought for little girls. Psychologically, the relation between the child and the doll is a re-creation of the relation between the mother and the child. Since the little girl is playing the role of mother, she must have a little-girl doll to play the role of herself.

Actually, little boys need doll playmates as much as little girls do, but parents suppress this natural desire, fearing the doll would sissy sonny.

FOUR: *Toys must not cost too much.* Undoubtedly, there is a huge market waiting for a toy calculator that will do Junior's homework. But until one can be profitably retailed at a reasonable figure, Junior will have to get along with the calculating marvel he already has at home—papa.

This does not mean that the toys must be cheap. Quite the contrary. But they must be competitive. Any "extras" built in must show.

FIVE: *Toys must be practical.* The big trouble with the "I have an idea" letters which every toymaker receives by the thousands is that the most ingenious suggestions are totally impractical. Those in Ideal's collection include a scheme to make electrically heated stuffed animals for winter nights (too dangerous); a toy hobby-horse that will automatically throw any child heavier than its rightful owner (good for protection against bullies, but no protection at all against damage suits); and a doll that would grow like a real baby (the inventor neglected to supply one important detail: how it could be made small again for re-use).

SIX: *Toys must be real—but not too real.* Youngsters like toys that are replicas of familiar things. In part, the samples of familiar trademarked products account for the success of such items as the Betty Crocker Junior Baking Kit, and similar outfits in which the samples are often worth the price of the kit.

On the other hand, the toy industry has discovered that while imitation of life is good, this does not include imitation of its uglier side.

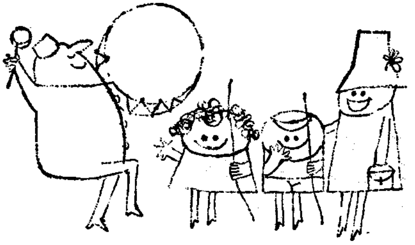
Finally, if your idea is a real "wow," you can forget the six rules. For, as Mr. Michtom says, "You never can tell. Though boy dolls are notorious flops, it was Liberty Boy, produced during World War I, that put me through college." Duelling equipment is the last thing you might expect parents to buy their youngsters; yet they simply could not resist the children's demands for the Prince Valiant outfits that recently became a runaway best seller.

Every year, the toy industry earmarks perhaps $100,000,000 for research, design and production of new ideas. To tap this rich kitty, all you need is a patent on an idea that kids will love. It may win you enough to make a veritable Cinderella's dream come true. Only make sure, if your idea is, in fact, a Cinderella outfit, that its slipper is made of a material less shatterable than glass.

◆

Hug—A roundabout way of expressing affection.

—*Atlas News*



AN ADMIRAL who had worked his way up from the ranks overheard a recruit on a ship for the first time say that he was going "downstairs."

"Downstairs!" gasped the Admiral. "Listen, son, downstairs is below. That side's starboard, that's aft, and that's portside. And if I hear you say one more word like that again, I'll throw you out that little round window over there." *—Boy's Life*

THE TEACHER was explaining to the mother of the new student that it was the practice at this school to have all newcomers take an aptitude test as part of the entrance requirements.

"Well, all right," agreed the mother. "But there's not much point in giving this boy any *aptitude* test. He's apt to do most anything, anytime." *—Precious Blood Messenger*

A KANGAROO visited a psychiatrist. "What's wrong?" asked the psychiatrist.

"I don't know," replied the kangaroo. "I just don't feel jumpy anymore." *—Watertown Daily Times*

"THE STINGIEST MAN I ever knew," said the oldest inhabitant of a sleepy New England town, "was old Jake Prescott, who used to run a hotel here. Jake kept everything under lock and key. The result was that no hanger-on could get his hands on a newspaper, a bit of stationery, a free wash or, in fact, anything free at all. There were hardly enough chairs in the lobby to seat even the paying customers.

"And to cap the climax, old Prescott came in one day and over the only clock in the place posted a sign reading:

" 'This clock is for the use of hotel guests only.' " *—United Mine Workers Journal*

TWO old schoolmates met after a lapse of several years. "It's nice to see you again," said the first. "Are you married?"

"Yes," said the second.

"I remember," laughed the first, "you always said you wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"Well," confided her companion, "I didn't!" *—Louisville Courier-Journal*

A FISHERMAN lugging a fish twice his size met another fisherman with a half-dozen small ones on a string.

"Howdy," said the first, dropping the huge fish and waiting for a comment.

His fellow fisherman just stared and stared and then said calmly, "Just caught the *one*, eh?"

—MRS. JEWEL COLLINS

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

by Katherine Garver

The moving story of how one woman overcame the emotional disaster of her husband's adultery and held her marriage and family together

AS A VETERAN of twenty-one years of marriage and five children, I am naturally interested in all problems concerning sex and marriage and how to work them out from a woman's point of view.

I thought I had a pretty fair batting average as a wife until recently when I ran into a problem I hadn't counted on—adultery. My husband's. Up to this point we'd had our mumps, measles and mortgage, our financial headaches, leaking roofs and broken pumps. But suddenly they seemed a breeze when I realized how unprepared I was to face the reality of my husband's mistress.

Nothing in my background or training or thinking had prepared me in any way to handle such a crisis maturely. Although, in a world of increasing sex delinquency and changing morality, I don't know why it never occurred to me that this, too, might be my dilemma some day. Especially since I am in the danger zone of the mid-forties and bear no notable resemblance to Marilyn Monroe or Gypsy Rose Lee.

But the strange part is neither does the woman who has been my husband's mistress for the last two years. She is not young, beautiful or glamorous, but a plump, middle-aged, two-time divorcee who works in a small office. My husband met her several years ago while trying to get an account. He didn't get it. But she got him.

If we had been childless, I should certainly have left my husband immediately—at least till I could get my head on straight. For, I believe there are times when separation and even divorce are necessary and surely there are no grounds for it to compare with adultery, the crowning crime against matrimony.

But is divorce always the solution to such a complex problem? I've had plenty of time to mull this over in the last few months and I must say there is a great deal to the other, or Patient Grizelda, point of view. Not the wife who turns the other cheek, but the one who can take adultery in some kind of stride without upsetting the family apple cart.

And I don't mean a dreary female

dragging about the house airing her troubles to any other female unlucky enough to be a captive audience. I mean a wife who can find it in her heart to pick up the broken pieces and try, for the sake of the children's emotional and physical security, to go on with a husband who has secretly dropped her option and given her a smashing vote of no confidence—as a woman.

This is the battle that the betrayed wife fights in the wakeful hours of the night when she searches her soul for the reasons for her marital debacle, and through the long days full of old, familiar chores which now seem an endless nightmare. It is her battle and no one else can win it for her.

There must be many women like me who read about adultery, hear about it, see it on TV, in the movies and on the stage—and never dream it can happen to them. Traditionally it goes with a husband who has a roving eye, is a fanny pincher and a push over for beautiful blondes in slinky, low-cut lamé, living in Park Avenue penthouses.

Nothing of the sort is true in many cases. Take ours. My husband is a mild, quiet, contained man in his late forties whose main interests in life—until he took up adultery as a hobby—have been his family and his career. His lack of interest in the passing female has been almost psychopathic, in view of the fact that he's in an office liberally supplied with eyefuls.

And, as I have indicated, the woman in our case was a far cry from a *femme fatale,* being one of that group of adulterers anonymous, single or divorced, who, though "respectable" as they may seem, are often a greater threat to a marriage than any vamp our mothers or grandmothers ever had to cope with. (Although they didn't cope. They closed their eyes and ears and pretended to see no evil and hear no evil. But there was no law against their knowing it.)

One of the things that makes a woman in this category dangerous is her financial security. Since she has a job and makes her own living she need not demand anything of a man except sex and companionship. This makes an affair possible with a married man who shares his joint bank account with his wife and could not possibly afford, nor get away with, "keeping" a woman in the accepted sense of the word. Gifts, flowers and entertainment are usually the only barter.

Too, these Miss Lonely Hearts enjoy a biological freedom made possible by the twentieth century. Thanks to medical science, with reasonable caution, they need have no fear of pregnancy or disease.

A woman of this sort is thus able, with our changing mores, to embark on an affair with a married man with the excuse that she is simply exercising her right to happiness. And doing it in the safest possible way.

When I discovered my husband's affair, I offered him his freedom, and asked him if he loved his mistress and wanted to marry her. He looked at me dumbfounded. "Certainly not!" he said. "Are you out of your mind? Why can't you be a mature woman? Why can't you grow up? This dame was convenient, that's all. She was also twenty pounds overweight," he added with a sly wink. An ad lib which, from a woman's point of view, could easily have ended their beautiful romance long before fate did.

My husband summed up the whole situation with that one word—"convenient." His mistress and hundreds like her in cities all over the United States meet their "friends" in business. They finish their jobs at the same time that many of these men close their desks for the day. With nothing to go home to but an empty apartment, they are completely available. What's to keep them from having a cocktail or going to dinner or the theater with a man they already know and with whom they have been doing business? Especially if he's a commuter whose wife and children are safely parked in some country area which, in spite of express schedules, begins to look more remote and inaccessible after each drink.

So it begins. And it ends either in the divorce court or the patching up between husband and wife of a relationship which can never be the same again. Marriage is not, as many erring husbands like to believe, entirely a matter of financial support and a certain amount of physical presence. To a woman who has married only for love and has kept that love all through the years, it is a continuing romance. It is illusion and dreams as well as insurance premiums and grocery bills. It is a oneness that is truly sacramental, an intangible quality that is broken forever by adultery.

Never again, though she puts it in the deepest limbo of her mind, will a betrayed wife really forget that her husband has given himself freely to another woman in the most intimate and beautiful of all relationships. Gone forever is the feeling that he is really hers. And in its place is the permanent suspicion that perhaps if things had been different he would have chosen the other woman.

Any wife of some years standing knows that, in addition to the children, there are invisible bonds which tie a man and woman together, sometimes in spite of themselves. In a marriage that has been good, habit, familiarity, the pattern of comfort, the long intimacy, cannot be wiped out suddenly, even by the discovery of adultery.

But these are not the reasons for which a woman wants her husband to stay with her. She wants him, because she wants to know in her heart, as she did on her bridal night, that he loves her and wants her above every other woman in the world. After adultery she knows this can never be true for her again. And this is her heartache. I may have an incurably romantic point of view for a middle-aged woman. But show me a wife who doesn't feel the same way.

Of all the how-to-do-its in the world, I would say now that I have been through it—the hardest one of all is how to readjust to a marriage that has been broken by the "other woman." The worst stumbling block to the whole thing is the wife's loss of belief in a man whom she has trusted and never questioned from the moment she met him.

Once a wife discovers that her husband has employed the adulterer's weapons, lying and deceit, she sees her mate in a disastrous new light. All the lies, all the dodges, all the subterfuges which she has innocently and trustingly swallowed, rise up to destroy him.

Yet, if a betrayed wife wishes to start over again, she has got to ignore these nagging doubts and believe. And learning to trust and believe again in a husband who has led a double life is like learning to walk after being bedridden. The slightest bump—his phone call five minutes later than scheduled, his taking a later train than the usual one—and the whole attempt at rapport, if she lets it, can come tumbling down.

The wayward husband, too, suffers from this two-edged sword which he has introduced into the household. His is the miserable fate of having to endure suspicion and the lifted eyebrow until he has once again proven himself honest.

A most important step on the road back to any kind of marital relationship is the wife's foregoing the female compulsion to needle her husband. The temptation is a terrible one; but a wife must resist it or she will find a bleeding wound that never heals. It may be some consolation to her bruised spirit to discover that a man with any conscience at all will come to and suffer from the realization, not only of what he has done to his wife and his marriage, but to himself as a decent human being.

Those of us who have unfortunately learned from personal experience that man is not monogamous, must also try to grasp the fact that the male point of view toward extramarital excursions is much more casual than the female. This is a hard pill to swallow. But if you want to make a go of reconciliation you have to gulp it down and keep it down. Being morally and emotionally incapable of the "casual" approach to sex and a great deal like Ado Annie in "Oklahoma" who insisted on "All er Nothin'," I find this one of the hardest bits of advice to live up to.

Above all, the wife must resist the urge to tell even her best friend. While this person may be a woman of great integrity who even offers to seal her lips with scotch tape at all but mealtimes, ten chances to one she won't be able to keep the secret. Adultery is a juicy tidbit, not only for a gossip columnist, but even more so for the friend, who may, with the best intentions in the world, manage to spread it all over town. The results are disastrous for the erring gentleman—and thereby for his family.

Though we live in a society which seems increasingly to condone sexual laxity, it really doesn't. Any adulterer or adulteress, except those of inherited wealth, who has been caught in the act and publicly labeled, will be the first to admit that, in addition to its moral censures, such behavior is bad for business. A wife has to remember this for her children's sake, too. No matter how great her desire to spill her troubles to some sympathetic soul, if she's smart, she'll stifle the urge.

There is no point in trying to go on together unless both husband and wife are honest in their attempts to recreate, in so far as they can, the happiness their marriage once had. Open estrangement and bare sufferance in a household are a damaging emotional experience for the children. During the period of readjustment, though the wife may come apart at the seams trying to put up a front, she must succeed. It's a safe bet the guilty husband will put one up automatically.

This is what I have tried to do; and my husband, too, is trying in every possible way. As the months roll by a great deal of the old feeling is coming back. Though I know that my marriage will never again be to me the wonderful union that it was, I am gradually accepting it for what it must be. For me it is now really a second marriage and I am hoping to avoid the pitfalls which caused the breakup of the first. The biggest of these being separation.

When my daughters are older and filled with inevitable thoughts of marriage, I shall try to tell them, in addition to the moral concepts of matrimony which they will learn, about some of the things my mother never told me. Most important of these would be:

Never be too sure of your male. Even if he's a choir singer or a scoutmaster. First and last he's a man. Never underestimate the power of a woman—especially the "other woman." Be understanding, but never so sporting that you spend long, unquestioning evenings in suburbia while your husband works more and more "overtime."

When he calls you once too often with the sad news that he's been delayed again, get a baby sitter and grab the next train in and join him. If he really is poring over a hot account he'll be glad you came and maybe take you dancing. If he isn't, at least you can't say your mother didn't tell you.

People and Places

ANNOYED BY POOR attendance at his Sunday morning services, a minister in England drove around his parish one Sunday morning blowing his car horn to wake everybody up. —*New York Times Magazine*

LISA KIRK has apartments in New York and Los Angeles, but spends most of her time flying around the country for café appearances. Asked by a census-taker in Chicago what her permanent residence was, she replied: "American Airlines." —HY GARDNER, *New York Herald Tribune*

A POLICEMAN who arrested a man picking a woman's pocket in a Tokyo store discovered that the victim was so busy shoplifting sweaters she hadn't noticed that she was being robbed. —*United Press*

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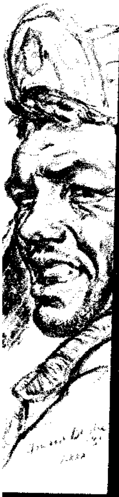

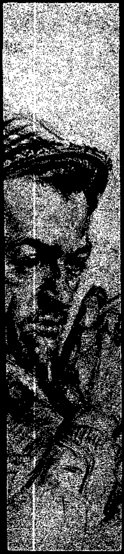

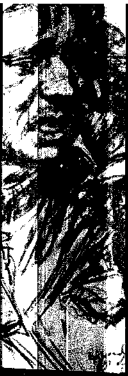

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Text and drawings by Howard Brodi

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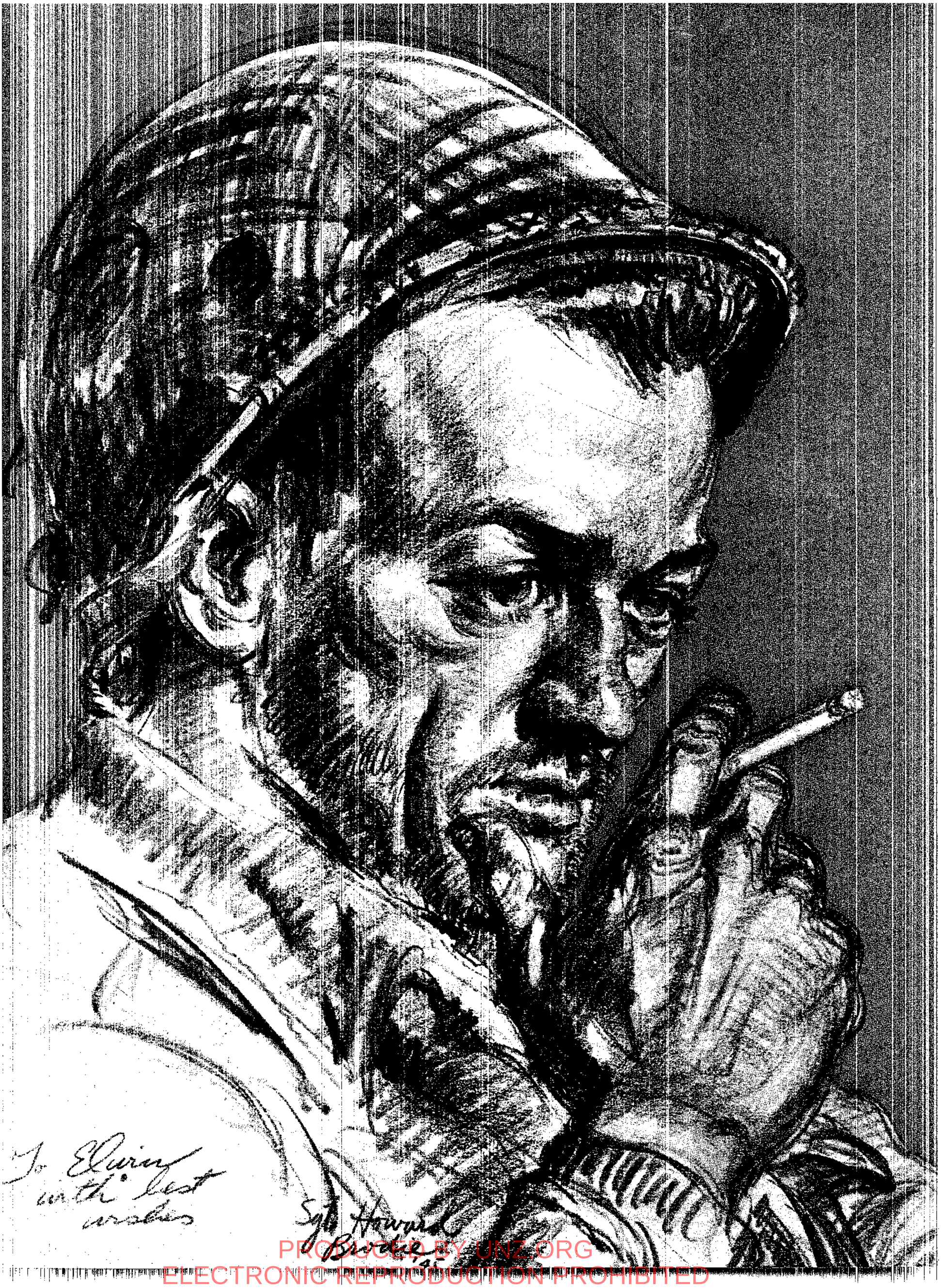

To Elwin with best wishes
Sgt Howard Brodie '45

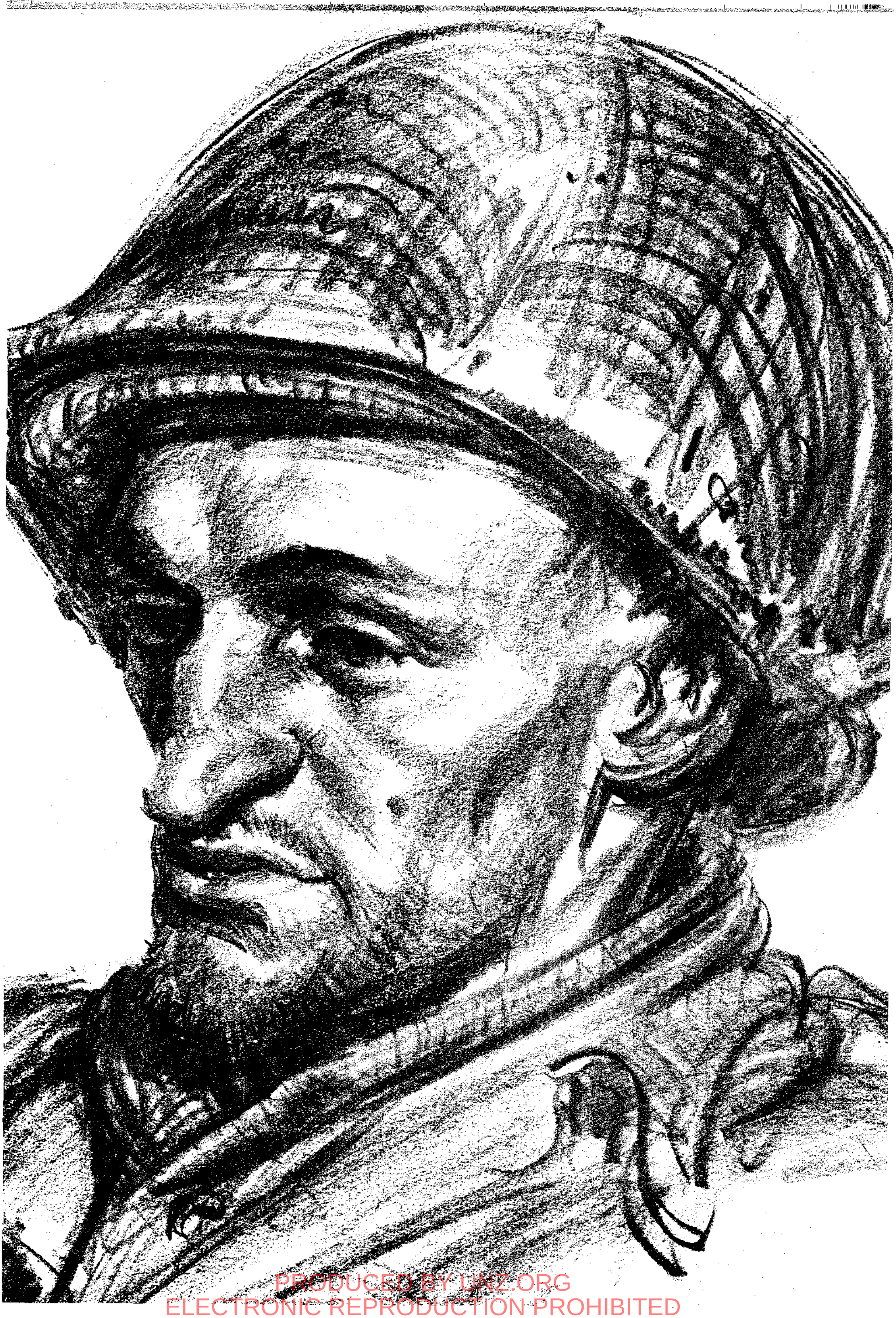
ELWIN MILLER

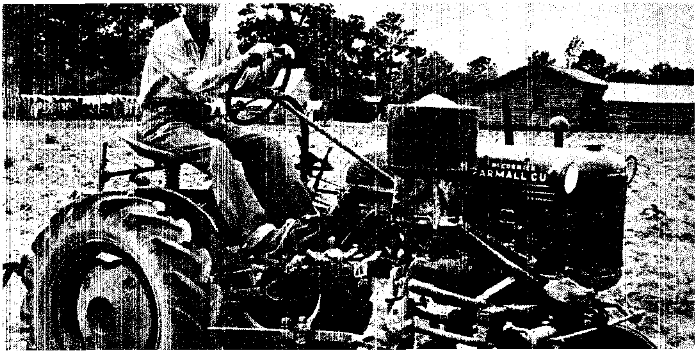
I came upon squad leader Miller when I joined K Co., 406th Regiment, 102nd Division on attack across the Ruhr River in Germany. A barrage of 88 mm. shells burst around us. I saw a man floating amidst the smoke of an exploding mine. He disappeared in front of Miller. Other men fell — never to rise. Later, when the murderous sound and fury had somewhat abated, I sketched Miller. Recently I joined him, his wife and three daughters for a quiet spaghetti dinner in their comfortable home in Oakland, Cal. His youngest attends the University of California. The older two are married, and Miller is a *grandfather at 43. He told me that* after the war he worked in his mother's delicatessen until he became a carpenter for the city of Oakland. Now he is a Deputy Building Inspector, and, in his spare time, a baseball and pro-football fan. But on the day I saw this thoughtful holder of the Purple Heart, Silver Star and British Military Medal the quiet tints of his everyday life had not obscured his horizons. He said, "Sometimes I wish I could stick my head in the sand and imagine the H-bomb doesn't exist. I *can't see how it will guarantee* peace. . . . Perhaps a universal language is what we need." He recalled frustrating bull sessions with Southerners in his outfit overseas. "Actually the leaders in integration are waging a battle similar to the one our forefathers fought to establish the Constitution — with the very real difference that they are seeking rights and privileges to which all men are *already* entitled."

JOE ESZ

I really got to know Esz when we ducked crossfire together behind a haystack — near a farmhouse under attack in Germany in 1945. Moments earlier an 88 mm. shell had crashed into the roof. With the berserk logic of war, a GI fried eggs in the kitchen while Esz helped with the wounded. Tank fire tore in. Tracer bullets ripped through a wall. I followed Esz outside to the field as he headed for the next objective. It was then I was overwhelmed by the great compassion of this man, as he turned and said, "You know, I could never kill a guy. I aim over their heads and hope they surrender."

I heard from Esz, now in Fairfield, O., not long ago. The platoon runner, who earned the Bronze Star, is employed as a trouble-shooter on dies in production at the Fisher Body Division of General Motors Corporation, and must account for about 40 men. He's 37, happily married and 40 pounds heavier than in the old days. But he's as active as ever — working in his own back yard and lending a helping hand to a variety of civic projects, from water supply problems to zoning.

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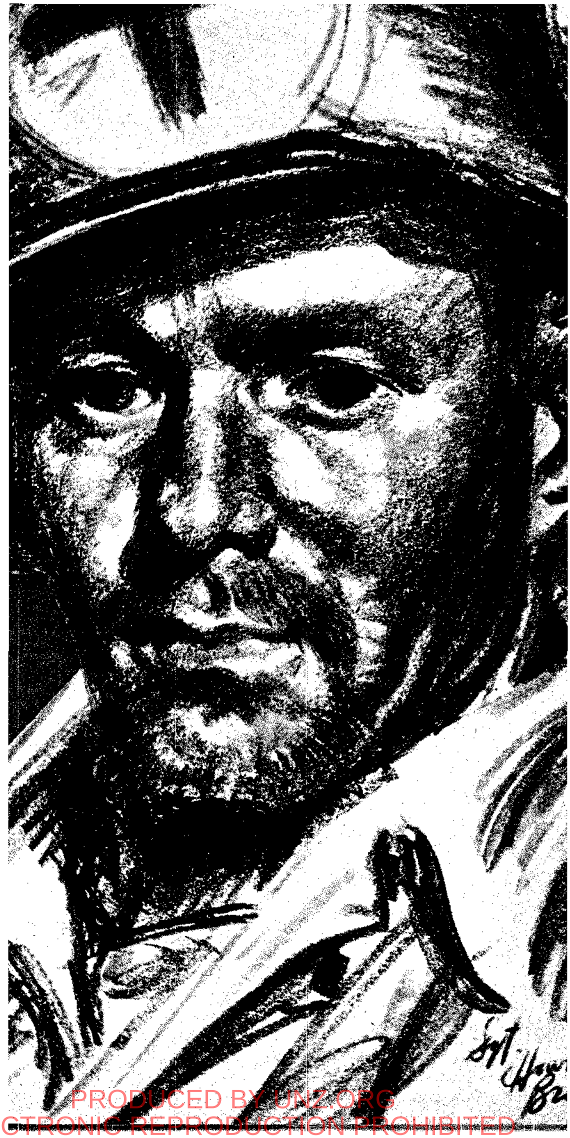
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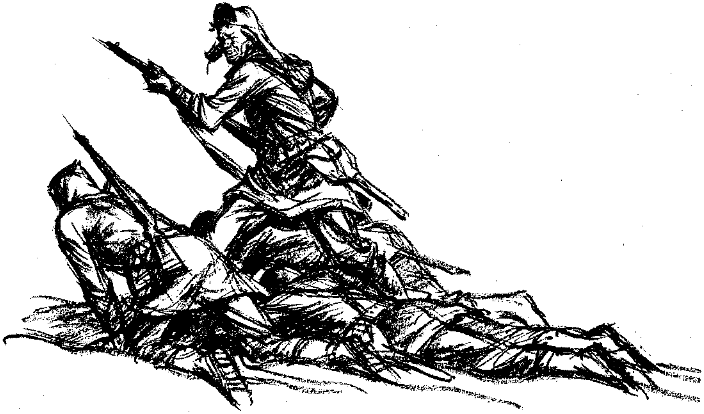
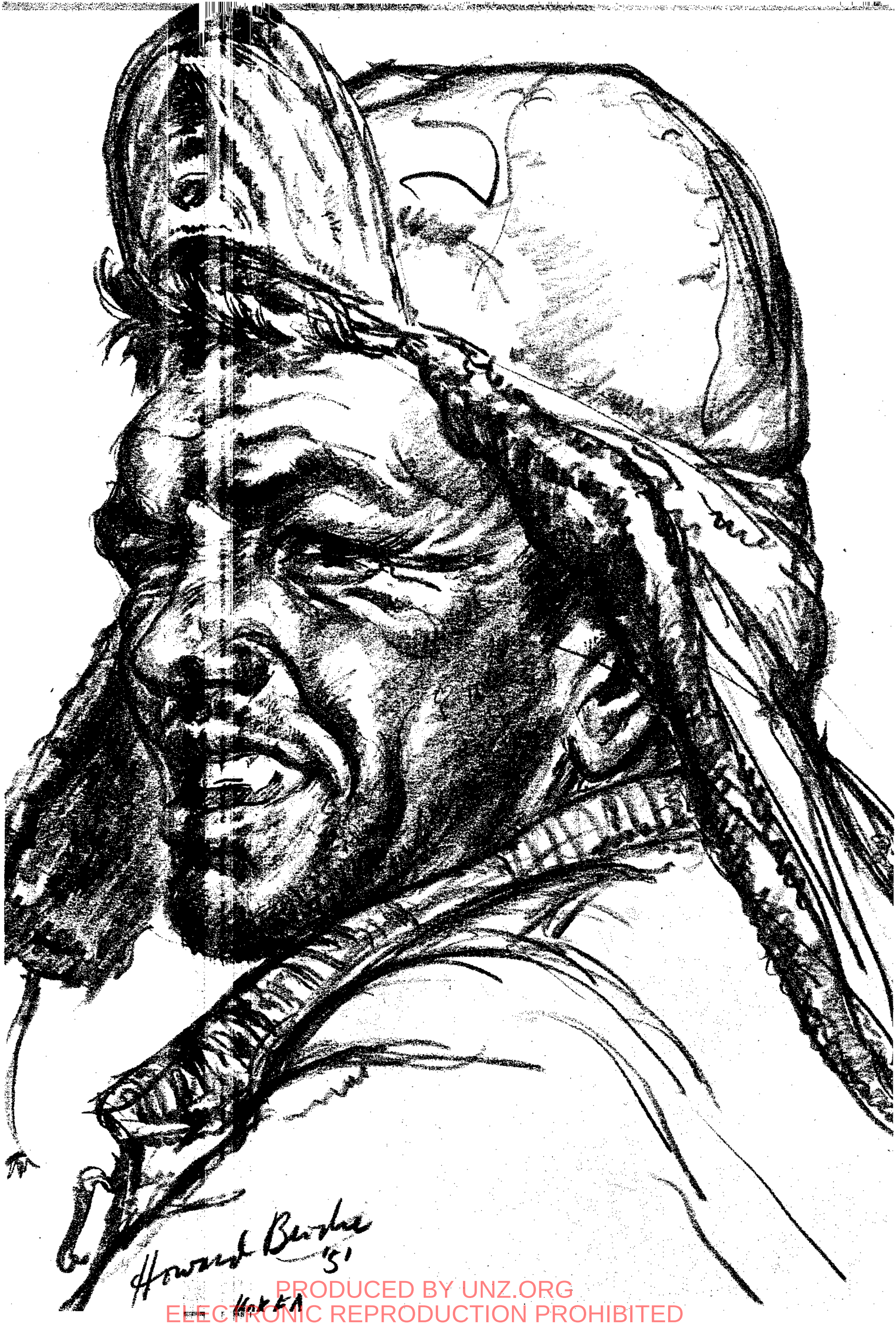
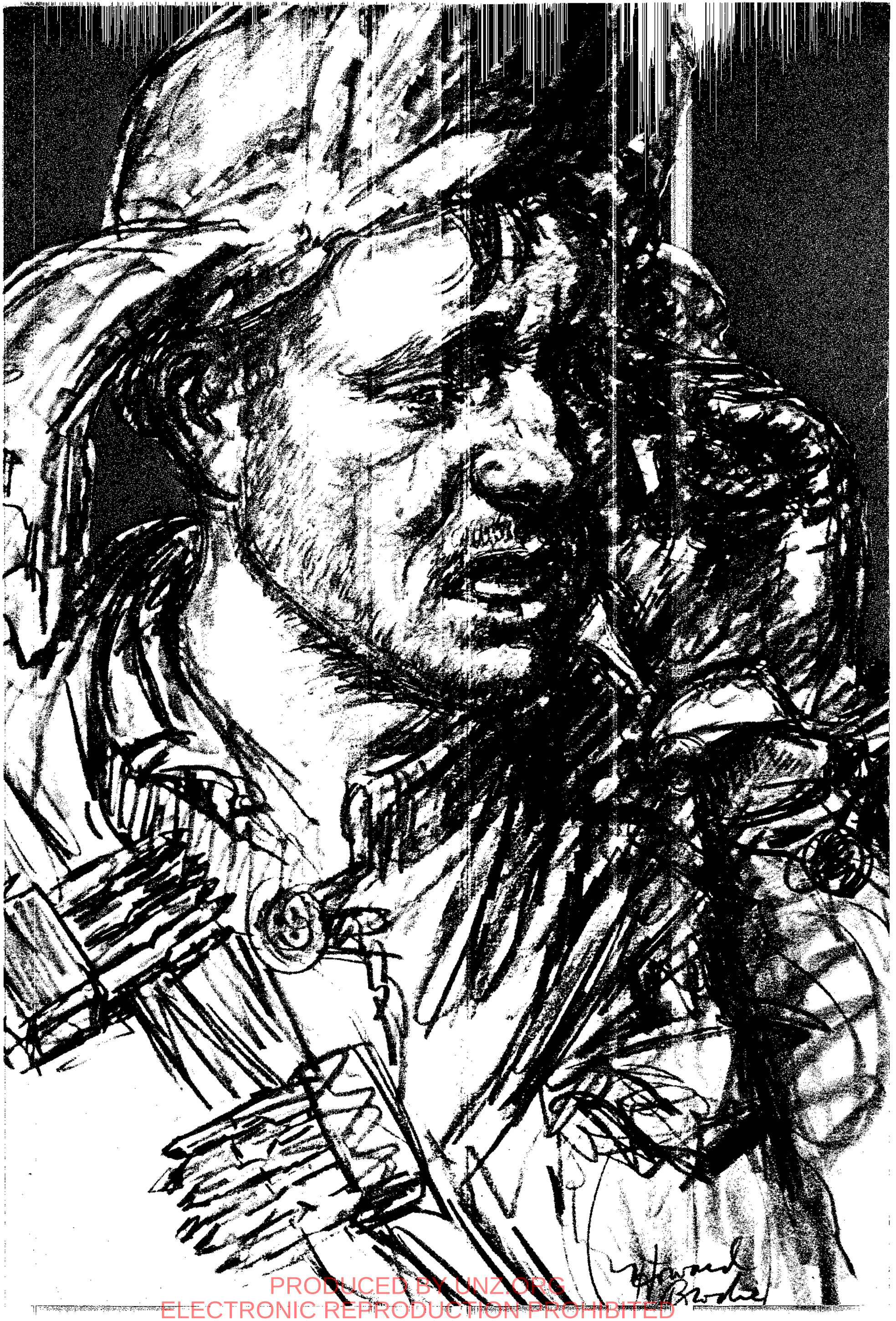
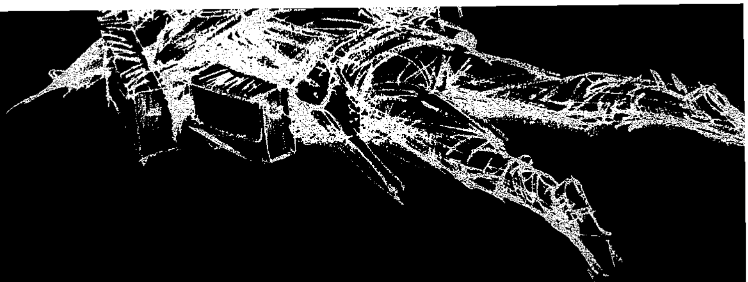


JAMES WHITE

It was a bitter January morning in Korea in 1951 when Sergeant James White fired us into action. As we neared our objective, Hill 233, a burp gun suddenly let loose. Bullets zinged in the pines. Red tracers arched toward us. We slithered into the snow. But not White. "Damn it, MOVE!" he roared. We moved. Hill 233 was taken. Later, in a safe place, I sketched the sergeant. Out of action, he was good natured, and grinned at the needling by his buddies as he posed. White recently wrote me from Brewton, Ala., where he manages a small grocery store. "I finally got me a home run (wound necessitating return to States). A burp gun bullet in the foot and leg brought me to Fort Benning, where I was discharged. I'm happily married, and have two girls and a boy. I still have to walk easy when I'm without shoes. I really liked that pocket warmer you gave me, although it did burn a hole in my pants."


Howard Brodie '51
KOREA


Howard Brodie



MARION GRAY

Sniper bullets whining overhead, we m crouched on a skirmish line in Korea. After the attack, the bearded machine gunner Gray sat across from r in the snow and posed. I sketched quickly, because he was also sitting target for a sniper.

When I wrote to everyone with the nam of Gray in his home town of Brownsvill Pa., I received one reply: "I will be glad to give you any information concerning Marion," signed Anna Gray.

I phoned. "Are you Marion's wife?"

"Yes."

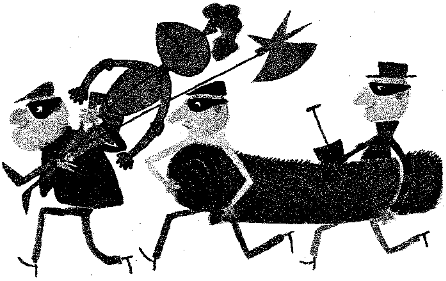
I hesitated. "Did he come back?"

"No."

Missing in action, Gray is officially presumed dead. Besides his widow, he survived by two daughters. The citation on his Silver Star, awarded posthumous ly, tells his story: "Relentless waves of hostile troops poured forward . . . realizing the necessity of a rear guard action, Corporal Gray asked for . . permission to remain . . . and provide protective cover long enough for his comrades to reach safety . . . finding himself encircled . . . he fearlessly reset his machine gun . . . and commence delivering a lethal hail of bullets

by **John Carlova**

THE CROOKED CUCKOOS



TWO EARLY-MORNING golfers arrived at the first green of a New York course not long ago—and found no green. Puzzled and annoyed, they returned to the clubhouse and demanded, "What happened to the first green?"

"It was there last night," said the greenkeeper, and went out to have a look. Sure enough, the green was gone—all 400 square yards of it. No one around the course seemed to know what had happened, so the police were called in to solve the mystery.

Detectives suspected a practical joke at first. Then one of them had a hunch. He began visiting golf courses, cemeteries and parks in the area. At a cemetery six miles away, he found the missing green—neatly stacked.

The sod, cemetery officials explained, had been bought from two men, who were easily traced. One was a well-known thief, the other his brother-in-law, who owned a truck. To turn a not-so-quick penny, they had worked all night, digging up the green and loading it on the truck. Then they had spent several more laborious hours unloading the sod at the cemetery. Their profit? About what they could have made honestly digging ditches.

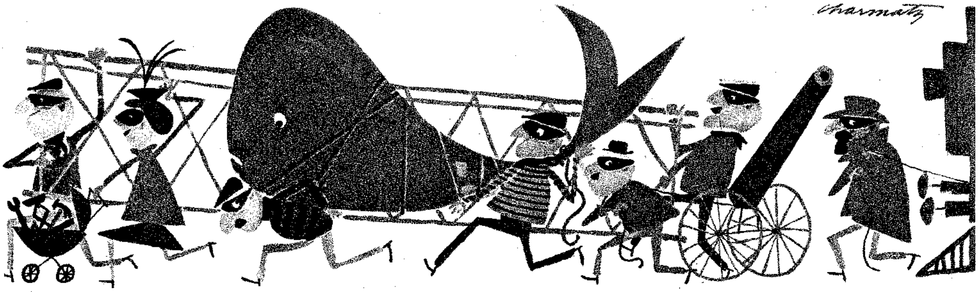
This sort of crazy business proves that crime is not always an easy way of making a living. Take the energetic Texas thief whose *modus operandi* was to drive out into the wide open spaces, tear down barbed wire fencing, roll it up and sell it to another ranch.

After two years of this prickly, backbreaking practice, he was arrested when he tried to trade a roll of the stuff for a gallon of gas.

Police in Mississippi questioned a New York tourist about the Civil War cannon in his trailer. The tourist explained he had bought it from an "antique dealer" back down the road. There police found two more cannons, half-a-dozen hefty metal yard decorations, a length of old iron picket fence and a half-ton battlefield marker—all "lifted" from historical sites.

Some years ago, a "sneak thief" got away with a full suit of knight's armor, including sword and shield, from a Chicago museum.

In Detroit, a woman pushing a baby carriage was stopped at a department store exit. In the carriage, besides a somewhat uncomfortable



baby, was a car jack, a set of chains, a bag of fertilizer, an electric saw and a set of auto tools.

Not so long ago, a French gang spent a sweaty summer night dismantling and lugging away an entire iron bridge. Probably the same thieves ripped up and hauled off a stretch of railroad line.

In Italy, music lovers broke into a warehouse and walked off with nine grand pianos. The sole culprit caught, a 112-pound stripling, explained he was the piano tuner who pointed out the best instruments for the bigger boys to strain their muscles on.

During the peak of the housing shortage after World War II, an English gang specialized in "lifting" prefabricated houses. Working with skill and speed, they could tear a house down and whisk it away overnight. More than one amazed owner returned from a weekend at the beach to find a vacant lot where his house had been.

In London last year, some larcenous louts removed a massive staircase from a lady's drawing room; other rather selective thieves concentrated on Adam mantelpieces.

Oddly, steam rollers are stolen with surprising regularity; tombstones have a habit of disappearing; locomotives have been known to get lost; and an animal lover in Germany last year reluctantly admitted he had lured away a circus elephant.

Mighty feats of strength have been performed in the name of crime. In Singapore a few years ago, motorists were compelled to drive to work with extreme caution one morning. Most of the city's manhole covers had been removed from the streets. Some were later found in the workshop of an aged Chinese metal worker who was melting them down to make delicate works of art.

Probably the "biggest" crime of all was pulled off near Paris some years ago. As part of an international fair, a live whale had been brought in for exhibition. Overnight the sea monster, weighing 50 tons, and its specially constructed tank disappeared from a railroad siding. Next day, the whale-nappers demanded $1,500 ransom.

When fair officials refused to pay, a somewhat thinner whale reappeared on the railroad siding. Pasted conspicuously to its tank was a plaintive note asking, "What do you feed a whale?" ♛ ♛ ♛

by Leonard Gross

Hamstrung by poverty, obsolete equipment and plodding administration, our crippled mail service totters steadily downhill. Here's a searching analysis of . . .

What's behind the Post Office muddle?

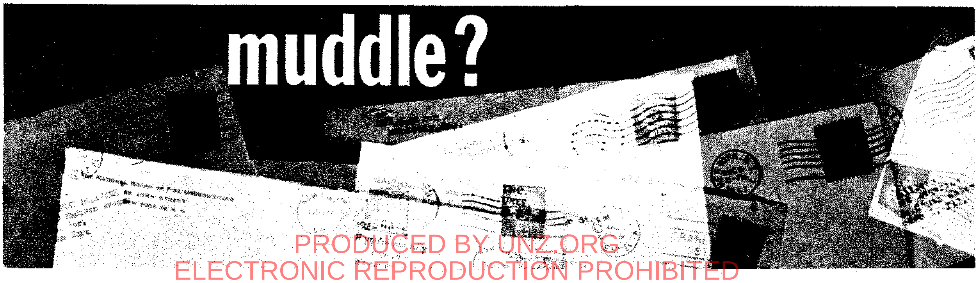
AN ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE, selling a house in Minnesota and buying one in Connecticut, needed the closing papers on the old house in order to buy the new one. He inquired at the post office as to how to get the papers, without fail, by a certain date. He followed the advice—and got the papers eight days late.

A Missouri congressman sent a letter special delivery from the Capitol to an address about 20 blocks away. It arrived six days later. Thinking the performance was just one of those things, he tried again. This time the letter took four days. The congressman then pointed out to his colleagues that the Pony Express was able to get a letter from his state to California in only seven days.

Are these incidents unusual? Consider surveys made by the Chamber of Commerce Executive Association and the *Chicago Tribune*. The Chamber discovered that magazines (second class mail) mailed on Friday frequently arrived several days later than others posted on the following Monday.

The *Tribune*, conducting tests as far back as 1953 and 1954, found the service 4½ percent slower the second year and decided that mail service in the U. S. is often erratic and ranges from astoundingly fast to incredibly slow.

The Post Office Department de-

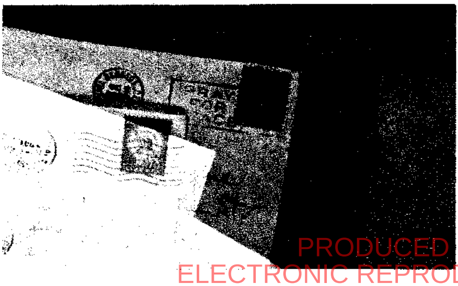


tests few things more than its comparison to the postal systems of other countries, but even allowing for differences in wages, rates, the volume of mail and the distance it must travel, the fact remains, as *The New York Times* pointed out during the postal crisis last spring, that "the United States has—and has had for some years—probably the least satisfactory postal service of any important nation in the Western World."

What's wrong? Who's at fault? How have we gotten into this mess? And how are we going to get out of it? These are serious questions, and both sides must be heard.

The Post Office says that all the trouble is caused by postage rates that are too low to pay for the service you buy. If the rates were raised, postal authorities claim, streamlined service could be installed. Critics of the Post Office—most of them, at least—say this is nonsense. They say the Post Office is a service, not a business, that taxes, not high postal rates, should pay for any postal deficits.

The Post Office, to begin with, denies that service is poor. It insists that service, while not as good as it might be, is getting better all the time. It has realigned transportation schedules which, it contends, were left untouched for 25 years, and has instituted a nationwide service analysis system. This, says the Department, has enabled delays to be reduced more than 14 percent in the Chicago area, 8 percent in the Denver area and a like amount in 16 New England cities.



Furthermore, says the Department, the job it does with the facilities at hand is virtually miraculous. This point was made by Robert Schaffer, Postmaster of New York City from 1954 to 1957, a job in which he supervised the handling of some 30,000,000 pieces of mail a day—more daily volume than all the post offices of Canada handle. "We're a business operating on 1932 income and 1957 expenses," Schaffer said when he was postmaster. "Any business has to make capital investments and improve service. This is a business; but it hasn't made any improvements in years."

To support his contention, Schaffer cited the fact that parcel post from the East and the South for New Jersey, comes, first, into New York. It then is shipped back to New Jersey, even though it has already passed through that state.

This is necessary because there are no facilities in New Jersey that are conveniently enough located to take care of the incoming volume of mail.

Schaffer pointed out that if the Post Office had money to build proper facilities in New Jersey, mail delivery would be speeded not only there, but in New York, too, since the volume handled in New York would be reduced.

"Mechanization and automation, which industry has used to its advantage for 15 years, is virtually unknown in the Post Office," Schaffer said.

Clearly, the Department's facilities are woeful. Many offices are so meager by present standards—volume has virtually doubled in the last 20 years to 56,000,000,000 pieces annually—that all of the mail cannot be brought inside at once. In Denver, for example, some of the mail must be sorted on an open platform, rain or shine.

Modernization, the Post Office claims, could speed the sorting process by the crucial 30 to 50 percent that, while perhaps amounting to only a few minutes, determines whether connections are made. As much mail as possible would thus be in the hands of local offices for the early—and in residential areas, the only — delivery the following day.

Increasing the rates and modernizing, says the Post Office, is the most efficient *and* economical way to solve the problem of speedier delivery. It is the precise point at which the argument begins to bump into its critics.

While not denying that the Post Office is desperately in need of modernization, and that such a program would certainly result in substantial savings in money and man hours, critics quarrel with the conclusion that modernization of facilities and transportation will *automatically* result in better service.

Suppose, the critics ask, the Post Office does get new machines and improves its transport and distribution methods. What good will this do if the Post Office continues to pursue its "the-Post-Office-is-a-business" policy and allows, for example, just one delivery a day because two deliveries would be uneconomical and therefore unbusinesslike? One delivery is poor service, the critics point out, because no matter how much modernization you have, you cannot in most instances get *all* the mail into the post office in time to send it out in one delivery. Thus, some of this mail must wait a full 24 hours in the post office before it is delivered. This, say objectors to the Post Office policy of pay-as-you-go, may be good business, but it is poor service.

EVEN WITH higher rates and the resulting modernization, would it be possible, as the Post Office claims, to operate in the black *and* provide satisfactory service?

One point of view is expressed in a biting report issued last February by the Citizens' Advisory Council to the Committee on Post Office and Civil Service of the U.S. Senate.

If, said this study, the Post Office were to offer only those services that pay their own way "we would do away with third- and fourth-class post offices, rural free delivery, star route delivery, mail to Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, certified mail, registry, money orders, insurance, collect on delivery, selling U. S. Savings Bonds. . . ."

Elimination of just the third-class mail users—whose materials are often unjustly maligned as "junk mail" —would mean the loss of some of the revenue that in 1955 amounted to $269,475,000. It would also mean that the Post Office would have to take over much of the processing third-class mail users now handle themselves. This usually includes such time and money consuming operations as delivery to the post office, depositing, facing, sorting, cancelling, tieing and sacking.

Within two months after the Council's report was issued, the pertinence of its warning was demonstrated by Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield who, faced with a shortage of funds, had done what no other force, natural or human, had ever done before. For a single business day, he had stopped the delivery of all regular mail throughout the country. And, had he not received money from Congress, he was fully prepared to cut deliveries even further.

Summerfield's action made the Council's conclusion, as stated below, even more meaningful:

"It is time to settle once and for all this question: . . . is the Post Office primarily a public service which like other Federal departments and agencies is adjudged worth what it costs, or is the Post Office primarily a business which should take in at least as much money as it spends? The Council has tackled this problem and concluded that the Post Office is, has been and should continue to be primarily a service to the American public."

The conclusion is the heart of the postal problem. For years the Post Office has been saying that it could and should pay its own way. The principal users of the mail have said it cannot and should not, *because many users of the mail could not remain in business if the rates equalled the cost of service.* Others would find their profit margin so sharply cut that it would not pay them to stay in business. And still others could continue to operate if they paid only the *cost* of the service rendered to them. But if they had to pay their share of the over-all Post Office costs, they, too, could not continue to operate.

The Post Office is no more a business, this idea holds, than the Agriculture Department, which in 1955 lost over $3,000,000,000, the Commerce Department, which lost over $1,000,000,000, or any other Federal agency, all of which have a greater percentage loss than the Post Office.

A few examples make the Council's point. A conservative estimate of the loss on RFD service is $95,000,000. This accounts for 135 horseback routes, 96 shallow draft boat routes and 32 routes that require delivery by plane. We have an image of the U. S. mail getting everywhere to every citizen, but this image is in error if we want our Post Office to produce a profit, says the Council. Many of the above services, to show a profit, would have to charge several dollars a letter.

By the same token, if we want a profitable Post Office, we should eliminate 90 percent of our 38,000 post offices, the Council contends, because that many account for an annual loss of $51,800,000. "No business could operate so many losing branches if it planned to break even," says the report.

Yet in the face of ample evidence that it has many non-business characteristics, the Post Office holds to the idea that it is a business, and service suffers accordingly. For example, while the Post Office complains that its facilities are outmoded—and they are—it is the Post Office itself that has failed to request the funds it needs to put its house in order. "This is the first year since the end of World War II that they've ever gotten up on their hind legs and cried about it," says E. C. Hallbeck of the National Federation of Post Office Clerks.

Postal officials can give no satisfactory explanation for this failure other than the opinion that they would not get favorable consideration from Congress so long as they were operating at a deficit.

Whether intentionally or not, we find ourselves as a result with a Post Office so intent on keeping its deficit low it fails to set its standard of service high.

Part of the remedy offered by the Post Office to resolve this dilemma is to raise the postal rates. Then, says the Post Office, it will be able to institute a billion-dollar improvement program.

The explanation for its insistence on a rate increase as a condition of service improvements is that the users and not the taxpayers should pay the bill.

But the plain fact is that the Post Office will probably not get any substantial rate increase this year or any year soon because while the House of Representatives has approved of an increase, the Senate probably will not. Many Senators go along with a philosophy summed up best by a remark of Senator Richard L. Neuberger of Oregon, a member of the Senate Post Office Committee. "It's all very well to say, 'Why should I pay for something someone else uses and I don't?' But when there's a fire at Dr. Gilmore's house, and Hook and Ladder Company Number Five comes to put it out, should Dr. Gilmore pay a fee to the fire company?"

And so we have the absurd deadlock that has brought the Post Office downhill in the last decade—a Post Office asking for revenues that Congress refuses to grant. And here is the real irony: it is appropriations that run the Post Office, and not revenues. No matter how big the revenues from stamps and other sources are, they all go to the U. S. Treasury. The Post Office cannot touch the money it collects.

It is up to Congress to break this deadlock. It must decide whether the Post Office is a business or a public service. It must then describe a standard of service it feels the country deserves, and *then* give the Post Office enough money to perform to that standard. We could then re-infuse something of the exalted spirit in which the Post Office was conceived. That spirit is clearly missing now.

Down, Rover, Down!

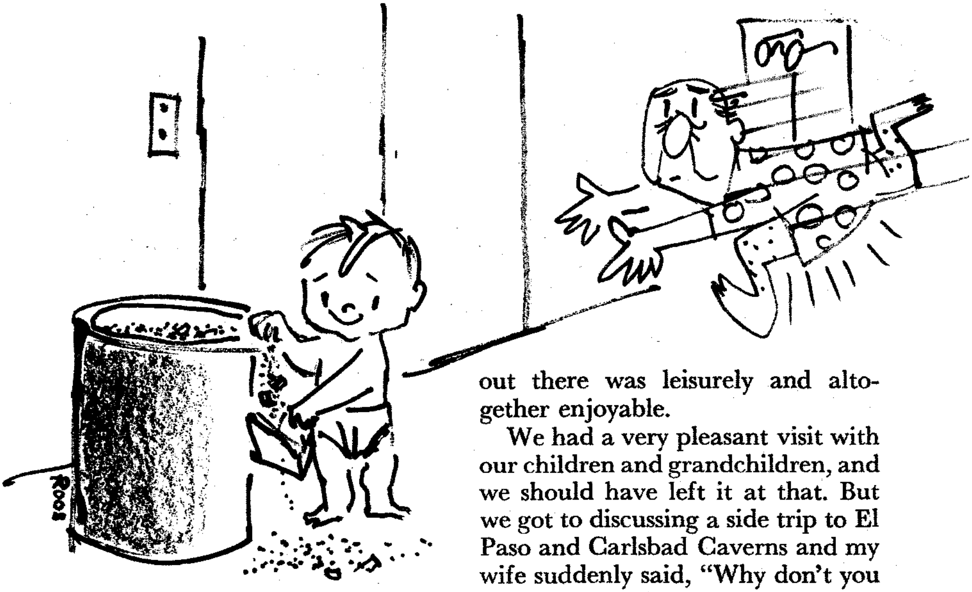
One problem scientists should study
Is why a dog whose paws are muddy
Will instantly get buddy-buddy.

—HAL CHADWICK

Grandpa's high-octane hangover

Mix three supercharged kids with a taste for travel—and you may get one, too!

by K. N. Hardin



"THE MORE THE MERRIER" may be true in a lot of cases. But when it comes to taking a trip, it's generally "the more the maddeninger."

I wouldn't come right out and say that the one my wife and I recently took with our daughter and son-in-law and their three children wasn't merry. It was merry almost to the point of hysteria—in spots.

It all began when my wife and I drove out to the panhandle of Oklahoma to visit our daughter and her family on their ranch. We started early, stopped early, and made reservations ahead so that we'd be sure of having a place to stay. Our trip out there was leisurely and altogether enjoyable.

We had a very pleasant visit with our children and grandchildren, and we should have left it at that. But we got to discussing a side trip to El Paso and Carlsbad Caverns and my wife suddenly said, "Why don't you all go with us?"

My daughter and son-in-law conferred and decided that travel would be broadening for the children. Though how they figured that I don't know, since the children were certainly too young—being five, three and a year and a half—to even know what state they were in.

"We can go in our new station wagon," my son-in-law offered. "That way we can pile the kids in back and put the bags on top."

This delayed us somewhat because it took them a whole day to get their station wagon cleaned out. I'm not criticizing, you understand, but when my daughter and her husband buy a new car, it doesn't take the kids but a week to have it so well seasoned that you'd swear they'd had it for years. It has a lived-in look about it—lived in by wildlife.

I'm a man who believes in traveling light. When my daughter and her family go any place you'd think, from the amount they attempt to take with them, that they're never coming back. We managed to eliminate a few things, but we had a losing battle with our five-year-old granddaughter, who refused to part with her favorite doll, Violet.

Violet stood three feet tall, and made the trip with us in traveling attire which consisted of a bedraggled sun bonnet and nothing else. It wouldn't have been so bad if she had left it in the car, but she insisted on taking it into restaurants with her, and waitresses kept asking us if we wanted a high chair for the baby.

Finally we were all wedged into the car and on our way. We skimmed peacefully along for a while, and then the little people had to go to the bathroom. In order to get to the latrine—a gaily striped little bucket affair which my daugher carried in the front seat—they had to crawl over the middle seat which my wife and I occupied.

After they had been across several times I finally barked, "Is this trip necessary?" To which they howled and jumped up and down in a frenzy to prove that they were in dire need.

I asked them if they knew any other little games besides Crawling-Across-Grandpa, and they said they knew Riddle, Marie, but someone would have to help them play it.

At this moment my wife grabbed the road maps and started calculating distances, my son-in-law suddenly gave the highway his undivided attention, and my daughter promptly fell asleep. So I was elected.

One of the players would call out, "Riddle, Marie! Riddle, Marie! I see something that you don't see—and it's green!" (Or blue, or yellow, or red, and so on.) Then we'd try to guess what the object was. It was somewhat difficult to play since I was the only one playing who could properly identify colors.

One grandson had us stumped for 35 miles trying to guess an object he claimed was orange. And when we finally gave up, he disclosed that it was Grandma's hair, which hasn't been orange since she got that bad hair dye job.

I was under the impression that children soon tired of games, but so help me, this is not so.

When we drove up to the first service station all four doors swung open and two Coke bottles, a pillow, the road maps, and Violet fell out on the concrete. The attendant accidentally stepped on Violet, who emitted a curious, strangled cry, which upset him so he could scarcely wait on us.

Eating is never a problem when my wife and I travel. When we get hungry we stop at the first nice-looking restaurant we come to. But it isn't that simple when traveling with my daughter and her family because the kids filled up on cookies and candy and at noon they weren't hungry.

"There's no point in stopping to

eat if the children are just going to *play* with their food," my daughter announced.

I was growing weak from lack of nourishment by the time they finally decided to stop for lunch. Then there was much discussion as to where we'd eat. And while we were deciding, the towns were getting farther apart. And then there *were* no towns—nothing but barren country, tumbleweeds and livestock. We ended up by having peanut butter crackers and candy bars at a one-pump service station.

My daughter and her husband don't believe in making reservations ahead, so our problems in finding a motel were similar to our difficulties with eating. When we came to the luxurious ones it was too early to stop. And when it got late enough to stop there were no-vacancy signs out, and the motels with vacancies looked uninviting.

We finally managed to get accommodations in one of the less inviting motels, and believe me we were scraping the bottom of the barrel. The cabin my wife and I occupied had worn linoleum on the floor, shabby blinds and an antique hot water heater, which crouched ominously in one corner of the room.

It was a popular place though. Car doors slammed, car trunks banged and people crunched around in the gravel outside my window all night long.

I think I could have gotten through the trip if it had not been for the episode at the hotel in El Paso. Frankly, I thought we should have stayed at a motel where we could herd the children in and out with a minimum of trouble. But my wife and daughter wanted to be closer to the shopping district.

As we pulled up in front of the hotel late in the afternoon, we were hot, tired and resembled a family of migrant farm workers. I had hopes of getting rooms on separate floors, but I couldn't catch the desk clerk's attention to do it unobtrusively, and I didn't want to hurt my daughter's feelings by coming right out and demanding it, so we ended up with adjoining bedrooms.

The plans called for having dinner together in the hotel dining room. I had different ideas. While my wife was in the next room helping bathe the children, I took a shower, put on thin, shorty pajamas, ordered a steak sandwich and a pot of coffee sent up, and climbed into bed with a murder mystery.

"Are you sick?" my wife asked when she saw me.

"No, but I *will* be if I eat dinner in the dining room with that brood," I declared. "I'm having a sandwich sent up here," I added smugly.

"Coward!" she muttered as my daughter swept into the room.

Unfortunately, my victory was short-lived. When my daughter found that I was staying upstairs, she decided to put the children's pajamas on them and have sandwiches sent up for them also.

"They're so tired they'll go right to sleep," she assured me. "All you have to do is peek in at them once in a while."

With that, my daughter, son-in-law and wife sailed out triumphantly.

After the little people had torn

their sandwiches to pieces on my bed, I finally got them tucked in for the night and was peacefully reading and drinking cold coffee, when a tiny voice wailed from the other room, "Sonny hasn't come back in yet."

"Where did he go?" I cried in alarm.

"Out in the hall to get some more sand," came the reply.

I leaped out of bed and rushed into the hall where I discovered a small diapered figure by the elevator, ladling sand and cigarette butts from a large clay urn into my son-in-law's shaving kit.

"Get back in that room or I'll pinch your *head* off!" I roared.

Sonny ran howling past me into the room and slammed the door. But when I attempted to follow him, I made an appalling discovery—both doors were locked from the inside.

I tapped on the door. "Let Granddaddy in," I implored softly.

"We taint dit de door open," came the reply.

I began to get nervous. "Turn the little knob," I instructed. "And hurry up."

"Let us out!" they chorused, banging on the door. "Granddaddy, you better let us out!"

At this moment I heard the elevator doors opening and I got panicky. Clutching the waistband of my shorty pajamas, I sprinted up the hall, looking for a fire escape door or washroom to hide in. I settled for a broom closet and was standing there with one foot in a mop bucket filled with disinfectant, when I recognized the voices in the hall.

"Daddy, what in the world are you doing out here in your pajamas?" my daughter exclaimed as I emerged from sanctuary.

I didn't trust myself to speak. I just made a bee line for my bed when they unlocked the door.

The children were babbling in the next room, and I overheard my daughter say to my wife, "Honestly, Mother, it happens every time Daddy stays with the children. He plays with them and gets them so keyed up that they can't get to sleep."

I received a telegram from my secretary the next morning saying that I was urgently needed on a lawsuit that had come up. If my daughter and son-in-law thought it strange that she knew exactly where to find me, they didn't comment.

My wife and I flew back to the ranch, picked up our car and drove home. It was a dull trip, and I must confess that I missed my grandchildren—in a pleasant sort of way. But when my wife said thoughtfully, "Dear, let's all drive to Shiloh Park when the children visit us this spring. We can go in their station wagon and pile the luggage on top and the kids in the back. . . ." I muttered mutinously, "*That*'ll be the day!" And it probably will.

◆

THERE'S SUCH A thing as giving up too soon. You can always get one more spoonful of juice out of a grapefruit.

—MILT WEISS

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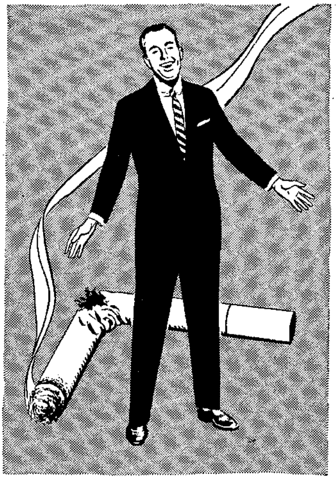


A New Pill that helps you Quit Smoking

by GEORGE CLARK

Science at last tells you what to do if you want to stop smoking

THE INABILITY TO give up smoking is one of the more curious idiosyncrasies of 20th century man. Ever since Sir Francis Drake in 1586 brought tobacco back to England from Virginia and the habit of smoking was re-imported to America by the Pilgrim fathers, the "noxious weed," as an eminent Victorian referred to it, has had half the world in its grip.

There are signs that this grip is at last being loosened. It is being loosened by a harmless little white pill. The story of how this little white pill was discovered is similar to that of many other earth-shaking discoveries. In the process of trying to go somewhere else, the scientific brain unearthed something it wasn't in the first place even looking for.

In 1947 a research team in a large Chicago university set out to study gingivitis, a rather unpleasant inflammation of the gums that bedevils mankind. It had long been theorized that smoking contributed to this inflammation. But would stopping smoking help? In true scientific fashion our researchers decided that half of their patients should stop smoking to see if they showed any improvement over the other half.

Half were told to stop smoking by the doctor who headed the research team, but it was easier said than done. So our scientists are off on a new tangent. What could they give a patient that would help him to stop smoking quickly and easily? Up to that time medical experience showed that there was no easy, pleasant way to stop smoking. Years before, some experimental work had been reported with a drug called Lobeline Sulphate. This curbed the desire to smoke; but in doses large enough to be effective, it produced various unpleasant side effects. Here at least was a starting point.

SOON THE TAIL was wagging the dog and the project of finding a way to help people conquer the to-

bacco habit had become the all-important problem. After months of research and experimentation, our scientists hit upon the solution. The addition of two common antacid ingredients to Lobeline Sulphate accomplished two things. First, any unpleasant side effects were eliminated; secondly, the amount of Lobeline Sulphate necessary to do an effective job was greatly reduced. The result was a harmless little white pill which, when given to test patients, enabled them to stop smoking in 5 days!

What made it work? Lobeline Sulphate is extracted from the Lobelia plant which is sometimes called "Indian Tobacco." It is a first cousin to nicotine, mimicking its action but without its harmful effects. It works by removing the craving for nicotine in the system and not by making smoking unpleasant or intolerable.

The footnote to this story is an interesting one. It turned out that smoking did irritate the gum tissues. Those gingivitis patients who, with the help of the little pill, stopped smoking, showed a marked improvement over the smoking half.

And of course there was a sequel. The university where all this occurred realized that in their little pill they had something that thousands longed for. Here was something that would really help anybody who wanted to free him or herself from the smoking habit. But like any group of scientists they were cautious. More research was carried on, more tests were made on hundreds and hundreds of patients. It was proved that 83%, more than 4 out of 5, of all people who wanted to stop smoking, could do so easily and pleasantly in five to seven days with the help of the little pills. Significantly, it was found that those who didn't stop completely had cut down their smoking drastically.

THIS NEW DISCOVERY was soon reported in medical journals; demand for it came overnight from every corner of the globe. The Campana Company was chosen to market this amazing pill. Today you can buy it at any drug store, under the name of *Bantron*. It has been proven so safe, it can actually be bought without a doctor's prescription.

By now many thousands of people have stopped smoking with the help of Bantron. However, human nature is weak. Many who stopped after taking Bantron found that under the stress and strain of modern life they broke down and started smoking again. Often they tried Bantron again with equally effective results. Today there are men and women everywhere who reach for a Bantron whenever they feel the urge to smoke a cigarette.

Of course, Bantron can't do *all* the work for you alone. It will not tie your hands behind your back. But if you really want to stop, it can be a powerful helper.

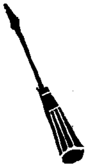
As Capt. Roger Don Rae, a senior pilot for TWA, said: "I used to smoke all the time. I just couldn't stop. Then one day I heard about Bantron. With the help of Bantron, I stopped smoking in a few days. Today I am free of the habit."

This advertisement is sponsored by the Campana Company as a public service.

The sky is the limit when goofy gadgets come raining down from on high

by Frank L. Remington

OUT OF THE BLUE



BLASÉ HOLLYWOODIANS gasped in astonishment a while ago when they looked up to see a huge, yellow "flying saucer" floating silently down toward the city. Officials of nearby Lockheed Air Terminal put the quietus on the excitement, however. The strange object wasn't an interplanetary space ship, but a collapsible life raft that had dropped from a Navy Neptune plane and inflated as it fell.

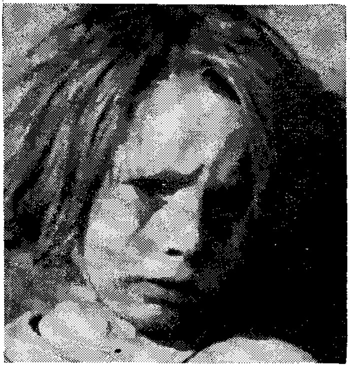
Some pretty singular objects have come hurtling out of the blue. Not long ago, a Los Angeles gas station owner was badly shaken when a soldier's shirt fluttered down from the sky and landed in his lap. From identification papers in the pockets, it was learned that the shirt's owner had taken off from International Airport moments before. But how he lost his shirt remains an enigma. Perhaps it was hot up there.

Puttering around his suburban Los Angeles home, Carl Gorbach heard something crash through the roof of his backyard cabaña. Rushing to the spot, Carl found a neat hole in the roof and another in the window where a 1½ pound wrench had ricocheted out onto the grass. Looking upward, the startled Mr. Gorbach saw a blimp some 1,500 feet above. A forgetful member of the ground crew had left the tool on the balloon's outrigging.

On a holiday weekend, Eugene Peete decided to stay home rather than risk the heavily crowded highways. Though he heard a plane overhead, he paid no attention. He was leaning over to inspect his lawn when something struck him on the side of the neck. Turned out to be a small metal cap—a piece of equipment that had shaken loose from the aircraft.

A signet ring fell from a passing plane and hit Mrs. Anna W. Briggs of Sacramento on the head—triggering a bizarre series of circumstances. A conscientious person, Mrs. Briggs eventually located the plane-passenger owner and received a handsome reward for returning his ring.

Newspaper accounts of the strange story spread around the world, and one day came to the attention of an attorney in Germany. He'd been trying to locate Mrs. Briggs for several years—to tell her that her deceased uncle had willed her almost $200,000!



Thanksgiving

"a mother's love,
a father's strength
and a brother's hand"
a new hope
for the little people

"It is you and your love which is now my whole life. My eyes which receive no light always welcome the light of your letters. Thank you for your kindness to a blind boy who without you would not know which way to go." Evangelos, age 12, Greece.

"Today is the most beautiful in my life. I have my first letter from you. Now I pretend I am your little girl. Thank you for loving me so much." Christa, age 9, DP, Western Germany.

"A thousand thanks for the food, clothing and money. I could not believe it that you care for me. So much have I cried for the warm arms of my dead parents and now I have you. I wish I was a bird to fly you my love." Chang Jong Ya, age 10, Korea.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of nine dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, nonsectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam and is registered under No. VFA 019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

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Champagne on the subway

by David Wise

PLENTY OF MEN have had private railroad cars. But only one man—August Belmont, the fabulous New York financier—had his own private *subway* car! In it, over half a century ago, the banker, sportsman and art connoisseur rode to his Wall Street offices in solitary splendor.

Mr. Belmont's plush plaything looked like an ordinary subway car from the outside. But inside, it was panelled in natural mahogany and teak, richly carpeted, and boasted a bathroom, kitchen, broilers for steaks, a separate grill for chops, a warming oven for rolls and roasts, a coffee-making machine, a wine locker and an ice compartment for chilling champagne, and a bell system for summoning the stewards.

At each end of the car, there was a large curved window, much like the observation car of a modern streamliner; one end was fitted out as an office, with a desk, conference table and leather chairs. The car had its own cab, motorman and engine.

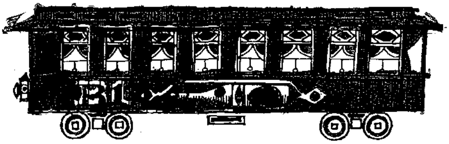
Nobody argued about Belmont's right to his car; he was chairman of the board of the subway. And if it had not been for his vision and imagination, the underground railroad might never have been built. For, when several reputable railroad men refused to undertake the job as too risky, Belmont agreed to back the $35,000,000 project.

Belmont's subway opened in 1904, the same year his custom-made car was built in Springfield, Massachusetts. In it he could ride anywhere within his New York City transit empire. If he were in the mood to watch his thoroughbreds run, it would take him to the Belmont Park race track, though this required some elaborate switching.

When Belmont died in 1924, the subway stopped for one minute. His successors continued to use the private car, but without "Mr. Belmont," it wasn't the same. And the car was retired and lost sight of.

A few years ago, a Flemington, New Jersey, farmer named Joseph Gioscia bought an old railroad car from a junk dealer who unceremoniously deposited it in his front yard. A railroad buff stumbled on it there and informed the new owner of its glittering past.

Proud of his find, Gioscia has declined offers from railroad museums for it. And today, weatherbeaten and deteriorating with age, Mr. Belmont's private subway car sits out under Joe Gioscia's elm tree, a fantastic forgotten relic of a golden era.



Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Does Both — Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

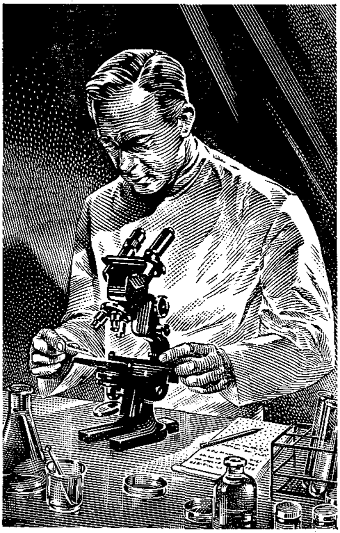
In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.



This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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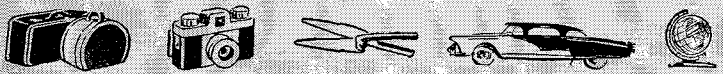

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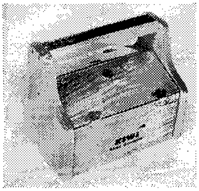

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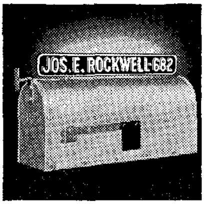

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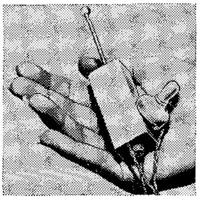

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TALENTED MUSICAL DOG

Imagine an adorable toy dog that plays cymbals, a snare drum and a bass drum in waltz time, eyes light up and his body moves too. He's a soft, wooly, beige with a white muzzle and a red tongue. Battery powered so there's no winding required. He measures 9¼"x7½". $3.69 ppd. Niresk Industries, Dept. TC-27, 2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

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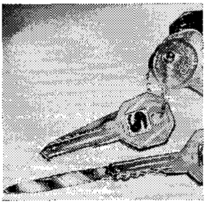

Here's a blade you can always find! Handy jewel-like knife designed as key to nest with other keys. Less than 2" long. For him, her, every key ring. Stainless steel. Dependable blade. Each key with initial of choice. Leather case & bead chain incl. $1 ppd. Special: 3-$2.75, 6-$5, 12-$9. Carol Beatty, 342 Beatty Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif. Free cat. incl.

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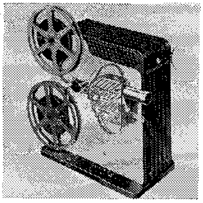

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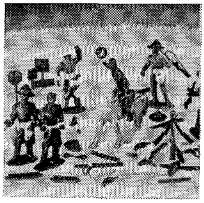
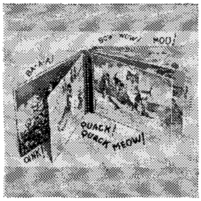
ACTION POLICE & RANGER SET



Fascinating 84 piece set large, unbreakable figs., 4″ tall, amaz. realistic. Children Love them. Accessories come off—belts, hats, hand cuffs—scale model pistols fit holsters. Tremendous bargain, 84 action packed pieces, $1.25 postpaid. Gift card. Satis. guar. $1.25 ea. set, $4.50 4 sets. Young Ideas, P.O. Box 497, Dept. B, Springfield, Mass.

TALKING ANIMAL BOOK—59¢ PPD.

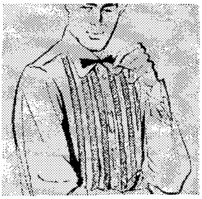


Regularly $1.00. Now 59¢! Full-color book packed with pictures, stories of barnyard favorites. Every animal "talks"! Press pages—cows moo, ducks quack, dogs bark, etc. 8″x5½″. Free—with every purchase, year's subscription (6 issues) to our famous catalog. Single copies Free on request. Spencer Gifts, *720 Spencer Building*, Atlantic City, N.J.

BRACELET FOR MOM & GRANDMA

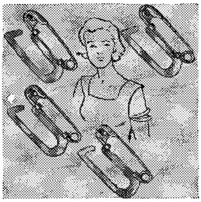
This bracelet in beautiful St/Silver bears record on each disc or silhouette. Script engraved with name, day, month & year of birth of child or grandchild. St. Silver Bracelet $1.50 Ea. Disc & Silhouette $1 12K G/Fill Bracelet $2.75 Ea. 12K G/Fill Disc $1.75 Plus 10% FET. No COD's. Edward H. Ziff, Importer Box 3072, Mdse Mart Plaza Dept. C-11, Chicago 54, Ill.

FOR SMART MEN OF FASHION!



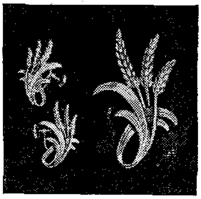
Magnificent lace & pleats in fine lustrous broadcloth for men who demand elegance for dress or formal wear! Featured on Esquire Magazine cover. Sizes 14-18 neck, 32-36 sleeve only $14.95. Member Esquire Club. Write for free catalog "Lew Magram's Conversation Creations in Men's Fashions." Lew Magram, Dept. LCN, 830 7th Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.

DOUBLE DUTY LINGERIE GUARDS



Stop runaway straps! Well groomed women keep them together and on their shoulders with these dainty guards. Pin one to each inside shoulder seam of any garment. Gold and silver rhodium finishes are rustproof. 4 pair (2 pr. gold, 2 pr. silver) $1.00 ppd. Write for free catalog. Zenith Gifts, 117-E Post Office Bldg., Brighton 35, Massachusetts.

SILVER WHEAT

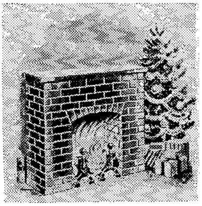


This lovely design is hand-crafted from solid sterling silver. Unique motif and symbolism of pin and earring set make it a conversation piece. Graceful lines and gleaming charm complement dress, suit or coat. Pin (2½″ high) is $5.50; earrings $5.50 ppd. Handsome Gift box. Add 25¢ for *air mail. Alpine Imports*, 505-H Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17.

DECORATED CHRISTMAS PLATE

to brighten your holiday table with Yule atmosphere! Fine glazed china, hand decorated with colorful Christmas tree and all its trimmin's. A useful gift to be treasured for years to come. 8½ inches wide. Postpaid, $1.25. Get our big free illustrated catalog of home gifts. Adriane, Inc., 7-816 Finch Building, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

LIFE SIZE ELECTRIC FIREPLACE



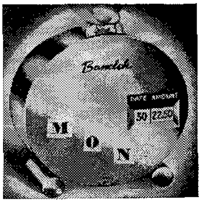
Add beauty to your Xmas with authentic 43½″ x 39½″ x 9½″ electric fireplace. Sturdily constructed, red brick finished, complete with yule logs that glow & flicker, colored bulb, action flame maker, cord & socket. Sets up in a jiffy. Adds joy to Xmas gatherings. Safe. Only $2.98 + 63¢ shipping chgs. The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. FP-39 Lynbrook, N.Y.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 175

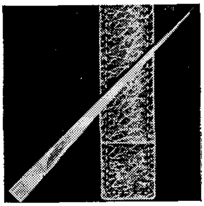
FORCES YOU TO SAVE $100.00

a year automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Makes you save daily, or calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75 ppd. Personalized with Gold fin. Initials, $2.99; 2 for $5.50 ppd. Mail to Date-Bank, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, New York.



FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

Merrin's famous 14K gold toothpick solves impossible gift problems quickly, perfectly! Superbly handcrafted, complete with its own textured leather case, a "conversation piece" he'll use daily, treasure for years! $7.50 incl. fed. tax . . . unconditional guar. Mail orders shipped day received, postage prepaid. Write: Merrin, 530 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

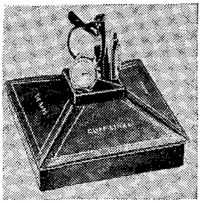


OUR GIFT TO KIDDIES' CHRISTMAS!

This handsome embossed metal buckled, all-leather belt with your child's name branded in is our gift when you order Texas Western Jeans! Of sturdy Sanforized blue denim, rivet-reinforced, snug Western fit, double knees, extra-long turn-up, zipper front. Send child's name, size (4-12) and $3.29 Ppd. to Texas Western Wear, 116 Mills St., El Paso, Texas.

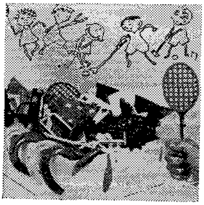
MAN'S DRESSER-ORGANIZER

Holds watch, cuff links, tie pins, change, rings, glasses & wallet—ea. in separate compartment. He knows where everything is! Spins around to make him feel extra efficient. Handsomely gold tooled leatherette, moire-lined. Practical gift! Money back guar. Dresser Valet, only $3.98, postage pd. Sunset House, 1641 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, California.



GIANT SET OF INDOOR GAMES

Loads of fun! Children Love them (so do adults) 12 complete games—Minia. Golf . . . complete 9 hole course—Croquet, Bowling, Badminton, Horseshoes, Shuffleboard—Plus Chessmen, Checkers & Board. Simple instructions and rules. $2 all 105 pieces, postpaid. Guar. Order Now. Tri-United Mfg., Inc., 104 Hussa St. Dept. 1C-2, Linden, N. J.



Silver

MY TEEN-AGE DAUGHTER came home from her first prom last May in a dreamy mood. After telling me what a wonderful time she'd had, she replaced her corsage in its box, solemnly stating that she would never part with it.

My wife Rose had died the year before and I regretted she couldn't see our daughter's happiness. I worried, too, if I were raising our child the way she would have wanted and not spoiling her.

SWEATERS FOR COLD DRINK GLASSES

Smart new idea in coasters . . . non-slip knitted sweaters fit snugly onto any size glasses, makes them easy to grip. In 8 brilliant colors with dazzling white center bands. 8 to gift box $1.00 Ppd. Special Introductory Offer! Free gift check worth $1 . . . your coasters are then like a Free Gift! Matina, Dept. C-11, 175 Fifth Ave., New York 10, New York.

THE BIG CHIEF'S CIGAR HOLDER

Give your cigar-smoking big wheel this funny figure that holds a handful of cigars and countless smiles. He's two-tone tobacco brown glazed ceramic. The boss will love that middle-age bulge and smug expression that caricatures your favorite executive. $1.98. Add 27¢ P.P. please. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO 11, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

THE BIG
CHIEF'S
CIGARS

Linings

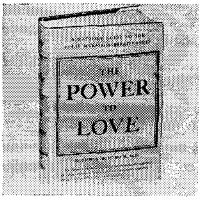
I know now I needn't have worried. When I visited Rose's grave on the anniversary of her death a few weeks later, I saw my daughter had already been there to share her happiest memory with her mother. I don't know when she placed it there but at the head of the grave was the withered little corsage she had received the night of her first prom.

—E. S.

THE ONLY ONE of my wedding presents that has endured the

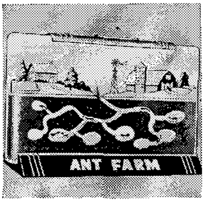
GUIDE TO SEXUAL FULFILLMENT

"Finest work on the 'art' of marital relations"—Modern Medicine. Dr. E.W. Hirsch discloses a wealth of practical information needed by every married couple regardless of age. Frankly honestly, simply, he gives plain facts both men & women need for sexual fulfillment over the years. $4.95 ppd. 10-day guar. Citadel, Dept. P 16, 222 Fourth Av., New York 3



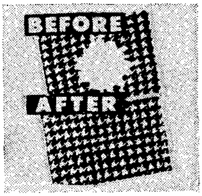
FASCINATING ANT FARM—$2.98

Fun for whole family watching. See worker ants dig tunnels, carry loads. Watch feeder ants store supplies... nursemaids caring for babies. Whole ant world seen thru clear plastic walls. Compl. assembled. Incl. stand, soil, sandbar, ants. Money back guar.! Ant Farm, $2.98, postage pd., from Sunset House, 1638 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.



MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabrico, Dept. 3911, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.



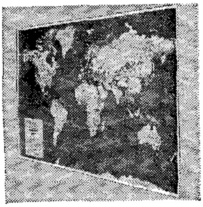
SANTA'S BEST GIFT FOR DOGS

Give your dog luxurious comfort, relief from scratching, restful sleep. Soothing cedar aroma. Kills fleas, doggy "B.O." So enticing he'll forsake chairs, sofa. Long lasting. Flea-Scat-Pad, 15x28 in. $3.49. Super 28x36 in. $4.98. Kitty Cootie-Chaser, the pad for cats 14x18, $2.49. Guaranteed. Sudbury Laboratory, Box 42J, Sudbury, Massachusetts.

FLEA-SCAT-PAD

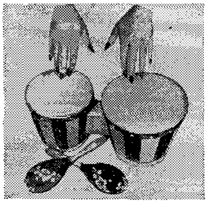
GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Display Pub. Co., Dept. C-97, 505 5th Ave., N.Y. 17.



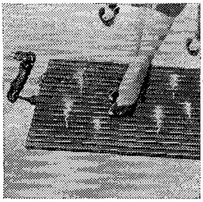
PROFESSIONAL BONGO DRUMS

Free $6 pr. of Maracas with order. Not a toy, but a professional instrument. Genuine handmade, fire-tuned Mexican Authentic Bongos. Cured goat skin heads; So. Amer. hardwood. $16.95 ppd. Also Tenor Bongos 5¼x6¼" $6.95 (with Free Maracas). $3 deposit on C.O.D. Barringer & Co., Dept. 33, 106 Weller Street, Los Angeles 12, California.



ELECTRIC FOOT WARMER

No more cold feet. . . . Keeps your feet and ankles comfortably warm. The Electro Mat is made of oil resistant rubber, operates on any 110-volt AC or DC outlet, consumes less than 100 watts. . . . 14" x 21". Can be used by anyone in office-store-factory or home. 12-mo. guar. $7.95 ppd. Peterson Rubber Mat Co., 5508 N. Halifax, Arcadia, Calif.



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$1 DELIVERS REMINGTON PORTABLE

Wonderful 1957 Remington portable delivered immediately for just $1 down, then $1 weekly; up to 39 months to pay. Every modern feature! Incl. carrying case, booklets "Earn Extra Money Typing At Home" & "Touch Typing Instruction"! Students, Mom & Dad will love Remington! Send only $1 now. Home Typewritter Corp., Dept. 105A, 769 E. 180 St., N.Y. 60.

"BARGAINS" IN BANKRUPT, CLOSEOUT

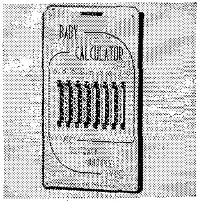
Surplus Merchandise. Often as low as 10c-25c on the dollar! Such terrific buys, you'll find it hard to believe they're genuine! Toys, Books, Machinery, Tools, Jewelry, etc. Every Month of the year in this big tabloid size paper—Hundreds of offers monthly! Only paper of its kind available. Just $2 year, 6 months, $1. Purington's, Box 591, Lynn 828, Mass.

PERSONALIZED DOOR MAT

Your own name, or any name of your choice, permanently moulded in rubber with ivory letters. Large 18 by 28 inch Mat has 7000 scraper fingers. Self draining. Red, green, blue, black. Guaranteed to please. Specify color and print name clearly. Deluxe gift! Personalized Door Mat, only $5.95, postage paid. Sunset House, 1640 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, Calif.

THE HAMILTONS

REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY $2.95



Only machine of its size & price that counts up to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, Mult., divides. Ideal for business, home students, tax work. Send name, address. Only $2.95 plus postage COD, if check or M.O., we pay pstg. Beau. leatherette case. 10-day money back guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. TX-57, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use, University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. P-16, Wilmette, Ill.

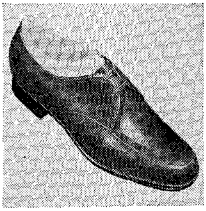
The Sound Way to Easy Reading

Silver Linings continued

passing years was given me by an old Negro woman who had worked for my mother when I was a child. Shortly after our honeymoon she came to the house early one morning and announced, "I am bringing you a wedding present."

Since she had taught me it was not "ladylike to be too eager-like," I waited for her to reveal her gift. Instead, she proceeded to teach me how to make pie pastry, white sauce and brown gravy—by the unscientific but highly successful "little bit of this" and "not too much of that" method. Then she ordered me to iron one of my husband's shirts. I re-ironed it six times before she was

BE TALLER, WEAR STATURAIDS . . .



Be impressively taller, win new heights in life, raise your potential in business & social circles by wearing Staturaids, the fine height-increasing shoes. Sold by mail&atFactoryShowroom. Send for catalog, 25 smart styles. Shown: Statesman, brown or black, sent at once from stock, $23.50 plus 75¢ postage, or COD ($5 deposit req). Joseph Burger, M'f'r, 437 East 148, New York 55

FURS FOR A LITTLE GIRL

If you want your favorite little girl (3-10) to win admiring glances, buy her this eye-catching set. Snuggly muff & fetching hat of snow-white bunny fur have red velvet roses for dramatic contrast. Muff with loop is backed with embroidered satin. A thrilling find for precious small females. $4.98 pp. Hobi, Dept. N117, Flushing 52, New York.

satisfied with the looks of it.

As she put on her hat she told me, "Honey, always have your table set ten minutes before you expect your man because that says to him, 'I am glad you are home. I have been expecting you.' "

"I will remember," I promised. "But, where is my wedding present?"

She laughed. "Why, child, I have been giving it to you all morning."

—NARGIS TAHERALI
MOMBASA, KENYA

MY FIRST DAY heaving mail bags on a Chicago railroad dock was hot. The men breaking me into the job pointedly left the heaviest

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

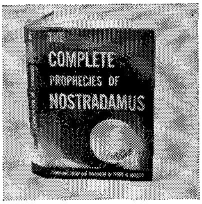
and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-T, Lynn, Massachusetts.

PHOTOS ENLARGED 8x10, 49¢

Mail us any photo or negative and receive sparkling double weight enlargement for only 49¢. Nothing else to pay. Original returned unharmed. Beautiful hand coloring, only 50¢ additional each print. Free wallet size print on orders of 2 or more. Satisfaction guaranteed. Quality Values, Box 222 Cooper Station, Studio 91B, New York 3.

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE

An amazing new natural hairpiece — complete or partial—has been developed by Louis Feder! So lustrous, so real (it's human hair!) you can comb it, set it any way you like. Swim in it, sleep in it—absolutely secure. Individually styled to your needs. Write for illustrated booklet "C". House of Feder, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE

He predicted Atomic War. Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. $5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-11, 380 Canal St., N.Y.C.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

It will be obvious when you see this Solid Sterling Silver bracelet that spells out any girl's name you specify. Beautifully made & non-tarnishing, letters are ⅜" high, bracelet is 7" long (longer if specified). Sterling gift for every girl on your Xmas list. Only $2.50 ppd. Free Gift Catalog. Zenith Gifts, E-117 Post Office Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.

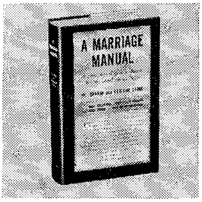
INSURANCE FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L1125M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

(Continued on next page)

FAMOUS BOOK ON SEX AND MARRIAGE

"A Marriage Manual," by Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone, tells how to find happiness in marriage. New 36th edition answers every question about sex & psychological problems from birth control & fertility to sexual adjustments, marital joy, etc. $3.95. Send no money. Write Simon & Schuster, Dept. 10, 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 20 for Free-Trial copy.

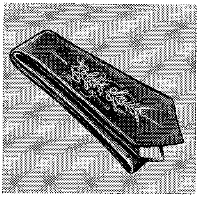


SECRET OF HOW TO BE TALLER

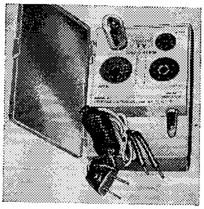
Instantly, you can add almost 2 inches to your height! "Elevators," amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. Gain poise, prestige, confidence. Don't envy tall men, be one! Wear "Elevators"! Free booklet showing 31 styles. Write Stone-Tarlow Dpt. C117, Brockton 68, Mass.

HIS NAME ON HIS TIE!

His name creates smart design when tie is turned sideways! Handpainted in oils, won't come out in cleaning. Quality lined nylon. Maroon, navy blue, powder blue, royal blue, brown, gray, beige, yellow, green, black. Guar. to please! Specify color & print full names. Namesake Tie, $2.98, postage pd. Sunset House, 1642 Sunset Bldg. Hollywood 46, Calif.



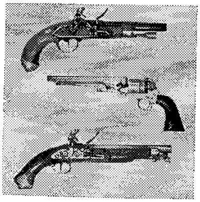
SAVE MONEY—TEST TV TUBES YOURSELF!



When TV or radio repairman checks your set, the first thing he'll do is test tubes — and most times that's the trouble. Plug any tube into this tube checker (for picture tubes on down) and it'll do the same, save enough the first time to pay for its cost. Safe — quick — foolproof. $3.95 ppd. Chabon Scientific, 411-A Lincoln Building, N.Y. 17, N.Y.

GENUINE ANTIQUE WEAPONS—EXCITING!

Chose your weapons — from Robert Abel's vast collection. Many guns figured in real life adventures. Popular-priced collectors' items to rare museum pieces. 140-page Catalog, illustrations, backgrounds pistols, guns, swords, armor. 50¢ postage & handling. Robert Abels, Inc., Box C, 860 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, New York.



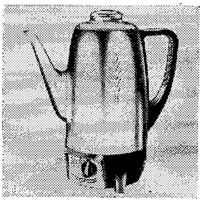
Silver Linings continued

bags for me, the new guy. Somehow they learned I was an art student. All day, they let their gibes fly at me. More than once I thought of just walking off the job.

At quitting time I felt as droopy as an empty mail sack and I tossed myself down on one of the benches in the locker room. The men scuffed in, picked up their lunch boxes and left, except the big fellow who had treated me most roughly. Thinking I was asleep, he first looked out the door to make sure no one was coming. Then, tiptoeing, he carried

15 CUP COFFEEMAKER—$12.95

Futuramic design, Westinghouse thermostat. Serves 4-15. Perks in 30 seconds. Dial, mild, med., strong. 2 heating elements, for perking & keeping hot. Light indicator. Non-drip spout, safety handle. Aluminum, $12.95; heavy chrome, $14.95; copper, $15.95. Add 50¢ ea. pp. & hdlg. COD fee extra. Scott Mitchell, Dept. M-465, 611 B'way. N. Y., 12, N. Y.



FREE! NEW WORLD-WIDE STAMPS!

Big, valuable collection New Issue stamps from Asia, Africa, Europe, the world — free! Pictorials, topicals, bi-colors — all genuine, all different. So new you'll be the first to have them if you act right now. Our free Collectors Guide and other valuable offers included. Rush 10¢ handling: Garcelon Co., Dept. CR11W, Calais, Maine.

FREE HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BOOKS

Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio, reports $224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, $20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book, Trial Lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk FS, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri.

over another bench, climbed up on it and twisted out a light bulb shining in my face. —HARRY ROCKEY, JR.

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. *Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned.* Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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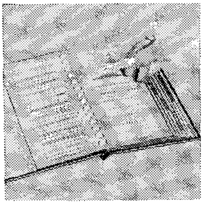

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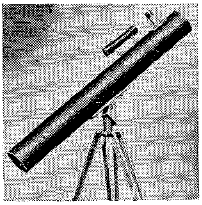

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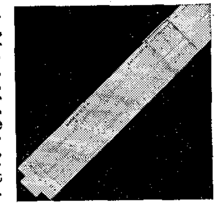
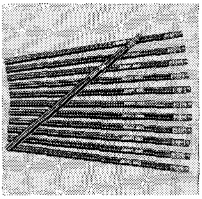


PENCILS WITH YOUR NAME



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(*Continued on next page*)

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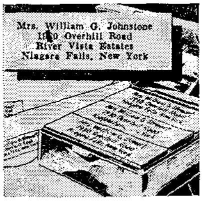

Any 3 orders $2 ppd. Up to 4 lines printed with name and address on finest glossy gummed paper. Padded. Plastic Box Free! Personalize stationery, checks, etc. 1000 only $1. Special Offer — any 3 different orders $2. Over 1,000,000 satisfied customers! Money back guarantee. Regal Labels, 1187 Regal Bldg., Mar Vista 66, California.

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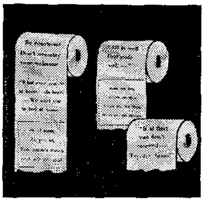

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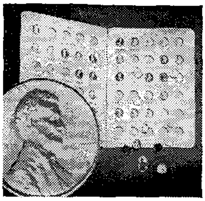
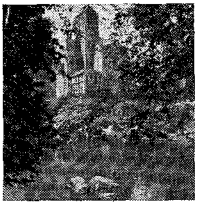


RESORT and TRAVEL

Coronet readers planning vacations and trips will find interesting places to visit in this new section.

NEW YORK CITY

FOR DISCRIMINATING MEN & WOMEN



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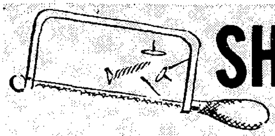
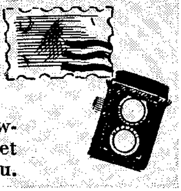


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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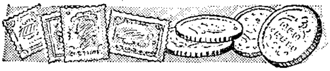

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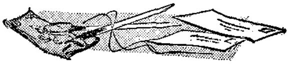

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(*Continued on next page*)

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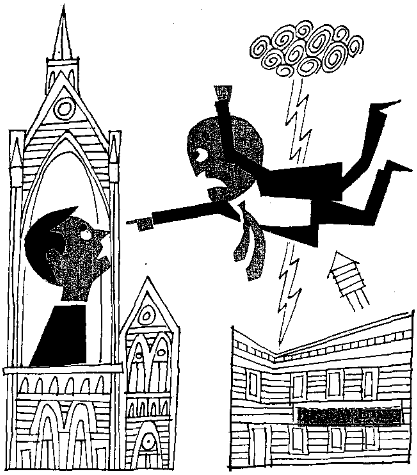
They called it justice

by Will Bernard



WINNING a lawsuit can be a long and arduous job; but *starting* one is a cinch. Here is wry evidence of how hope (of collecting damages) springs eternal in the human breast:

In Pennsylvania, after a brewery was struck by lightning, the owner sued a local minister who had asked God to strike the brewery with lightning.

In Massachusetts, a farmer whose team ran away sued a neighbor for panicking the horses with a sneeze.

In England, a dear old lady sued the dear old lady next door for allowing snails to creep over the fence and dine on her dahlias.

In Nevada, a girl whose date ditched her at a party sued him for her cab fare home.

In Georgia, after a cook was murdered in the kitchen, her employers sued the murderer for depreciating the value of their real estate.

In Michigan, a girl sued an oil refinery for emitting a smell that made her hair stand straight up.

In Louisiana, a widow sued a funeral parlor for the "mortification and shock" she received when, on the way to the cemetery, the driver of the hearse stopped in front of a barroom for a drink.

In Georgia, when a one-and-a-half-year-old boy died in a train wreck, his parents demanded cash not only for his death but also for loss of the "valuable services" he had been performing at home—to wit: running errands, hauling out trash, baby-sitting with his infant sister.

In England, a bride brought suit for assault against a wedding guest who showered her with rice after the ceremony.

In New York, a seaman sued his employer for compensation after he hurt himself leaping from the window of a Yugoslavian house of ill repute.

In Germany, a patient sued a surgeon for not giving back his amputated leg.

In Ohio, a cross-eyed businessman who sat for a portrait sued the artist for failing to uncross his eyes on the finished canvas.

In Kentucky, a motorist sued a pedestrian for bumping into his automobile.

In France, a wrathful mother filed suit against a schoolteacher for telling her little boy there wasn't any Santa Claus.

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